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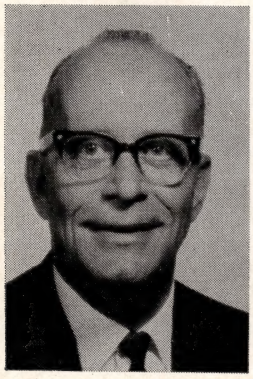

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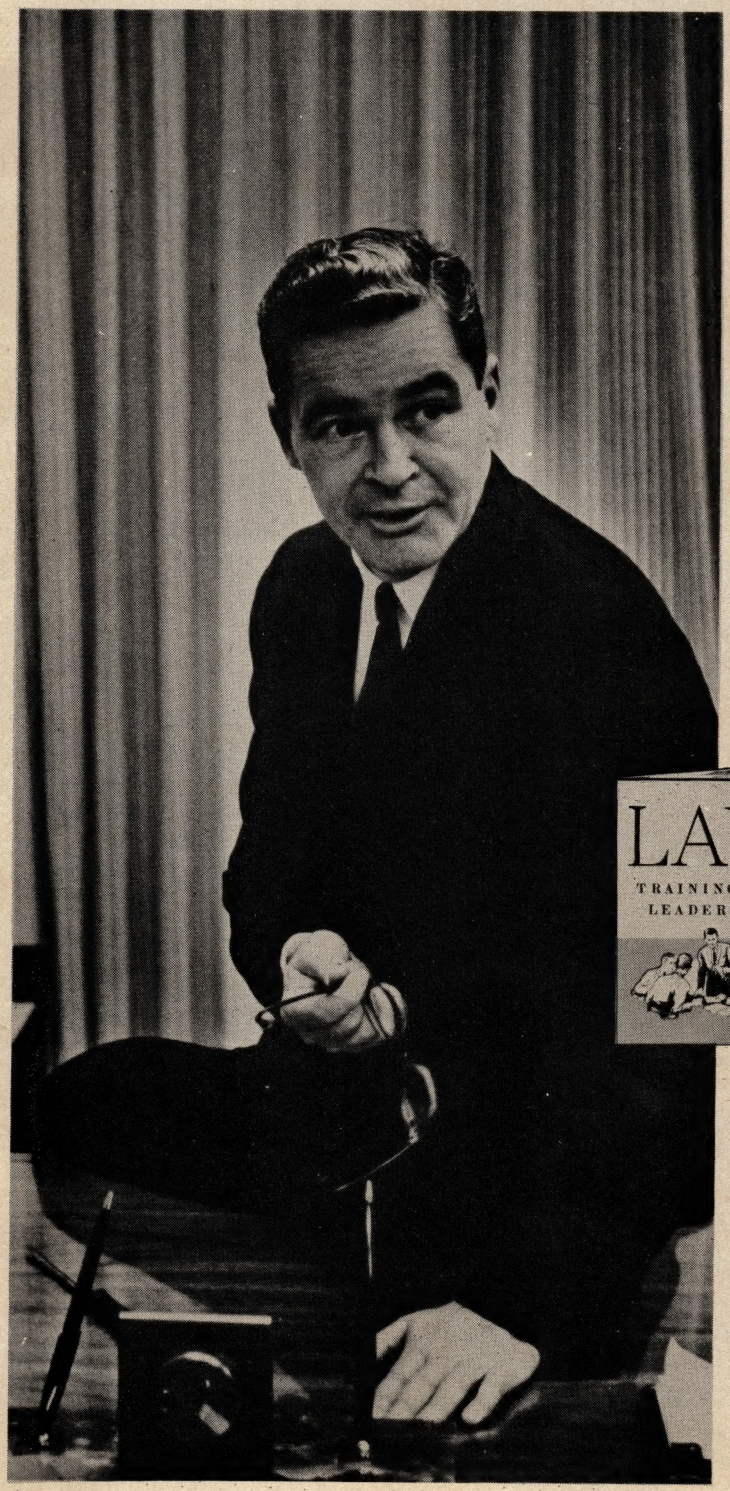

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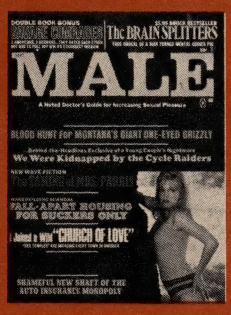
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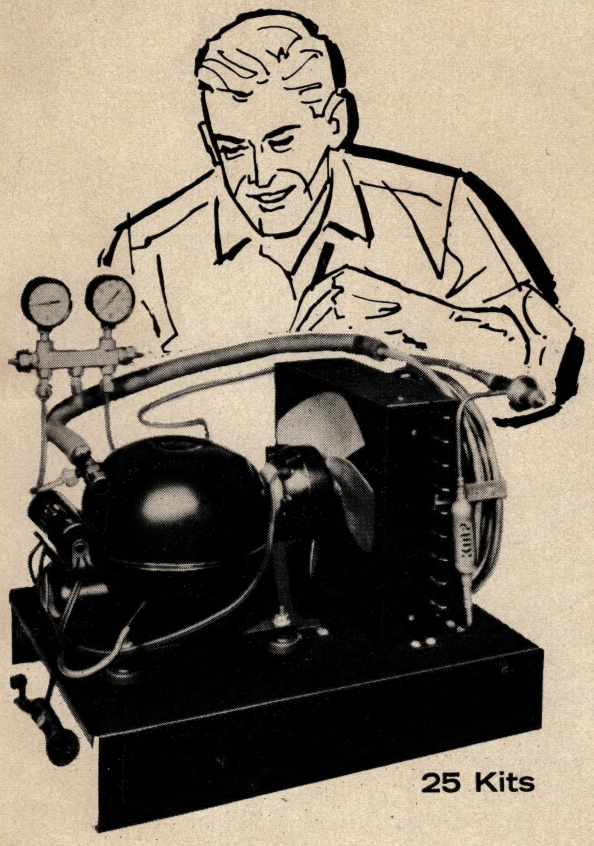

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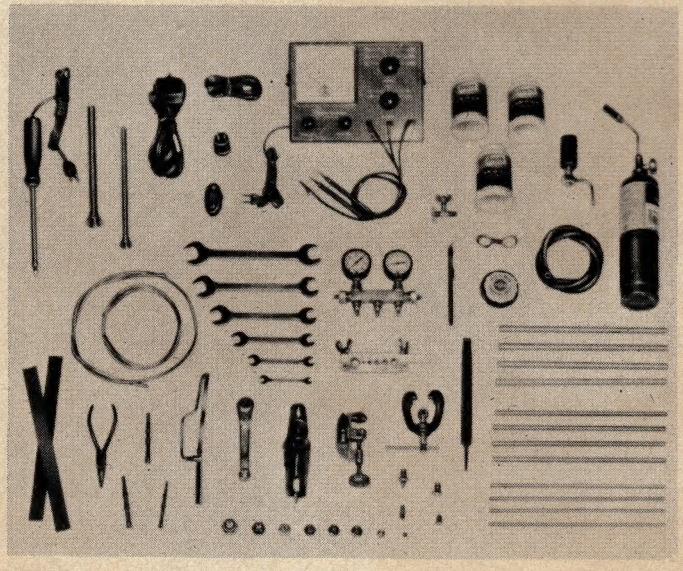

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STORIES FOR STAGS

They were dancing dreamily, but the girl insisted on making conversation.

"I think swimming gives a girl awfully big shoulders, don't you?" she said.

"Uh-huh," replied her partner absently.

"And playing tennis gives a girl awfully big hands, don't you agree?"

Again he assented and after a moment's silence ventured, "You do a lot of horseback riding, too, don't you?"

•

Then there was the wolf who was so poor that he couldn't afford etchings so he asked the girlfriend up to see the handwriting on the wall.

•

Two young men seated in a restaurant were watching a customer busily disposing of a plate of oysters on the half-shell. One of the young men remarked to his friend:

"Did you ever hear that business about raw oysters being good for a man's virility?"

"Yes, why?" the friend replied.

"Well, take it from me, that's a lot of foolishness. I ate a dozen of them the other night and only nine worked."

"It's heartwarming to know we didn't fail him as parents."

"It's my husband. Did you ask him to stay late at the office tonight, or is that miserable worm lying to me?"

Overheard in a movie balcony:

Female voice: "JOOHN! John! Stop it

Male voice: "Who the hell is John?"

•

Papa rabbit was acquainting his son with the facts of life. Finally he told the young rabbit. "Remember son, that you are French and must always be gallant. Never forget to thank the object of your affections gallantly."

Then he took him out into the field where he had invited a dozen or so attractive female rabbits.

"Now, son," he said, "let me see if you remember, your lessons."

The son was off like a flash. As he skipped from doe to doe he said: "Merci, mademoiselle! Merci mademoiselle! Mercimademoiselle! Pardon, papa!! Merci, mademoiselle!"

•

The handsome cop stopped the young woman driver for speeding. "You've been doing 60 miles an hour," he told her. "Don't you care anything about the law?"

"Why, officer, how can I tell yet?" replied the young woman. "I've only just met you."

•

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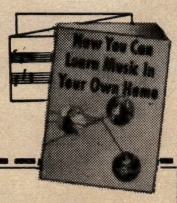

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YOU and WOMEN

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Frank Answers for Men

MARRY A PROSTITUTE?

Q. *Joe marries Rose who is an ex-hooker. Does he figure to be running a high risk that she will be unfaithful to him?*

A. Joe, according to studies made by psychologist Simon E. Gustin, would have an excellent chance to wind up with an uncommonly faithful wife. Dr. Gustin conducted a survey of policemen who married ex-prostitutes, a group of men more likely to do so than any other, and discovered they had fewer divorces, especially on grounds of adultery, and in fact less marital discord in general than most married couples. "Of course," he noted, "it can be argued that policemen are much more at ease on this subject than the average man

Hooker loyalty

and thus could be more understanding towards the woman. But there is little doubt to the old police axiom that a reformed prostitute stays reformed. And very few such wives will slip back to their old trade to make a few dollars for spending money. The one instance where I found this to be the case the woman was highly fearful that her husband might be killed in the line of duty and she would be left alone again. Her sexual activities thus were no more than a form of reassurance for herself that she could survive."

FOR BEGINNERS

Q. *Bert's wife prefers intercourse, with herself positioned above her husband. Does this indicate female desire to dominate the male?*

A. Not really, although Kinsey investigators found that a large number of men and women did believe that the woman-on-top position made the woman appear masculine and the man feminine, and that it could indicate the man had homosexual tendencies. Most experts highly recommend the position, especially for beginning sex partners. And Dr. Edwin W. Hirsch calls the traditional position of man above as difficult and "not to be recommended for beginners." Dr. Hugo G. Beigel, editor of the Journal of Sex Research points out some of the reasons women favor the female-on-top position: it permits deeper penetration; clitoral friction is more intense; the woman can direct stimulation to the most sensitive area; the woman does not have to contend with the man's weight; and it is easier to achieve orgasm.

IN-LAW TROUBLE

Q. *After five years of paying rent to a landlord, Tom agrees to save money by moving in with his wife's folks in the house they own. Can he expect a less satisfactory sex life than he has been enjoying up till then?*

A. He should. According to studies made by one of the authors, since ancient time there's been a sexual basis for a husband's dislike of his mother-in-law, and this particular situation is a typical example. Many wives will "freeze up" when their mothers are in the same house with them. This will even apply to visits by a mother-in-law in the wife's home. If a wife does not directly come out and tell her husband that she doesn't want to have sex because 'mother might hear the bed squeak,' she will think it and it will inhibit her behavior. Many husbands also cannot stand the withering looks, real or imagined, that a mother-in-law will give them in the morning if the couple has had sex.

Freezing up

MINI-MORAL GIRLS

Q. *Linda wears the shortest skirts in the neighborhood while Ellen keeps her hemline down at just above the knees. Mary on the other hand is a compromise between the two. If you are on a promiscuity kick which girl is your "easiest" bet?*

A. There's little doubt that short-skirted Linda has a stronger unconscious sex wish but whether she'd be easier to get to bed is another matter entirely. Two researchers at the University of Georgia, Charlotte Cook and Dr. Joel Butler, recently studied 30 girls, measuring their skirts, then having them report all the outstanding dreams they could remember. Sure enough, they discovered the shorter the girl's skirt, the

The long and the short

more her dreams were full of Freudian symbols. However, this doesn't mean that the shorter the skirt, the quicker the girl will engage in actual sexual relations. In fact, the researchers said, even though there may be strong unconscious sex wishes, these girls could have far more resistance than other girls to translating the unconscious wish to conscious activity. Conclusion: Don't eliminate Ellen or Mary.

Continued on page 64

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- ☐ Diesel-Gas-Motor Vehicle Engines
- ☐ Auto. Electrical Techn.
- ☐ Engine Tune-Up
- ☐ Transmission Specialist

BUSINESS
- ☐ Advertising
- ☐ Business Administration
- ☐ Industrial Psychology
- ☐ Managing a Small Store
- ☐ Personnel-Lab. Rel'ns
- ☐ Purchasing Agent
- ☐ Retail Business Mgmt.
- ☐ Traffic Management

BUSINESS: SALES
- ☐ Creative Salesmanship
- ☐ Real Estate Sales
- ☐ Sales & Sales Mgmt.

CHEMICAL
- ☐ Analytical Chemistry
- ☐ Chemical Engineering
- ☐ Chem. Lab. Technician
- ☐ General Chemistry
- ☐ Plastics Technician

CIVIL ENGINEERING
- ☐ Civil Engineering
- ☐ Highway Eng. Tech.
- ☐ Sewer Plant Operator
- ☐ Surveying & Mapping
- ☐ Water-Works Operator

COLLEGE COURSES
- ☐ American History
- ☐ Calculus ☐ Economics

COMPUTERS
- ☐ COBOL Programming
- ☐ Fortran Programming
- ☐ Programming for Digital Computers
- ☐ Programming the 360
- ☐ Programming the 1401

DRAFTING
- ☐ Aircraft Drafting
- ☐ Architectural Drafting
- ☐ Blueprint Reading
- ☐ Design Drafting
- ☐ Drafting Technology
- ☐ Electrical and Electronic
- ☐ Mechanical
- ☐ Structural

ELECTRICAL
- ☐ Electrical Engineering
- ☐ Appliance Servicing
- ☐ Elec. Eng. Technician
- ☐ Industrial Elec. Technician
- ☐ Motor Repairman
- ☐ Practical Electrician
- ☐ Practical Lineman

ENGINEERING (Refresher Courses for Graduate Engineers)
- ☐ Chemical ☐ Civil
- ☐ Electrical ☐ Industrial
- ☐ Mechanical
- ☐ Sanitary ☐ Structural

HIGH SCHOOL
- ☐ High School Business
- ☐ High School General
- ☐ High School Math.
- ☐ High School Secretarial
- ☐ High School Vocational
- ☐ College Preparatory
- ☐ Preparatory Course for H.S. Equivalency Test

MACH. SHOP PRACTICE
- ☐ Machine Shop Practice
- ☐ Maintenance Mechanic
- ☐ Reading Shop Prints
- ☐ Tool & Die Maker
- ☐ Welding, Gas & Elec.

MECHANICAL
- ☐ Mechanical Engineering
- ☐ Aircraft Mechanic
- ☐ Hydraulic, Pneumatic Power
- ☐ Industrial Engineering
- ☐ Industrial Instrumentation
- ☐ Machine Design
- ☐ Power Plant Engineering
- ☐ Quality Control
- ☐ Refrig., Air Conditioning
- ☐ Tool Design
- ☐ Vibration Analysis and Control

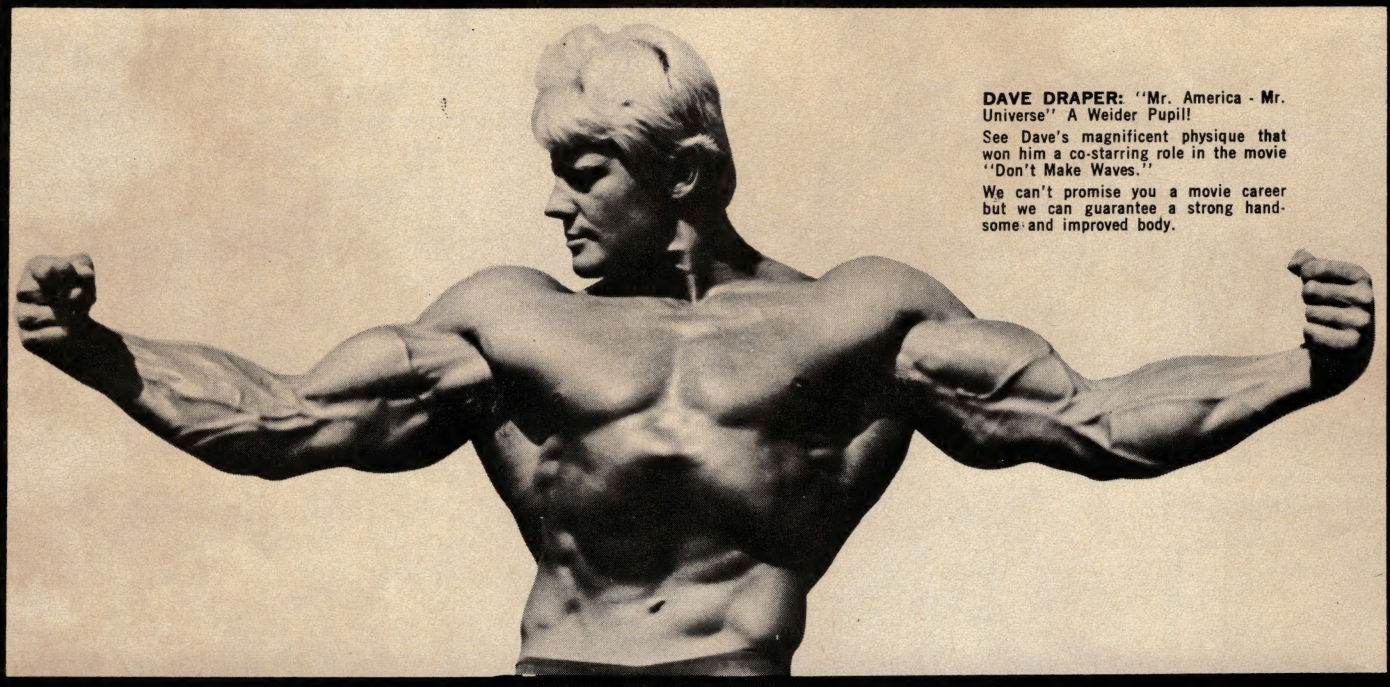
SECRETARIAL
- ☐ Clerk-Typist
- ☐ Secretary, Legal
- ☐ Secretary, Medical
- ☐ Secretary, Professional
- ☐ Shorthand
- ☐ Stenographic ☐ Typist

TV-RADIO-ELECTRONICS
- ☐ Color TV Servicing
- ☐ Electronics Fundamentals
- ☐ Electronic Technician
- ☐ General Electronics
- ☐ Indust. Electronics Tech.
- ☐ Practical Telephony
- ☐ Radio Telephone License
- ☐ TV and Radio Servicing ☐ with Equip. Training

WRITING
- ☐ English and Writing
- ☐ Free-Lance Writing
- ☐ Other (Please specify)

_____

WHAT DOES THIS CHAMPION HAVE IN COMMON...WITH YOU?



DAVE DRAPER: "Mr. America - Mr. Universe" A Weider Pupil!

See Dave's magnificent physique that won him a co-starring role in the movie "Don't Make Waves."

We can't promise you a movie career but we can guarantee a strong handsome and improved body.

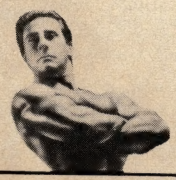
HE ANSWERED A WEIDER AD—GAINED 3 INCHES ON HIS ARMS —4 INCHES ON HIS CHEST—IN 7 SHORT WEEKS! YOU TOO!

You, too—just like Dave Draper—can now own a handsome, muscular body—fast! You, too, can now finally follow the exact same instructions this champ did, and in just 15 minutes a day, in the privacy of your own home, you can begin to slap on 4 inches to your chest and 3 inches to each arm, give yourself lifeguard shoulders, muscularize your waist, get speedy legs, and exercise your entire body. The techniques are simple, there's nothing complicated, just downright enjoyable.

I don't care if, today you own the skinniest, flabbiest or most laughed at body—whether you're tall or short, young or not-so-young. If you send for my FREE 32-page booklet of muscle building information, I guarantee that you will experience a muscle building miracle; before your eyes, you will see handsome muscles start bursting out all over you. They will ripple with power, burst with energy—and for the first time in your life men will envy your body, women admire it, because at last you own a body that brings you fame instead of shame. Let me help you as I did other champions—who were also weaklings—to put an end to your weakness and shame. Write now for free information —you'll be so happy you did! After all, you have nothing to lose but your weakness!

A-C-T-I-O-N is the key to strength—make your first He-Man-Decision N-O-W! Fill out the coupon right now, rush it to me, and in hours I will send you absolutely free—at my own expense—the exact same muscle building information I sent to Dave Draper and numerous champions, and to over 5 million other successful students. I am known as the most successful trainer of champions. I have been turning weaklings into "Mr. Americas" and "Mr. Universes" successfully since 1936. Don't pass up this once-in-a-lifetime proven successful offer to trade in your body for the one you always dreamed of having. Remember, you will be following in the proven, safe, scientific footsteps of the World's Best Men. So hurry! Put an end to your weakness now. Send for my sensational free offer—good only to males between 13 and 75 in normal good health. This is the most time-tested, results-producing course of all time.

ABSOLUTELY FREE! MUSCLE-BUILDING INFORMATION ON HOW TO BUILD A HANDSOME BODY!



JOE WEIDER
Personal trainer of "Mr. America" "Mr. Universe" "Mr. Canada" perfect men title winners since 1936. — and over 2,000,000 successful pupils the world over!

JOE WEIDER, Dept. 16-99V
Trainer of Champions since 1936
531-32nd Street, Union City, N.J. 07087

Dear Joe: Shoot the works! I agree, that just like the champions before me, I want to be a New Man! Rush me your free muscle-building information that I can use right now at home to build a handsome body. I have checked the gains I want to make. I'm enclosing 25¢ to cover handling and mailing charges. I am under no further obligation in any way.

NAME _____ AGE _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ STATE _____
ZIP _____
(please print clearly)

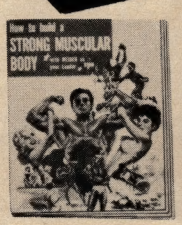
MAIL COUPON TODAY FOR **FREE** 32 PAGE COURSE!

NO OBLIGATION! NOTHING TO BUY!

Here's the kind of body I want (Check as many as you wish).

- ☐ Bigger arms
- ☐ Larger Chest
- ☐ Broader Shoulders
- ☐ Athletic Legs
- ☐ More Weight
- ☐ Lose Weight
- ☐ Magnetic Personality

ABSOLUTELY FREE!



AN EXCLUSIVE REPORT FOR EVERY MAN ON CRIME... JOB HUNTING... NEW GADGETS... CARS... WOMEN

inside for men

CRIME LINE

Dope roundup: "Pot" smokers taking part in a California School of Medicine (San Francisco) test couldn't tell the difference between REAL AND PHONY MARIJUANA CIGARETTES, GOT "TURNED ON" BY BOTH. FAKES HAD LOOK, SMELL, TASTE OF POT, BUT NOT ITS ACTIVE INGREDIENT. Conclusion: Characteristic smell, taste were enough to set up psychological reaction the test subjects--all of them regular pot users--were expecting...Instead of sending first-time marijuana lawbreakers to jail, British Columbia SHIPS THEM TO "WILDERNESS CAMPS"--TO LEARN SURVIVAL, RESCUE, FIRE-FIGHTING TECHNIQUES, MOUNTAIN CLIMBING AND CANOEING, AND--THE GOVERNMENT HOPES--TO DEVELOP A "SENSE OF RESPONSIBILITY TO THEMSELVES AND OTHERS"...Pound of diluted, mixed heroin divied into 37,000 "bags", pushed at five bucks apiece brings Gangland $185,000 in crooked profits...

"Most wanted" female

Statistics show more women committing serious crimes these days than ever before. A California sociologist claims it's part of their struggle for "independence and an equal status with men"--on the "most wanted" list as well as anyplace else...

Memphis, Tenn. has toughest noise abatement law in country, and it's strictly enforced. Last year, cops gave out 1,000 tickets to drivers blowing their horns unnecessarily, 500 more to drivers with shot mufflers on their cars. Law also bans radio and TV playing "that can be heard outside the household between 11 P.M. and 7 A.M." and building constructions, steam whistle blowing from 7 P.M. to 6 A.M...

To fight cattle rustling in Germany's Schleswig-Holstein, cops have asked farmers to TAKE PICTURES OF ALL THEIR COWS--AND MAKE IT EASIER FOR THE LAW TO IDENTIFY STOLEN ANIMALS...

BOOTS AND BRASS

"Hot" Army plan to train GIs in how to use Russian-developed AK-47 rifle carried by the Vietcong has COOLED OFF, BECAUSE THERE'S NOT ENOUGH CAPTURED ENEMY AMMO AVAILABLE. ARMY HAS JUST 40,000 "CERTIFIED SAFE" ROUNDS ON HAND, AND NEEDS 94,000 EVERY THREE MONTHS...

Fire power flop

One of the most "top secret" naval installations in Western Hemisphere is AUTEC--the $90-million "Anglo-American Atlantic Undersea Test and Evaluation Center" in the Bahamas, where U.S., British and British Commonwealth nations developed torpedos, anti-sub missiles and detection gadgetry get checked out...

U.S. INTELLIGENCE CLAIMS NO SOVIET SUB HAS EVER BEEN ABLE TO TAIL A. U.S. POLARIS SUB TO ITS PATROL STATION IN THE MEDITERRANEAN...On the other hand, U.S. Navy doesn't have enough anti-sub forces in the Med to keep track of all the Russian subs there all the time. So it doesn't even try...Navy does have a "new" undersea boat: the reconverted, U.S.S. Grayback. World's biggest conventional-

Continued on page 40

WE WERE KIDNAPPED

By BRAD KORMAN as told to KEVIN BURKE

BEHIND-THE-HEADLINES EXCLUSIVE OF A YOUNG COUPLE'S NIGHTMARE

HAVING a run-in with a motorcycle gang is like having an accident or getting mugged, or arrested: You've never thought about these things happening to you; they only happen to other people.

That's the way it was when Laura and I were kidnapped by the Hell Raiders. Ironically, I'm a motorcyclist myself, the "square" kind that the outlaw bikers hate. One evening — it was just getting dark — Laura and I were walking along one of the lonely, isolated beaches you can still find in Southern California in spite of the freeways and oceanfront housing developments. As usual, we were talking about our marriage plans, where we'd live, how many kids we'd have.

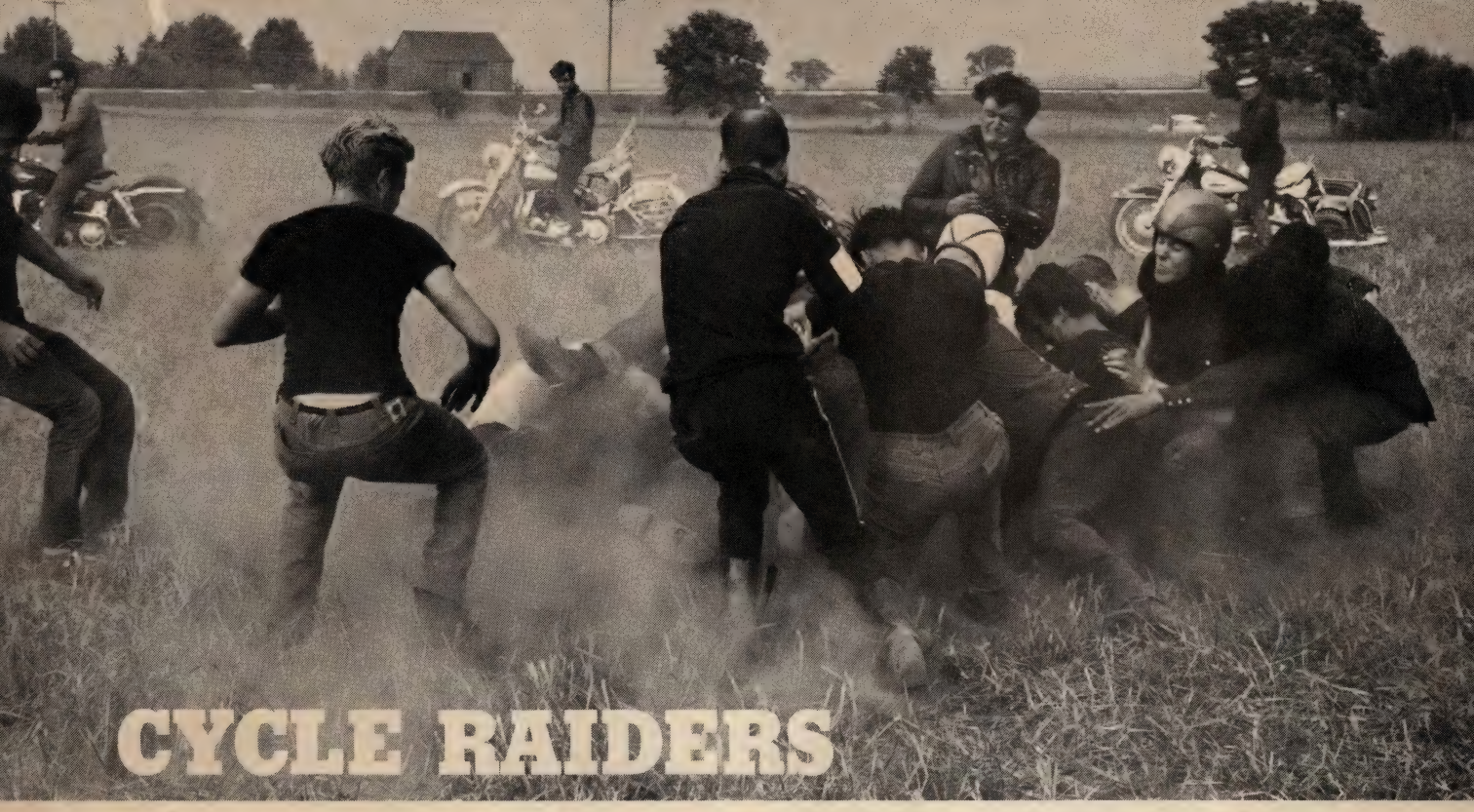
We had just reached the top of a sand dune that fell away to a hidden clearing on the beach. And there, less than fifty feet away, were about two dozen or so of the Hell Raiders and their mamas. They had built a fire

YOUNG MAN, FIANCEE HELD PRISONER BY CYCLISTS

Here in their own words is an innocent couple's story of their ordeal at the hands of two-wheeled savages . .

BY THE CYCLE RAIDERS

CALIFORNIA contingent of Hell Raiders was considered most vicious of all outlaw cycle brutes (depicted above, right) . . .



CYCLE RAIDERS

out of driftwood and were swilling beer, arguing, fighting and making love in the sand like a pack of animals.

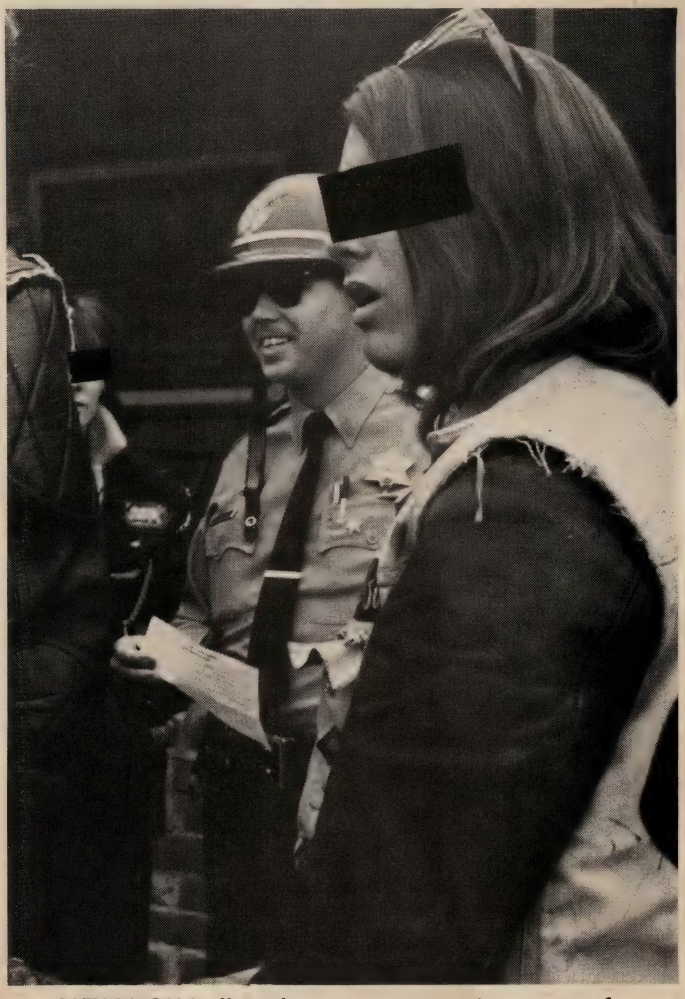
I grabbed Laura and started back, hoping to circle around that barbarians' camp before the Raiders saw us. But it was too late. Whooping and howling, about a half dozen of them came charging up the dune, cutting us off from the path to the road.

"Wow, wow! Look what we found!" shouted one of them, a short, squat 200-pounder who resembled a barrel dressed in a gorilla suit. He was stripped to the waist, wearing only filthy jeans and cycle boots. The other three were standard model outlaw bikers—dirty, drunk and dumb, with the usual biker uniform of jeans, boots, Iron Crosses, swastikas and the rest of the juvenile junk they decorate themselves with.

They stood in a semi-circle around us, leering at Laura, who's tall, blonde, shapely and has the kind of untouched look that the bike bums go crazy over. If you've had a good look at some of the pigs that their mamas are, you'll know why.

But they weren't quite ready to do anything, because of me. I'm big (six-two, 185 pounds) and have a face that looks as if it's been in a few fights and survived—broken nose, a couple of scars. But it's all from cycle smash-ups. I raced motorcycles until Laura asked me to quit. Even sold my two racing bikes.

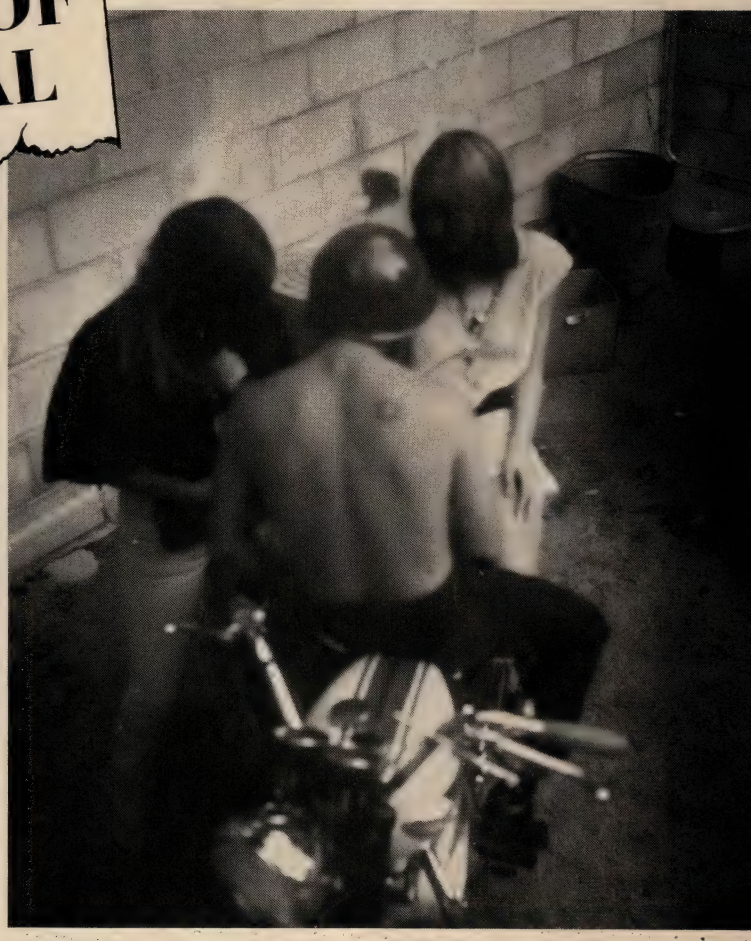
Just when the little band of Hell Raiders looked as if they had decided to take me on to get at Laura, another biker came up the



ALTHOUGH Hell Raider mamas put on innocent act for cops, they were often even more bloodthirsty than their men . . .

Motorcycle Gang's Hostages

MOTORIST TELLS OF COUPLE'S ORDEAL



POLICE kept close watch on Hell Raiders but gang managed to stay within law until they kidnapped Korman and his girl

dune. They stepped aside for him. He looked familiar, a big guy, as tall as me, a little heavier. I looked closer and under the matted shoulder-length hair, Genghis Khan mustache and beard, dirty jeans and leather vest, I recognized the chief of the Hell Raiders.

"Hello, Brad," he said, in his gravelly, rather high-pitched voice. "Been a long time."

"Hello, Chink," I said in a flat tone. Laura held tight to my arm, fearing Chink Hannigan more than the other Raiders combined. But I wasn't afraid of him—not for myself, anyway—because I knew him from way back when—in high school, and for a couple of years after that.

Chink and I had always been competitors, for the quarterback spot on the football team, for girls, in fights. And after high school, first place in motorcycle races. The only time he beat me out was for that quarterback spot. I usually took the girls, the fights and first place in the races. And Chink was a grudge collector, a *(Continued on page 70)*

Blood Hunt For Montana's GIANT ONE-EYED GRIZZLY

By CHAD GILLISON

ART BY BOB SCHULZ

IT was about four in the afternoon when Link and I decided to pack in the hunting for the day and make camp. For three days, on horseback and on foot, we had been ranging the lower slopes of the Rocky Mountains not far from the Continental Divide which, out here in Montana, we call the Chinese Wall.

"This'll do," Link said when we rode into the clearing between the cottonwoods. It was a good site to make camp, as there was a small pond and there would be trout in it. We unbitted the two horses, fed and watered them, and hitched them securely to a couple of stout cottonwoods at the edge of the clearing.

"What do you feel like eating?" I asked Link as I started laying a fire.

"How about some venison," Link answered. It was a joke between us. The first day out we'd bagged a small deer and ever since then venison, cooked with strips of bacon and washed down by coffee with a couple of slugs of brandy in it, was what we'd had every meal since.

After we'd eaten, I went down to the pond to fish while Link cleaned up around the fire. Ed Lincoln and I had been walking, riding, and hunting this country together ever since we were kids in knee pants. We both came from farms over around Ovando, *(Continued on page 44)*

GILLISON shoved the hunk of flaming wood into the bear's vicious eye . . .
His best friend had been literally torn to death, and he vowed to track down the rampaging beast who'd done it . . .
RES

A Noted Doctor's Guide for Increasing Sexual Pleasure

10 NEW WAYS TO PROLONG YOUR ORGASM

By BENJAMIN LANE, M.D.

Here are the secret techniques, once whispered about, that can reward you with greater marital enjoyment . . .

IT took me over seven months after we were married before I was able to have an orgasm. Those seven months were a terrible, frightening time for me. I started thinking that maybe I was incapable of having orgasms. I had had two brief affairs before getting married and I hadn't had an orgasm during either of those. I was sure that as soon as I got married and was in bed with the man I loved, I'd experience the orgasm every woman dreams of and *needs!* But it took those very long, painful seven months."

This is the beginning of an account by Paula U., a 24-year-old housewife who was a patient of mine. It might seem odd to many that Paula came to me *after* she had achieved orgasms with her husband, but her reason was a common one. Now that she knew she was capable of having orgasms, she was free to concern herself with their *quality,* not the possibility.

"Once I knew I could make it all right," Paula continued, "I was relaxed enough to start imagining all the wild things my husband and I would do in bed. He'd make love to me, I thought, for hours on end and my orgasms would run one into the other until my body would almost fall apart. I'd read about long, drawn-out orgasms like that. If there was such a place as Heaven, I figured it would be where your orgasm never came to an end! Of course, I don't think you could stand it. But I'd *(Continued on page 42)*

NEVER seen anything like it," Hackworth whispered.

"Just keep quiet," I warned. "The Masaola aren't used to strangers."

I sucked in my breath and held it. We were about 30 yards from Massaola warriors caught up in a deafening, almost hypnotic tribal dance.

Loinclothed Masaola males danced in jerky contortions, gyrating around a huge wooden container in their center. A tall native girl joined the dance and began undulating in ever-decreasing circles around the wooden box, her eyes glazed, her motions trance-like.

About 100 natives sat around the clearing, chanting in low, moaning tones while pounding on crude drums in an ear-shattering frenzy. They seemed to be losing themselves in a dazed stupor as the tempo of the drumbeat quickened.

I crawled a few feet closer. Hackworth followed. It was only then that we noticed the open mouth of a cave, looking down on the clearing from slightly above us.

"It's some kind of a religious thing," Hackworth suggested. "The mouth of the cave is like an altar. And that wooden box is some kind of a divine symbol. The tall girl there, the way she's moving her body—it's like she's making love to whatever is inside that box."

CHARLEY KELLIHER

YANK TREASURE HUNTER WHO ESCAPED MADAGASCAR'S

There was gold in the island's forbidding interior—and a savage tribe time had forgot . . .

ART BY SAMPSON POLLEN

By
CHARLES D. KELLIHER
as told to
ROBERT F. DORR

ADVENTURER KELLIHER

EVEN as he raised the rock, Kelliher knew he and Hackworth would be overwhelmed

'HORROR CAVE TRIBE'

CO-AUTHOR Dorr examines wreckage of British sub sunk during WW II in Madagascar's harbor city of Diego Suarez. Like Kelliher, Dorr is treasure bug...

FEW tribes are as cruel or deadly as Masaola. Only "fringe members" of tribe living on edge of jungle have even been photographed by some explorers

"They're probably all high on drugs," .I whispered cautiously. "They make a narcotic from tree roots. They've *got* to be in some kind of a trance. Otherwise, they'd have heard us landing."

We were on northeast Madagascar, that weevil-shaped, thousand-mile island off the continent of Africa. Minutes ago I'd put my twin-engine Beechcraft down on a flat shelf of volcanic rock paralleling the Indian Ocean just behind us. I'd risked our necks to make the landing, and the takeoff would be even more hazardous, but neither Hackworth nor I had figured on the extra danger of walking into a native sacrificial rite.

I didn't like him, although Hackworth had hired me for a handsome sum.

Not that I knew much about Hackworth. He'd come to this remote corner of Madagascar searching for something. I called it a "hidden treasure" because I didn't know what it really was—not yet.

HORROR CAVE TRIBE

I had met Hackworth while having a beer at the *Brasserie des Arcades,* the only decent cafe on the main street. Hackworth came up and introduced himself, a tall, splintery Britisher with bronzed skin, finely-combed, sandy greying hair, and a small, oval mouth. He'd adopted the local custom of wearing Bermuda shorts. We shook hands. He said, "You are a pilot?"

"I'm a geologist with a plane. You know that, Mr. Hackworth. A white man can't keep secrets here where there are so few of us."

"I am seeking to hire a pilot. I've talked to the French aviation company at the airport. They are not interested. You seem to be the only flier on the whole island who might be available."

"What makes you think I'm for hire? I'm taking life easy here."

HACKWORTH probably knew that I worked for the U.S. Agency for International Development on an aid project helping the local government to locate gypsum deposits by flying around in a Beechcraft 18 rigged with magnetic detection gear. The job was easy, and I had a French girl friend who stayed over on weekends.

Hackworth certainly knew that the Beechcraft wasn't mine and that I didn't have the authority to use it for my private whims. I had the feeling he just didn't give a damn about things like that.

"Have a beer," I beckoned generously. "I've heard a few things about you. Like you just arrived on the weekly Air France run from Paris and you're staying at the Select Hotel and you're running around town chock-full of interesting stories. Right?"

"You are imprudent, my friend."

"Maybe I am, but anyway it's the old hidden treasure game. You're looking for something up on the northeast coast of the island and you need a plane to find it. You have a British passport and when you checked into the hotel you gave your home as London. They have a place on the registry form for 'occupation,' but you didn't fill that out. You have an attache case full of maps and charts."

"You make it sound as if I'm involved in something evil."

"No such intent. But you're interested in a very risky place. Are you aware of the Masaola?"

"Say that *(Continued on page 58)*

By MATT SCHULTZ

IT might have started with his wife, but Harry Short couldn't remember. And he couldn't remember when he decided to run, only that he had to run.

Harriet was part of it. She was more shrew than wife, and she said things like: "I should have married Fred. He was a prince. Everybody said that." Also part of it was a friendly bookie who said things like: "Harry, you don't square with me, I am going to send somebody around to play with your arms." And there was the finance company, which didn't say much, but sent nasty letters and made collect telephone calls to see if Harry would like to talk about things.

Somewhere, sometimes in the middle of it all, Harry Short said the hell with it, the hell with the wife and the three kids, the hell with the bookie, the hell with everybody.

He packed a small bag and dropped it off at the local gin mill. Then he scraped together all his negotiable assets and came up with $49 and change.

"I am going out for a beer," Harry said one night after dinner.

"Don't be out all night," said Harriet.

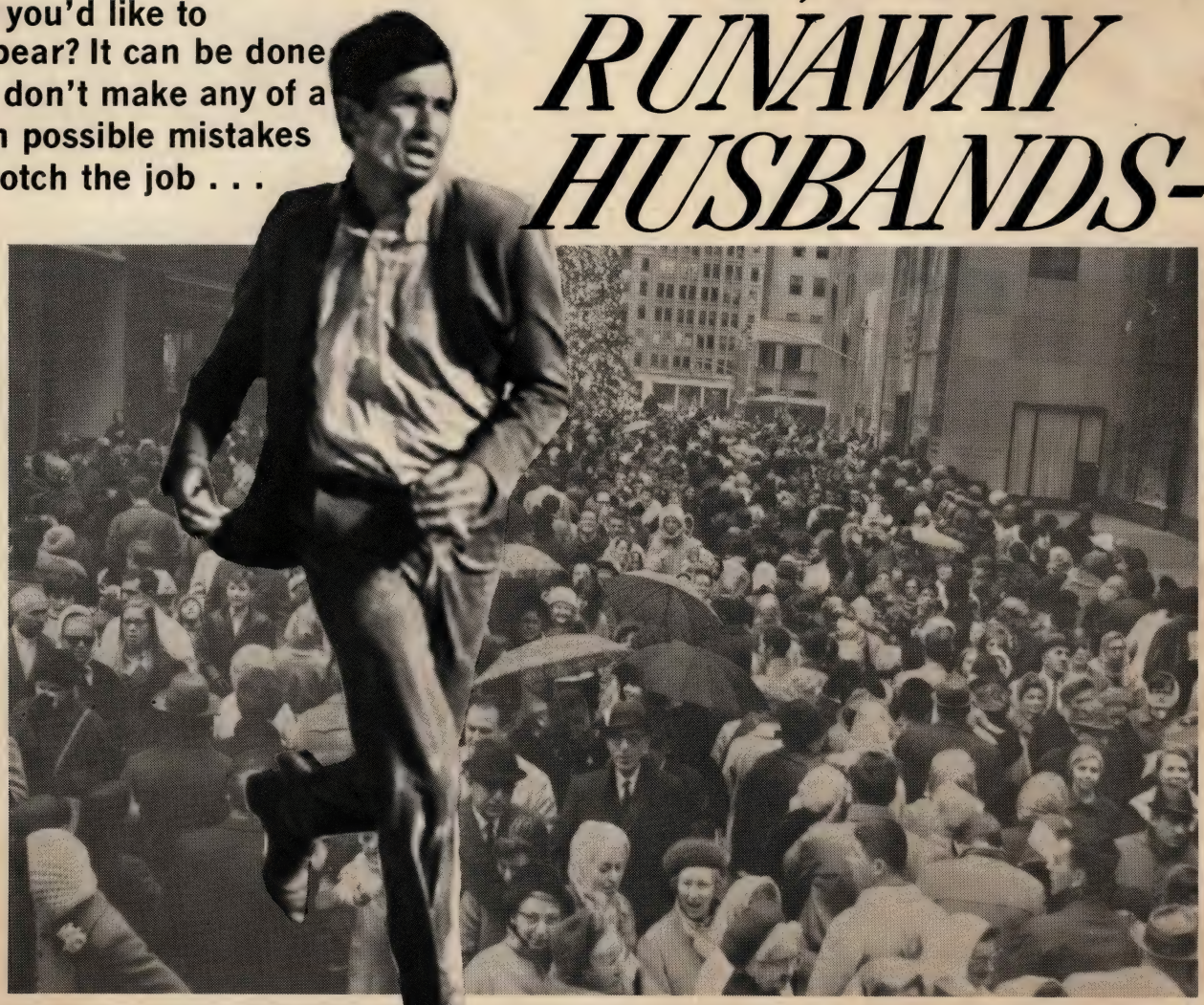
"I won't," said Harry.

And Harry Short ran. He paused for a beer and his bag, but ran. He ran to the bus terminal in downtown Albany, and took the first bus heading south. With one stopover in Richmond, Va., to hustle a few more dollars as a day laborer, Harry made Miami.

But Miami was Harry Short's first mistake. Harry was very bad *(Continued on page 66)*

AMERICA'S *500,000 RUNAWAY HUSBANDS--*

Think you'd like to disappear? It can be done if you don't make any of a million possible mistakes that botch the job . . .



HOW THEY DO IT

The Taming of Mrs. Parris

By ALEX AUSTIN
ART BY CHARLES COPELAND

I HOPE you'll want to see me again," she'd said before he left.

"And the married part . . ."

"We've been through that," she said. She came to where he was standing. She reached up, put a finger to his lips. "No more of that. O.K.?"

"I thank you for this," Johnny said.

"Shhhhhhh . . ." She kissed his mouth, standing on her toes to reach it. "I can say thank you, too," she said. "I feel very lucky. I truly think we'll make each other happy. Johnny. That is—if you want to come back."

"I'll be back. But you know . . ."

She put her finger to his lips again. "Yes. Yes, I know," she said. "You're a married man and so that makes you a terrible villain and I'm a poor helpless victim. O.K.? That makes it straight, doesn't it?"

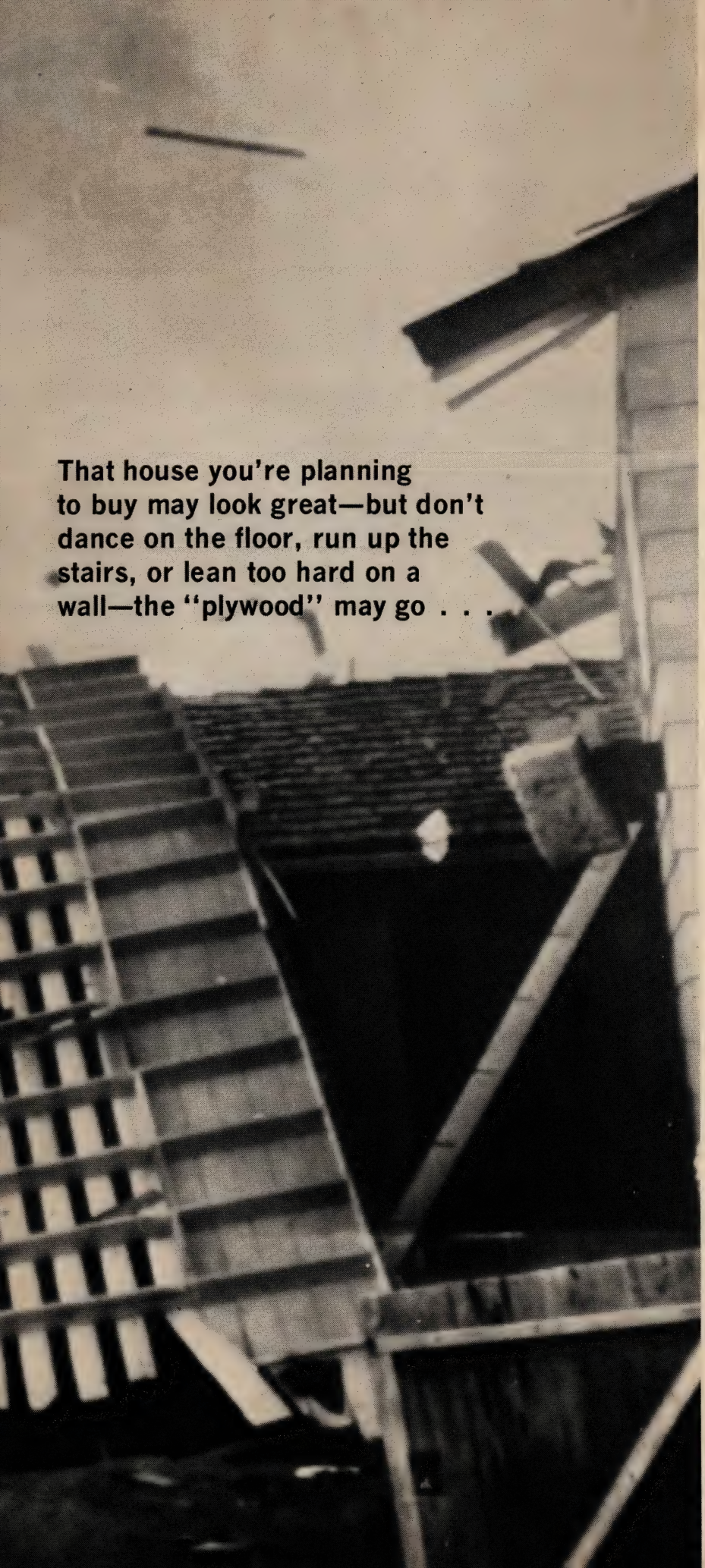
When he smiled, she returned the smile and said, "Sometimes things can be lots simpler than we think!" Johnny kissed her. He opened the door. She was standing there in a blue sheer negligee. "Any time at all," she said.

Driving home Johnny Parris couldn't help remembering that each move she'd made in bed was a pleasurable response to something he'd done. Every inch of her fine young body was alive, waiting for passion. Making love was joyous for her. *(Continued on page 81)*

It got so that Johnny couldn't come to work without sneaking off someplace — even the company store room — with the girl, and it didn't even matter what his wife suspected . . .
NEW WAVE FICTION

Home Building Scandal

FALL-APART-HOUSING FOR SUCKERS ONLY



That house you're planning to buy may look great—but don't dance on the floor, run up the stairs, or lean too hard on a wall—the "plywood" may go . . .

By WALT CAMERON

CISSY Gillman is a pretty 20-year-old girl from Phoenix, Arizona, who once was the focus of all eyes on the dance floor.

But Cissy won't dance again. Ever. It's hard to swing with an artificial leg. That is what she will wear the rest of her life, thanks to the greed of one of the most powerful monopolies in America. Here is what Cissy told me:

"I was attending a football game with my fiance and we were in a wooden bleacher, standing and yelling like crazy at an exciting point during the last half. Then it happened: we felt the wood platform disintegrate under our feet. There was a horrible sound like a million matchsticks snapping apart at once.

"Then I felt myself plunging down. A broken plank, sharp as a dagger, went right through my leg breaking the bone. I can't tell you how bad the pain was. All around me, injured people were groaning and weeping.

"In the hospital, gangrene set in and doctors finally had to amputate my leg. That grandstand wasn't overloaded; the wood used in its construction was inferior and dangerous, according to experts who checked the debris.

"Last month I finally collected $7,000 from the company that erected the grandstand. The big lawyers for the lumber company that originally graded and sold the wood got his clients off scot-free when I sued them, too. They simply disclaimed all responsibility."

Throughout the nation, shocking evidence of the unsafe standards, corruption, and profit hunger of a large segment of the timber industry is causing Congress, state legislators, *(Continued on page 84)*

THE BRAIN SPLITTERS

By YALE DAVID KOSKOFF, M.D. and RICHARD GOLDHURST

True Ordeal of a Man Turned Mental Guinea Pig

$5.95 SHOCK BEST SELLER

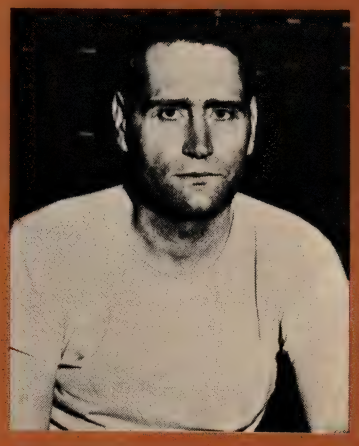
Millard Wright faced a life behind bars, until the law offered one last, desperate hope of curing his habitual criminal behavior with a dangerous operation — and doublecrossed him . . .

THIS is the story of Millard Wright, who offered to psychosurgery a mind undamaged by either psychosis or cellular deterioration. Millard Wright agreed to undergo a frontal lobotomy. He was the first and only habitual criminal to risk this operation.

Wright had spent three tortuous decades in crime and in prisons, twenty-three even more terrifying months in a madhouse, and several doubt-ridden weeks before he asked a surgeon to perform this delicate operation. Yet the surgeon, once the possibility was suggested to him, said yes—yes because he wanted to bring man's newest scientific technique, neurosurgery, to bear on man's oldest, most persistent aberration, crime.

The key man in this amazing medical story was a lawyer named Lou Little. If there was one word which described Lou Little, the word was "oral." He had thick lips which he constantly pursed and constantly fingered. He always talked out of the side of his mouth, slipping words out like fugitives. He was short, heavy, and a flight of stairs or a long hallway winded him. It was no trouble outdistancing Lou and most men unconsciously did.

There were few men, however, who could *(Continued on page 88)*



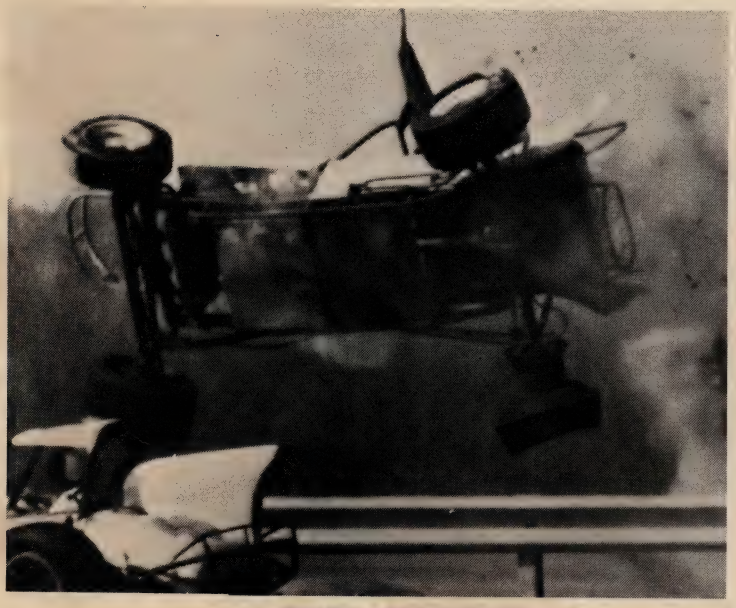
DESPITE enormous adverse publicity, Dr. Koskoff performed operation on Wright (rt.), first effort in history to deal surgically with "mad dogs"

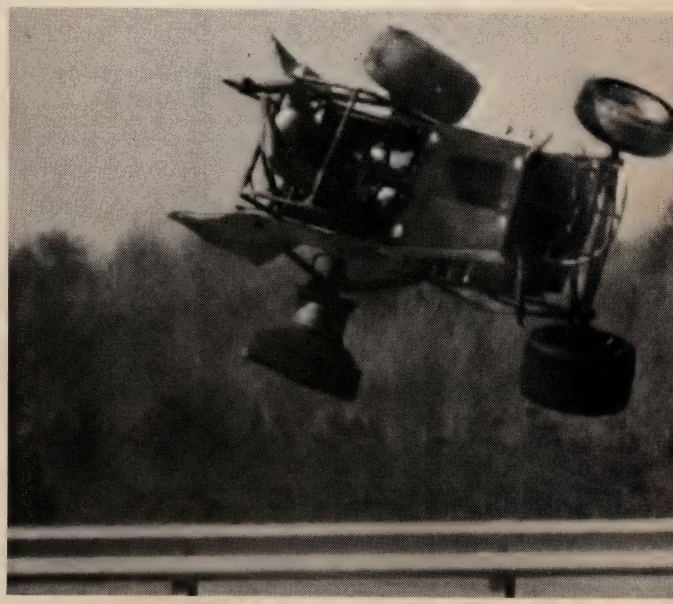
THE DARK SIDE OF THE HOUSE, copyright © 1968 by Yale David Koskoff and Richard Goldhurst. All rights reserved. Published by The Dial Press, Inc. and condensed by permission.

MEN IN ACTION

a gallery of the month's greatest photos

DOUBLE FEATURE—We don't know exactly why, but for some reason Swedish starlet Anne Marie Nilson was a stopper at recent Cannes Film Festival press conference. Anybody got an idea or two? . . .



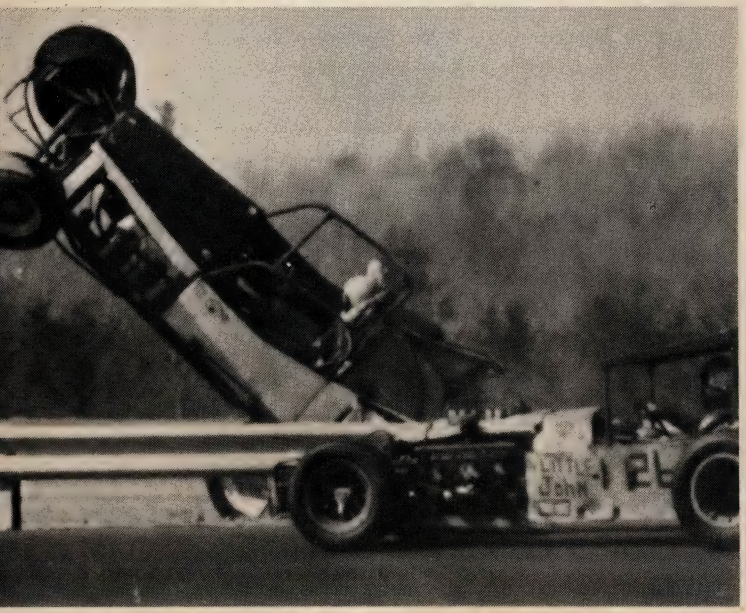


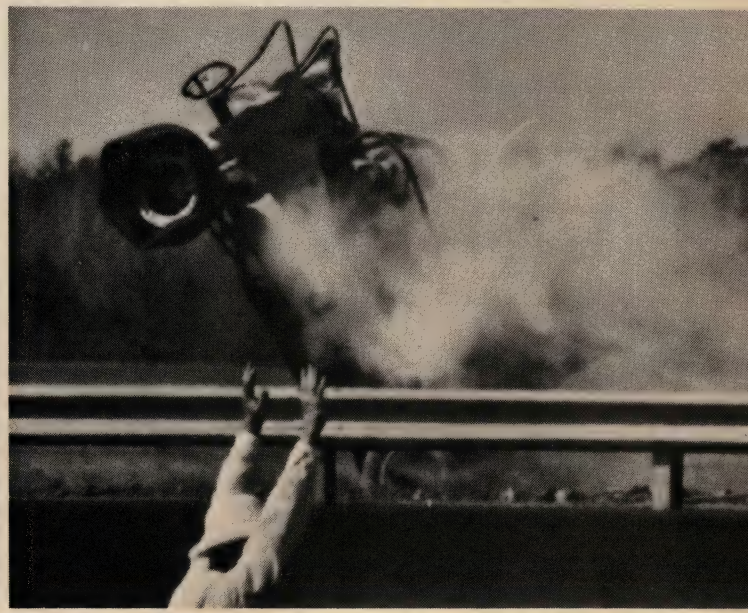
CRASH LANDING—Miraculously, race driver Mark Letcher escaped serious injury when his car

BOYD CAGE—When William Boyd, Jr. got tired of the accommodations of the Calhoun County Jail in Ala., he tried to file his way out. But he got good and stuck

HOSS TOSS—Equestrian Bernard Geneste is thrown from mount as he takes jump in Rome International Horse Show. Geneste broke shoulder, horse was unhurt

KNIGHT OF LOVE—During fashion show in Sydney, Australia department store, girls' beauty brought 17th century suit of armor to life, and it did what comes naturally with model





jumped guard rail before coming to earth. Event was 100-lap race in Mt. Pocono, Pa . . .

SAVAGE COMRADES

2 YANKS, 3 GERMANS... THEY HATED EACH OTHER, BUT HAD TO PULL OFF WWII's STRANGEST MISSION

TRUE BOOKLENGTH

By DONALD HONIG

ART BY BRUCE MINNEY

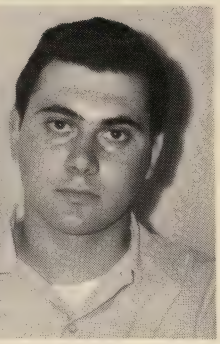
IT was a glittering, top-brass party in wartime London, April, 1944, just two months before D-Day. The only rank below major at the party was Lieutenant Bill Craig. Craig, a tall, raw-boned, moody Texan, had been brought to the party by his C.O., Colonel Anderson, as a reward for recently completing a rough grind of Commando-type training in the hills of Scotland.

It was Craig's first night back in London and, all the brass notwithstanding, he was filling up on the free bourbon. Along around midnight a two-star general came in with a good-looking, well-stacked WAC on his arm. When the general walked over to pay his respects to a couple of three-star generals, Craig walked over to pay his respects to the WAC.

Craig and the girl were hitting it off nicely—too nicely as far as the general was concerned.

"The young lady is with me, soldier," the general said walking up

SAVAGE COMRADES



LT. BILL CRAIG was handed dregs of P.O.W. camps—Nazis who had been criminals in civilian life, to accomplish vital seek-and-destroy mission . . .

to them and throwing out his chest.

"Just one more minute, sir," Craig said, wanting to get the girl's off-base phone number.

But generals don't wait for lieutenants and the former took the girl by the arm. Craig had soaked up just enough bourbon and was still feeling mean after two grueling months in the mountains. He pulled the girl away with one hand and with the other swung out and dropped the general with a sizzling left hook.

After that there was chaos. Two light colonels went the same route as the general before a swarm of majors finally subdued the hot-tempered Texan.

A half hour later the M.P.'s were throwing Bill Craig into a U.S. Army stockade just outside of London.

Two days later Craig was hustled out of the stockade, put into a staff car and driven to Colonel Anderson's headquarters. There he stood silently while he received a furious chewing out. What else could he do.

"You stupid, hot-headed ass," the colonel began. "You goddamned, simple-minded Texan moron. Do you realize what they could do to you? Do you realize what they *should* do to you?"

"Yes, sir," Craig said.

"Shut up until you're given permission to speak. I've been on the phone for two days, using every bit of drag I've got to save your hide. And believe me I haven't done it out of the goodness of my heart but because you happened to have been specially trained for a certain mission—a very important mission—and there isn't time to break in a new man. Now, sit down!" the colonel snapped.

The colonel then showed him three photographs. Each was of a tough, fierce-looking German P.O.W.

"This guy," said the colonel, pointing to the first photo, "is named Dieter Reinecke. Before the war he was known as the Mad Bomber of Hamburg. They say he planted over 100 expertly constructed time bombs in public places throughout the city—just for the hell of it. They killed over 250 persons when they went off. Dieter said that he just liked to watch them explode."

"Sweet guy," Craig murmured.

"Well, he broke jail, enlisted in the army under a false name and deserted in Italy. But not before he learned a lot more about blowing things sky-high. He's a top demolition man.

"This beauty is Karl Schwager. He was a prize fighter before the war. Killed two guards when he tried to escape a British P.O.W. camp. Strong as a bull, only not as smart. Strictly a muscleman.

"This last charmer is Otto Klaud. He didn't do much of anything except make love to wealthy women, get money from them—and climb mountains. It's his mountain climbing know-how that interests us. He's also wanted in Austria for killing one of his wealthy lady friends."

"Nice guys," Craig said sarcastically.

"I'm glad you think so," the colonel said, "because we're giving them all guns and sending them back to Germany with you."

Craig's reaction to his superior's last statement wasn't recorded, but its general tone can be guessed at easily enough.

RECENTLY declassified World War Two files have revealed the details of one of the most spectacular behind-the-lines operations of the war. It played a crucial role in helping the Allies successfully control the skies over France.

Late in 1943 word was received in London that the Germans had developed a jet engine and would shortly be sending up fighter planes able to move much faster than America's top-rated prop-fighters, the P-47 Thunderbolt and the P-51 Mustang. This would unquestionably cost the Allies control of the skies and have a disastrous effect on invasion plans.

The one thing that stood in the way of the Germans making their jet planes operational was lack of jet fuel. In fact the entire German war machine was beginning to slow down because of critical fuel shortages.

The German high command, however, placed such high priority on getting their jet planes into the sky that they had built—using slave labor—a jet fuel refinery deep in the Bavarian Alps. The refinery had been built in the mountains so as to protect it from air attack. In fact not until early in 1944 did the Allies receive word that the refinery even existed.

Several bombing missions were flown against the refinery but had been unsuccessful because the mountains afforded great protection.

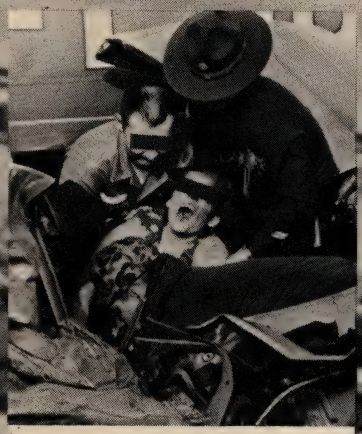
It was then that the plan was advanced to parachute several highly trained men equipped with explosives into the mountains to blow up the refinery. The planners conceded that while such a mission might well succeed, the chances of the perpetrators surviving would be slim.

Chosen to lead the mission was Lieutenant Bill Craig. Craig had been trained in the Office of Strategic Services (O.S.S.), and had been plucked out of that organization by the Army to perform some strategic services for them. He had performed some heroic feats of espionage behind German lines in North Africa and Sicily and despite the fact that he was hot-headed and sometimes difficult to handle, he was considered the best man for the oil refinery job. *(Continued on page 74)*

TO DISTRACT Nazis from refinery blow-up, local guerrillas attacked nearby freight depot

Shameful New Shaft

The "masterminds" of the auto insurance business have a master plan for unclogging courts, speeding up claim payments, and—surprise—giving you less for your premium buck . . .



NEW PLAN would provide medical expenses for above victim, but give her nothing for pain and suffering . . .

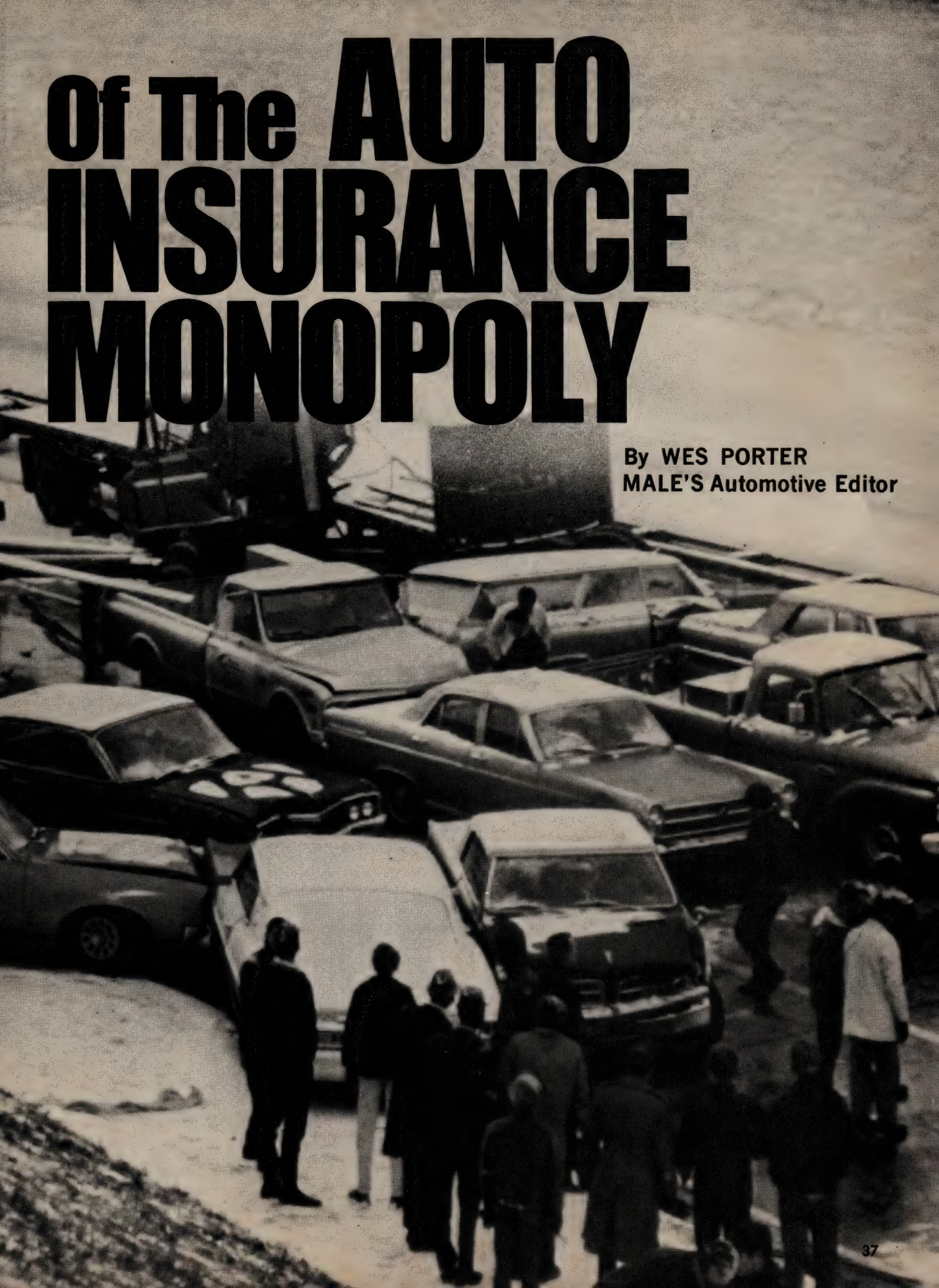
YOU'VE watched the cost of your automobile insurance go up, up, up like a homesick angel, while collecting on a legitimate claim takes the patience of Job and the aid of a lawyer who demands a leg, an arm and 50 percent of your sweat and blood. Maybe you've had a policy canceled, or your rate jacked up just because you wear a red necktie, take snuff on Tuesdays or live on A instead of B street. So you think the car insurance system is one unholy fouled-up mess.

But now a gaggle of critics, experts, politicians, lawyers, schoolteachers are out to "improve" car insurance, only some of the schemes they're coming up with could scare the pants off a line of Can Can dancers.

Granted, our present system is a weirdo nightmare that looks as if it had been dreamed up by a drunken hophead with a *(Continued on page 54)*

Of The AUTO INSURANCE MONOPOLY

By WES PORTER
MALE'S Automotive Editor



I JOINED A WILD 'CHURCH

"Love is one of the most powerful spiritual forces around," said Marilyn. "And I enjoy it every time the spirits guide me that way . . ."

Sex Temples Are Invading Every Town In America

EVEN traditional churches are now experimenting with "contemporary services" to appeal to the new generation. Above: rock 'n' roll sessions in the aisles of a large, well-known New England church . . .

OF LOVE'

By JACK GORDON

THE Temple of the First Church of Love was a weird sight, even by sophisticated New York City standards, where weird sights are commonplace. The Temple was actually a long, spacious room with ten-foot-high ceilings. Location: a loft building in a mid-town factory district.

The Temple's floor was covered with thick red carpeting; the ceilings and walls were a wild, psychedelic fantasy-world of paintings, mirrors and flashing lights.

The paintings were bizarre: a nude girl with blonde hair licking a blue ice cream cone, Hindu goddesses, green spacemen, bulls and matadors, a native girl dancing with a giant blue snake, a brown-haired beauty naked from the waist up holding a piece of chocolate cake, cityscapes, huge parking lots, flying birds and bats, a mushroom cloud and a nude, dark-skinned girl with flowers in her hair, holding a torch of red fire.

The paintings and designs were incredibly detailed and well-executed but few of them would be permitted *(Continued on page 50)*

inside for men

Continued from page 11

powered (diesel-electric) sub, she's the most unconventional because she can unload armed-troops or a hit-run demolition team--off enemy shore--while submerged, using electrically-powered "pods" (design details "hush-hush") to carry the men to shore and bring them back again, underwater all the way. Pods are housed in two "silos" on Grayback's foredeck...

HITS AND MISC'S

The place to dine out in Paris these days is the "Nudist Club," near the Bastille, where the waiters keep their clothes on BUT THE CUSTOMERS--MOSTLY FRENCH BUSINESSMEN AND THEIR WIVES OR GIRL FRIENDS--DON'T: THEY HAVE TO STRIP TO THE BUFF OR THEY DON'T GET SERVED...

Winging it

On the other side of the world, in Tokyo, there are now "host" clubs strictly for women (men have had their "hostess" joints for some time). For $2.20 an hour and the price of drinks, an unescorted female gets a male companion to dance or drink with. Rules on premises are strict, but what a couple does after hours is their business. Clubs so popular, particularly with office girls, that one--near Tokyo Station--has DOUBLED ITS HOST STAFF SINCE OPENING TO 130, SOMETIMES GETS SO CROWDED IT HAS TO TURN AWAY CUSTOMERS....

Eating too much chicken could ruin a man's sex life, says a British chemist. Chickens get injected with an artificial female sex hormone that makes them "meatier" by stunting their sexual growth. Enough of the stuff accumulated in a man's system could--after many chicken dinners over several years--possibly have disastrous affect on him, "turn him into a eunuch"...

NORTH CAROLINA DOCTOR WARNS ABOUT WORST SIDE EFFECT OF "THE PILL" YET: IT CAN INHIBIT A WOMAN'S SEX DRIVE. Of 50 women he studied, taking the Pill, 32 reported less interest in sex. The doctor also reports that some women's "moods" are negatively affected by oral contraceptives--sometimes so much so they "crack up" temporarily...

Biggest customers for pornographic material, according to a Danish producer who helps "create" it, are lonely middle-aged men. Few young people go for it...

According to a University of Michigan psychologist, the old bit about "familiarity breeding contempt" is not for the birds and bees and people. On the contrary: WE'RE MOST LIKELY TO LOVE WHAT'S NEAREST AND MOST FAMILIAR. THE MORE WE'RE EXPOSED TO SOMEONE--OR SOMETHING--THE MORE WE'RE LIKELY TO GO FOR THEM...

South Vietnam charged a Chinese language newspaper with publishing "obscene material" and closed it down. Titles of the "questionable" articles: "The Charms of European Girls are Comparable to Clouds and Smoke" and "Psychopathologists Can Cure Frigid Women"...

NINE TO FIVE

More and more companies now insist on polygraph-lie detector-tests for all prospective employees. In Texas, for instance, 5,000 OF THEM DO, AND ONE FORT WORTH DETECTIVE AGENCY ALONE GIVES 25,000 L.D. TESTS A YEAR...

In not-too-distant future Forest Service fire wardens should be getting an assist at fire spotting from extended range radar that can "pick up" a blaze up to 50 miles away...

On-the-blaze-training

A two-year experiment has worked so well, German shipowners plan to double number of women they've hired on to ease merchant marine personnel shortage--300 to 600. But applicants must be "YOUNG WOMEN OF STRONG MORAL FIBER, BECAUSE ON MANY SHIPS SEXUAL URGENCIES DEVELOP WITH WHICH NOT EVERY GIRL CAN COPE"...

New international handbook put out by UN's ILO (International Labor Organization) and International Atomic Energy Agency finally sets up specific safety regs for working with radioactive material: tells just how much exposure on particular job, particular industry is "safe" and how best to protect against getting too much...

"Aching feet" cost U.S. business $100 million working man hours a year; average guy with average job walks seven-and-a-half miles a day, giving his feet a thousand-ton pounding, YET THEY'RE THE MOST-LIKELY-TO-BE-NEGLECTED PART OF HIS BODY...

SMART MONEY

WE SPEND FOUR BILLION, FIVE HUNDRED MILLION DOLLARS ON GARBAGE AND JUNK COLLECTION AND DISPOSAL A YEAR...U.N.'s Food and Agricultural Organization has come up with a profit-making suggestion of what to do with junked cars: sink them in the ocean to attract schools of fish. Israeli, Japanese commercial fishermen have learned fish love to congregate around such "underwater junkyards"

Shark bait

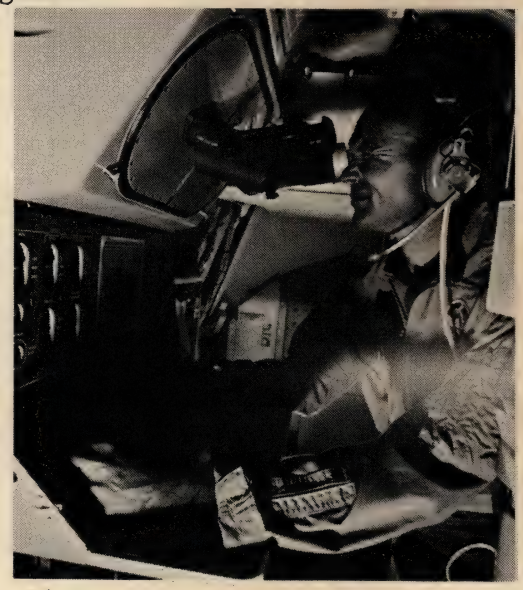
If you're planning to climb 29,000-foot Mt. Everest this year, it will cost you $1,000 to get permission from the Government of Nepal--which is twice the former going rate. If you're willing to settle for a "smaller" mountain, say 21,000 feet, the price is only $600...

Figure you had to pay too much in taxes this year? Be glad you don't live in Sweden. AVERAGE SWEDE PAYS 41 CENTS ON THE DOLLAR IN TAXES; FOR U.S. TAXPAYER, AVERAGE IS 29 CENTS...

ALL OVER THE LOT

Government of India warns anyone visiting the Gir Forest for a look at rare Indian lions in the wild not to wear black. BIG CATS HAVE BEEN CHASING VISITORS IN BLACK, THINKING THEY'RE BUFFALO...

Researchers are working on a 12-word vocabulary control unit an astronaut or ground controller can use to "talk" a space vehicle back down to earth safely, in case astronaut is injured and can't do the job...Other researchers studying HOW TO FIREPROOF SPACEMEN'S HAIR AND BEARDS--HIGH-FLAMMABLE STUFF IN A SPACECRAFT'S OXYGEN-SPIKED ATMOSPHERE. One suggestion to beat the problem: wrap astronauts' heads in protective glass fiber bandages...



Beardless moon men

British meteorologists checking the records for the last 15 years, came up with the news that Thursday is most likely to be a rainy day in London town. Explanation: air pollution hits its peak by mid-week, seeding rain clouds. So weather report for Thursday: cloudy, chance of rain...

Speaking at a fishermen's conference, Dutch scientist reported that the FRESH WATER FISH THAT "GETS AWAY" MAY STAY AWAY FROM A BAITED HOOK FOR THREE YEARS...

Year of testing at Veterans Administration Hospital in Topeka, Kansas, reveals LSD is no help in treating alcoholism--as some medics had hoped. Five groups took part in the test; three got varying doses of the drug, two got none--with no difference in results...

National Institute of Mental Health Study shows, among doctors, psychiatrists are SIX TIMES MORE LIKELY THAN PEDIATRICIANS TO COMMIT SUICIDE. AND THAT ANY DOCTOR'S CHANCE OF DYING BY SUICIDE IS GREATER THAN COMBINED RISK OF GETTING MURERED, DROWNED, OR KILLED IN A CAR OR PLANE CRASH...

Increasing Sexual Pleasure

continued from page 19

love to try!"

When Paula came to see me, her complaint was that once she had "opened the gate", as she put it, she could have orgasms easily and was capable of experiencing several in a row, but her husband was too abrupt in his lovemaking. She told me, "He has his orgasm right after I have mine, and that's the end of the evening."

Many wives who come to me have the same complaint. Their husbands do not bother to even try to prolong their orgasms. They fail to realize that sexual enjoyment is determined not only by orgasm and not only by the act of coitus itself, but also by the environment which surrounds the sex act, by the physical activities which precede it, and by the attitudes of both partners.

Husbands whose wives achieve orgasms, but are still unsatisfied, are usually baffled or indignant. "She gets her kicks," one husband told me. "What the hell is she complaining about!"

She is complaining about the fact that she knows she could experience even more intense pleasure if her husband took the time and trouble to stretch out the sex act and her orgasm(s) for as long as possible.

The first thing to realize about the art of love is simply that loving *is* an art. Animals mount each other and are quickly done with it. But human imagination has given us a much wider and wilder sexual land to live in. The acts of love man has conceived are, seemingly, without number. Today even the most restrained and conservative sex manuals speak freely about fellatio (oral stimulation of the male genitalia) and cunnilingus (oral stimulation of the female genitalia). They state that, when performed without inhibition, these are the most stimulating of all noncoital acts. Many couples, the manuals point out, find fellatio and cunnilingus so stimulating, they employ them occasionally as coital substitutes either for the sake of variety or at times when coitus is impossible or painful for the woman.

With these and other once-whispered-about acts finally out in the open, men and women are feeling freer than ever before to explore the more bizarre roads to sexual pleasure.

THIS brings us to the second point about the art of love. It is that no sex act should be considered dirty, taboo, degrading, etc. unless it hurts physically or psychically one or the other partner. In other words—everything goes! Once both partners agree on this, the happy exploration can begin.

Individual couples who are not afraid to experiment will almost always come up with techniques, positions and situations they will think are as far out as you can go. This thought delights many people, but it frightens others. In our society we have been sexually inhibited by our Puritan forefathers for so long that our new sexual freedom is often hard to handle. A man who has spent a lifetime in a prison cell and then is suddenly set free, will find it difficult to merely cross an ordinary street. That is the position many men and women find themselves in as soon as they begin to experiment in their sex lives.

On the other hand, there are couples for whom sex is, in Havelock Ellis' famous phrase, the happy "dance of life". For these people the dance is pure delight and the music never ends.

The following is the account of such a man. Thirty years old, he's happily married. He was not a patient of mine. He was interviewed as part of a project I and three of my colleagues have been working on for the past three years.

"The first trick I learned—from a friend of mine—when I was around nineteen, was that if you want to go a long time with a girl, just concentrate on something simple in the room, give it as much of your attention as you can, having intercourse at the same time. I remember one girl I knew had an old-fashioned radiator a few feet from her bed. Once we'd get started and I'd feel myself on my way, I'd look over at the radiator and begin counting the ridges, going back and forth, over and over. It worked! I could keep going with her for a hell of a long time, holding myself back so as to let her have her orgasm and even then some. I'd pause after she made it, just barely moving. In a matter of seconds, she'd be ready to go for another. That radiator and I made one hell of a good lover, if I do have to say so myself. She though I was the greatest creature on two feet—that I could keep her orgasms going that way almost everytime we were together.

"I found that this technique can work in all kinds of ways. Sometimes if I feel myself reaching a climax too quickly I start thinking about something that might have happened down at the garage where I work. It can be a pleasant thought or an unpleasant one. The main thing is that it distracts you and you can prolong both your own and your wife's orgasm. You can think about a movie you've seen, a ball game—a million and one things. Almost all of them work. And they don't cut down on your pleasure in the least. On the contrary, they add to it. After all, it's not merely the orgasm you enjoy in sexual intercourse, it's the entire act and the longer you can make it last, the more pleasure you have."

While many men successfully employ "distraction techniques" to prolong both the sex act and the resulting orgasm, others find that the use of different positions will achieve the same end.

The "best" position for any couple is the one that provides both parties with maximum convenience and satisfaction. There are, of course, any number of positions for any given couple that will meet both these requirements.

THE side-by-side position is favored by many couples because it inhibits vigorous movement and therefore enables the couple to prolong intercourse. The sitting position is favored for much the same reason. Here the husband sits on the bed, legs tucked under him Yoga style or hanging over the edge of the bed touching the floor. The wife, placing her legs around her husband's waist, lowers herself onto his lap. An advantage of this position is that the husband is able to fondle his wife's clitoris while they are making love. This enables some women to experience both clitoral and vaginal orgasms; it enables many more women to reach their vaginal orgasm more quickly and more intensely, and then to prolong their pleasure by experiencing multiple orgasms.

The way to discover which positions suit you and your partner best is not with an instruction manual in one hand and your girl in the other. Most happy couples find that in the course of vigorous, imaginative and caring love-play, bodies will fall into various positions that will be desirable for intercourse. This does not mean you can't say, "Let's try it in the rocking chair tonight." It merely warns against the unrelaxed attitude that leads to, "All right—we tried position 72 on Wednesday. Let's see what happens with number 73 tonight."

Always keep in mind that it is man—the happy animal—who enjoys a variety of positions in sexual intercourse; it is man—the machine—who numbers these positions. Which is another way of saying that the most useful advice doctors or marriage counselors can give to husbands and wives who wish to either achieve or prolong orgasm is simply: "Try anything and everything that comes to mind. Sooner or later, you'll discover what pleases both of you the most."

A common roadblock to mutual sexual satisfaction is our society's almost pathological concern with *The Orgasm That Shook The World!* From Hemingway's Did the earth move?--discussions between Robert Jordan and Maria in *For Whom the Bell Tolls* to Norman Mailer's olympic star approach to winning the perfect orgasm, our writers have given us a sexual ideal that is about as realistic as expecting four aces in every poker hand that's dealt to you.

It seems paradoxical to say that to have the grand orgasm, one must learn to be happy with the little orgasm. The earth does not tremble every time.

There are days when a man comes home from work exhausted from any number of troublesome things that might have happened on the job. That night in bed he may not be at his best, his most vigorous. An understanding mistress or wife will realize this from the start. She will not *demand a performance.* She will be satisfied with enjoying herself with her mate even though she knows this will not be the best of nights. A relaxed attitude between men and women is absolutely necessary if a sexual relationship is to be successful. She knows there will be other nights when her mate will not be exhausted or troubled. A good woman waits for those nights. She knows well enough that she too can have her weary or troubled times when her orgasms will be less intense than on other occasions. She may even know that she will not have an orgasm this time be-

cause of the way she feels before they begin making love.

Those couples who are happily satisfied to share "little" orgasms will invariably enjoy many more "big" orgasms than those couples who shoot for the moon every time out.

The famous lover, Casanova, once wrote, "I have had women who were a drink of cool water on the hottest day of summer. And I have had women who were a rare *Montrochet* (wine). But I have loved them both. One gave me pleasures that made me a happy shepherd. The other gave me pleasures that made me a happy emperor." The key word in both these descriptions is, of course, *happy*.

IN our Puritanical and mechanized society, the three books about sex that have had the greatest impact and the largest sales are the two volumes of the Kinsey report and the more recent *Human Sexual Response*. All three are highly statistical and dryly scientific. In the Masters and Johnson book, data is presented on couples who actually had intercourse and indulged in various types of foreplay while being observed and even examined by doctors.

Such studies are invaluable and are leading the way to a more complete knowledge of man's sexual life than we have ever had. But they tend to create an atmosphere in which both men and women feel obliged to keep up with the sexual Joneses. Men read that males of a certain age can have—number of orgasms in a single night; they become worried if they fall short of this number. Women read conflicting reports about the comparative value of clitoral and vaginal orgasms; their resulting confusion leads them into the dead end of frigidity.

Sex is a natural function, not an acquired taste. Only in those societies where we have tampered with Nature in any way do we see the word "problem" associated with the word "sex". It cannot be said too many times: Feel easy about sex and sexual pleasure will be easy to attain.

Take the time of day, for example. There are people who have associated sex so completely with night, that they restrict themselves to having intercourse only when it is time for them to go to bed for the night. Actually, the end of the day is when we are most tired; yet this is precisely when most people make love.

Over and over we hear women say, "How does he expect me to be lively in bed after I've spent the day cooking, cleaning, taking care of the children?" This complaint is compounded when, on weekends, the man spends his afternoons playing golf or watching a ball game. I have heard many women say that they wished their husbands would take advantage of such afternoons, at least occasionally, to make love before the chores of the day have tired them out. It is far easier for a woman to achieve orgasm when she is fresh than when she is exhausted. More men should consider this point as an aspect of being a good lover in the same way they consider different positions, foreplay or the length of time they are able to continue intercourse.

Vary the hours of the day when you have intercourse. This is one way to prevent your sex life from falling into a dull rut. Women do not like to look at the clock, see it is eleven o'clock in the evening or one o'clock in the morning and think, "Well, it's time. Here he comes!" There are twenty-fours hours in a day; all of them can be enjoyed.

One woman we interviewed told us that she occasionally enjoyed it when her husband woke up in the middle of the night, desired her and proceeded to make love to her "as if he were a prowler who had found me alone and asleep in the house." This fantasy excited her to the point where she would have several intense orgasms before her husband had one.

This brings us to the use of fantasy in both achieving and prolonging orgasm.

Few men have either wives or mistresses who are as beautiful as Miss Elizabeth Taylor. In like manner, few men have the surface sex appeal of Mr. Richard Burton. But many men and many women add to their sexual pleasure occasionally by imagining they are making love to either of these flesh idols. For a man to think of another woman—famous or not—while he is making love to his own woman is not an insult to her. Such occasional fantasies can inspire a man to greater sexual heights.

FANTASIES involve not only other partners. Today, our newspapers, magazines, books and films are filled with sexual experiences that are out of reach for most men and women. In the film "La Dolce Vita", there was an International-Set type of orgy. Very few people in our (or any other) society ever get to such affairs. But many men and women *think* they would like to take part in such an orgy. Some accept the frustration of knowing their lives have certain limits. Others enjoy fantasizing during intercourse or foreplay that they actually *are* attending just such a sexual free-for-all. I have heard both men and women tell me that such fantasizing enables them to control their orgasms.

This use of fantasy makes it possible to enjoy experiences that are out of reach of most people. It also enables couples to enjoy kinds of sex acts they may be afraid to actually try. This is not necessarily an act of escape. It can be the first step in a person's liberation from one inhibition or another.

An important and pleasing factor in both achieving and prolonging orgasm is the frequency of sexual relations between a couple. Abstinence from sex increases the need for release in the male and this works to defeat his attempts to maintain control during intercourse so that his mate will be able to reach her orgasm either before he reaches his or at the same time. The wife who complains that her husband has his orgasm too quickly and for this reason becomes disinterested in sex and puts her husband off, will inevitably be the loser. The man who is drained, satisfied and then re-excited is the best lover for any woman. More sex more frequently inevitably serves to keep a man's abilities and confidence at their prime points. A pitcher who starts once a month will not be as sharp as the pitcher who takes his regular turn every four or five days; the same is true for lovers.

In this piece I've outlined many ways—roughly 10—to prolong your orgasm. An imaginative couple could easily come up with another 10. But the most important single word to consider when speaking of the various ways in which orgasm can be achieved and/or prolonged is *caring*. Too many sex manuals make a man think he has to be an Olympic star or at least a circus acrobat before he can satisfy his woman. We watch the clock and the tape-measure more than we watch the heart.

I am not speaking of love now. I am speaking of one partner *caring* about giving pleasure to his or her lover. When both do care in this manner, the rest will almost always follow in an easy, natural way. After all—Nature created sex not to make problems, but to continue the species and to give the species great joy in the bargain. An orgasm is the high point of human joy. It is a height higher than Everest; but with the confidence of caring, it can be reached as easily as walking down any street on a good afternoon. ***

Blood Hunt

continued from page 17

Montana. And we'd both become professional packers and guides after we grew up, although the only time we went out hunting together now was like this, on a busman's holiday, just the two of us.

I'd just hooked my first trout and was reeling it in when both horses suddenly whinnied in alarm. At the same time I heard Link yell. I left the trout flopping on the ground and ran toward the horses. Before I'd gone more than a couple of steps I saw what the trouble was. A giant grizzly bear had slunk out from between the trees, silent as a shadow, and jumped the horse nearest him, my horse as it happened. All I saw was a blurred streak of fur as the bear pounced and in some way flipped that horse over on its side like a flapjack, ripping its belly wide open.

At the same time Link raced across the clearing toward the bear. Since the biggest game we were after on this trip was deer, we were using Winchester .242s. But now I saw that Link didn't even have his rifle in his hands. The damn fool, I though, he's going after a grizzly with a Colt .22.

"Link! Link!" I shouted and then shut up and came to a stop. Link was about 30 feet from the bear and had taken cover behind a log where he was aiming for the base of the bear's brain. You can kill a grizzly that way, even with a puny .22. And I suppose Link figured that even if he missed his mark, the bullet would scare the bear off. Well, he figured wrong. The shot grazed the grizzly's head, dropping him like he'd been poleaxed. But the grizzly was up on its feet again right away. And instead of turning tail, it went after Link, head lowered.

I changed directions then and made for the middle of the clearing, where the rifles were. And suddenly I realized why Link hadn't had his rifle with him. Both Winchesters were lying propped against the saddles, dismantled. Link had been cleaning and oiling the parts when the bear appeared. All he'd had was his Colt .22, which he put on in the mornings as automatically as he did his pants.

I looked around the clearing for a weapon to use against the bear and quickly decided upon fire. So I snatched a couple of blazing hunks of wood from our campfire and ran toward Link, who by now had snapped off a couple of more shots at the grizzly. But as I got about half-way across the clearing, I saw the bear leap the log with a roar and land on top of Link. I yelled and waved the blazing wood torches but the grizzly, growling and raging, had Link pinned to the ground.

Another few steps and I was able to ram one of the fiery torches into the bear's side. The grizzly howled and reared back and I could hear the sizzle of its burnt hairs and smell the stink. But I also got a glimpse of Link's limp, mutilated body. He was dead, his clothes ripped to rags, his body one great, bloody, gaping wound where the grizzly had mauled him.

The bear, after cuffing Link's body to one side, rose up on his hind feet, looking twice as tall as his actual 8-foot-nose-to-tail height as he loomed over me. His eyes were like two small, red marbles and his black, rubbery lips bared sharp yellowed teeth when he opened his mouth to growl low in his throat. Just under his neck was a large, diamond-shaped patch of white fur. He growled again and lunged toward me.

I took one step backwards and thrust the other blazing hunk of wood straight into the grizzly's face. The bear gave a tearing scream of pain, dropped back on its haunches and then turned tail, heading for the woods.

Ever since the grizzly had appeared and ripped up my horse, the other horse, insane with fear, had been bucking up and down at the end of the rope. Now, as the bear disappeared out one end of the clearing, the horse snapped its rope and belted before I could stop it. I ran after the horse, calling and whistling to it, but it continued to crash on through the woods until I lost the sound of it.

It was almost dark now. And when I returned to the clearing, I quickly stirred up the fire and threw more wood on it until the flames leaped high enough to light up almost the whole clearing. At this point, I dug a deep grave for Link's body and covered it over, which took me well into the night. When I finished, I sat up by the fire with both loaded rifles near me until dawn, continually stoking the flames. This was necessary because the body of the dead horse was like an open invitation to any prowling animals that might pick up the scent. I had to have lots of light in case I had to shot.

There was a lot of movement out beyond the clearing, the bear or some other animal, but whatever it was it stayed out of sight. I did some thinking that night. Twenty-five is kind of young to die; that's how old Link had been, six months younger than me. That was reason enough for me to want to track down the killer grizzly and finish him off before he had a chance at another human. But there was another equally good reason. Sooner or later, the bear would get to the horse that broke camp. It was a long walk out of this country and I didn't want to hike it. I was going after the grizzly and after the horse.

At dawn I had some grub and coffee, and packed up what I wanted to take with me. Link and I always traveled with light supplies on these hunts. Part of the challenge was to try to live off the land. I wrapped part of the venison, what was left of the bacon, and a couple of cans of beans in my bedroll, and slung it over my shoulder. I also had two full canteens, the two Winchesters, plenty of cartridges and a good, strong hunting knife. The rest of our stuff, our saddles and other equipment I left behind. The carcass of the dead horse I willed to the animals to feed on.

It was a clear, crisp fall day, perfect hunting weather. I also knew the territory, having hunted bear through these parts before. The only trouble was that I had never used a weapon as light as a Winchester .342. I wasn't at all sure I could even bring the grizzly down with the gun.

BEARS move most at dusk and sunup, and almost always along trails. They like to travel ridges and semi-open ground and the best spot to find them is in berry patches. I trampled the woods around the clearing for about three-quarters of an hour until I located a trail with fairly fresh bear droppings on it. Of course I couldn't be sure the bear that had preceded me along here was the one I wanted, with that identifying diamond-shaped patch of white fur just under the neck. But I had a hunch it was and I followed my hunch.

For the next couple of hours I followed the trail as it wound upward. That fitted, too, since up higher were the ripened berry patches where I figured my bear, or at any rate the bear I was following, would head. This time of the year girzzlies seek out wild fruit not only because they like its taste but because they need it to clean up their systems before they begin their winter's hibernation.

While tracking, I did some speculating about the bear that had attacked us back in the clearing. As a rule, grizzlies don't attack humans unless provoked—but the record books are full of exceptions to this rule. Old-time hunters will tell you that the woods are still full of unpredictable grizzlies who, once they get the hateful scent of man full in their nostrils, go kill-crazy, and will charge and maul a man on sight. Too, a wild grizzly will almost never hesitate to close in for the kill upon any man or beast which the bear feels is encroaching upon its own territory. That was probably what had triggered the attack back in the clearing, and was what I could expect here on the trail if the bear spotted me before I spotted him.

Periodically along the trail I found fresh evidence that the bear was still ahead of me. And several times I heard a horse whinny. I assumed it was Link's horse. The sound didn't come from nearby, nor was it from ahead of me. But each time I heard it, it sounded like it came from the same distance away, east of me. I reasoned the horse must be moving parallel to me and headed in the same direction. If it *was* Link's horse and if the bear I was tracking *was* the right bear, at least the grizzly wasn't stalking the horse.

I took my time tracking the bear along the trail. For one thing, when you're hunting bear there's no way to rush tings. If he's moving, all you can do is keep moving behind him, keeping far enough back so he doesn't catch sight nor scent of you. The best way to catch a grizzly is when he's feeding. Once in flight it's next to impossible to bring a grizzly down with a shot. The other reason I was moving slowly was because I was downwind of the bear so I had a good chance of coming in on him without warning once he stopped to feed.

One thing that puzzled me was that all along the trail I could see evidence that the grizzly trampled over bushes to the left of the trail. I couldn't figure out what it meant but it looked like every once in a while he'd lurch or stumble, almost

continued on page 48

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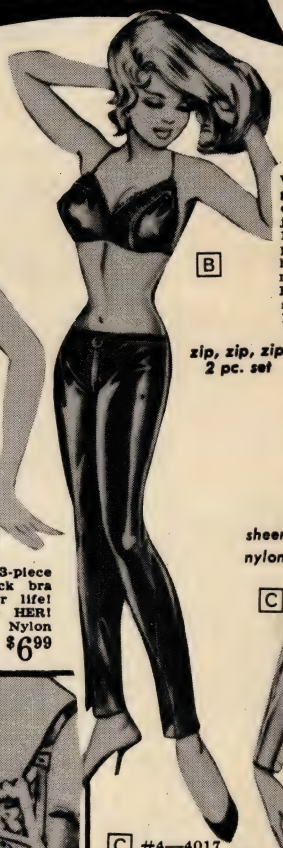

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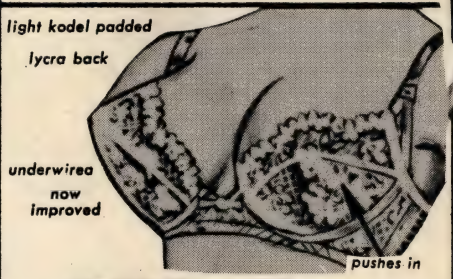

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IT'S A STRANGE WORLD

THE BIG BUBBLE RIOT—They've tried everything on rioters from guns, Mace, tear gas and dogs to electric prod sticks. Now a scientist has come up with a new gimmick—bubbles. The Temple University inventor has been freezing plastic bubbles for the last 2½ years, and has experimented with them by actually immersing himself in the stuff. He finds that once he's surrounded by a wall of bubbles he undergoes a sensation that everything is unreal—he can't hear sounds, and his area of sight is reduced to zero. With the feeling that you're cut off from the world when covered by bubbles, the idea of applying them to riots is a natural. It would isolate the rioters from each other, wrapping them in a sightless, soundproof cocoon.

YUGOSLAVIA'S FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH—If anyone has checked the license plates of cars jamming the roads into and out of Kladanj, Yugoslavia, last spring he'd have found every country within driving distance represented. What brings them to the sleepy hamlet of 3,000 souls every spring? The gushing waters that pour from a crack in the mountainside, reputed to restore the sexual vigor of the young men past their prime. Supposedly the whole thing started when an 87-year old native was interviewed on the birth of his 21st child. He credited his amazing potency to daily doses of the magical waters. From then on, the people poured in—all searching for the secret to eternal youth. Any truth to the stories about the fountain's invigorating properties? Of course not, but as one psychiatrist says, "Faith is very important in these matters. Who are we to stand between a man's faith in himself and a cold glass of water?" And, in the meantime, residents of the Iron Country village are raking in foreign currency like any other Western capitalist.

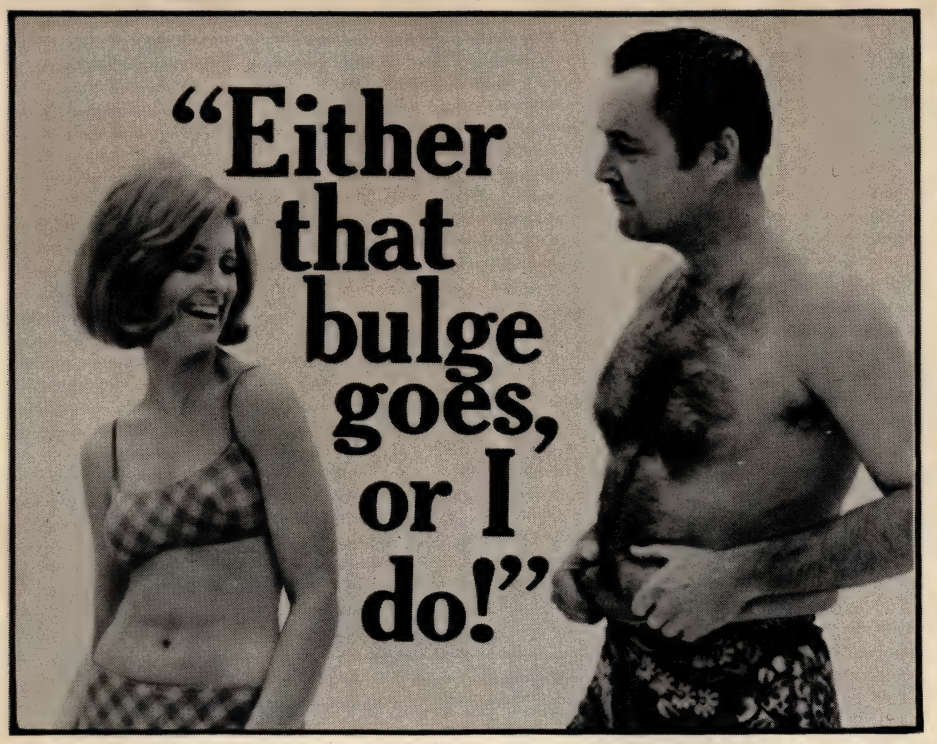
PEACE — IT'S TOPLESS—The girls are from some of the best colleges in the country and they've volunteered to work in some of the most primitive places on earth as part of the Peace Corps program. Those females who found themselves assigned to the islands of YAP—a part of the Micronesian area of the western Pacific—were the butt of some native horseplay not so long ago. Since the women of YAP walk around bare-breasted, the natives thought the Peace Corps girls should fall into the swing of things. One night they swiped the bras of the American lasses and hid them. For a day or two the embarrassed girls draped towels around their bosoms,

but it soon became a drag. Finally, they caught the spirit and were soon parading around half-nude—with the same grace and unconcern as their YAP sisters. Which was o.k., until some visiting Peace Corps officials began making inspection visits to the islands the girls were stationed on. Knowing when a joke had gone far enough, the YAPs quickly returned the missing bras so the U.S. volunteers could look presentable to their bosses. Oddly enough, on the YAP islands, when a grass skirt is worn, it is considered offensive to cover the breasts. And, no minis allowed—skirts must be below thigh level, whether they're made of grass or cloth.

CAUGHT IN THE ACT—It was more like a too round peg trying to get through a square hole, but no matter how you looked at it the young man trying to bust out of Grainger County Jail in Tennessee a while ago was stuck. When the sheriff found him—after hearing him scream in agony—the would-be escapee was half-in, half-out of his cell. Standing on his cot, he managed to squeeze part of himself through a square hole, about nine-inches wide, punched into the wall near the top of his cell. His head and shoulders were free and clear, but the rest of him was completely wedged into the space and he couldn't move in either direction. With both escape and retreat impossible, the prisoner did the next best thing—call for help.

YEMENIS PUT BRAKES TO BLOOD MONEY RATES—Like things everywhere, Yemen's "blood money" rate has been soaring with inflation. It is the custom in Yemen to make payment to the heirs of any murder victim—the money to come from the convicted murderer. From now on, the blood money rate is $2,000—unless it can be proved that the murder was committed unintentionally. Then the killer has to ante up only $1,500. Of course, next of kin to women victims receive only half of what those whose menfolk have been done away with get.

SEX LIFE OF A COLLEGE STUDENT—In case you've been under the impression that today's college kids are swinging like crazy, it might interest you to know that you're probably having more of a ball—sexually—than most campus Romeos. According to a recently tabulated survey, the so-called "sexually revolutionary" kids are against premarital sex—or, if they are in favor of it, insist that it be shared only with the woman they expect to marry. Among freshman, about half the men have had sexual relations, but by the time they get to their senior year, the figure rises to almost 70%. But very few of the "swingers" endorse promiscuous sex.



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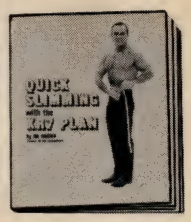

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drunkenly, off to the left of the beaten path.

For lunch I stopped and ate some of the cold venison and a can of beans. I'd sure liked to have had a hot cup of coffee, too, but there was no time. I drank some water and pushed on again for another hour or so—until I suddenly got a prickly feeling along the hairs at the back of my neck.

At first I couldn't figure out what it was, and then I had it; there was a fetid odor of grizzly hanging heavily in the air. The bear was close by, I knew, and a few more steps later I spotted the deep imprints of a grizzly's paws in the moist earth off to one side of the trail. I started to follow the bear's prints and then again I felt that warning prickling along the back of my neck; this time because the fetid odor was gone—suddenly, completely.

This scared the hell out of me because it meant that somehow the grizzly had circled around behind me; that he was downwind of me and by now must have caught my scent.

Then a dark shadow flashed across the trail behind me. I only saw the movement out of the corner of my eye, but I whirled and fired one of the Winchesters. I knew, though, that there was no chance I'd hit anything because the quick movement had been as swift as a cloud passing over the sun. Still I had seen enough of the shape to feel certain it was a bear. And a cunning one who wasn't about to rush the enemy—me—until it knew more about me.

I was sweating as I quickly went to cover in the dense woods off to the other side of the trail. Now that I knew the bear had spotted me, I knew there was a stalking ritual that would be followed out to the end—until the grizzly had me, or I had killed it. Here in this high, cold country, bears roam freely, fearing no other creature, and always on the prowl for fresh game. The hunting for live quarry always follows the same pattern; a belly-crawling stalk and then a furious closing rush.

Kneeling, I thrust a fresh cartridge into the rifle and slipped the bedroll off my shoulders, then I heard a twig snap somewhere off to the right of me. I tensed, placed one of the rifles on the ground beside me, and brought the barrel of the other Winchester up, and waited. In the silence that followed, every shadow and every tree trunk in the woods took on the shape of a bear.

There was more rustling in the woods, again to the right of me and, a few minutes later, to the left. But I still saw nothing. Then I spotted a shadow between two cottonwoods about twenty feet away from me. There was no mistaking it this time. For as I watched, the shadow grew from the ground up—as the bear rose on its hind legs. I pumped off a couple of hurried shots and that's all I had time for. In less than two seconds from the time I fired the first shot, the bear closed the twenty-foot distance and sent the Winchester spinning out of my hand with the swipe of a huge paw.

In that split second of frenzied movement, my brain barely had time to register two important facts; one, this was the grizzly I had been hunting—there was that peculiar diamond-shaped patch of fur under its throat—and, two, the grizzly had the use of only one eye, the right eye. The left eye was blistered and swollen shut. The stick of burning wood I had thrust into its face had damaged one eye. This explained the curious, rambling, stumbling trail the bear had left earlier.

That's all I had time to take in as I went down and tried to scramble out of the grizzly's reach while also groping for the other rifle I'd left on the ground. The only thing that saved me at that moment was that I had managed to land on the bear's blind—or left—side. He thrashed about trying to line me up in his good eye and these few seconds gave me the time I needed to grab the other rifle and slither on my belly into heavy cover.

As I crawled, I could hear the grizzly in a rage behind me, ripping up small trees and slashing its way through stumps. The bear, I knew, was following my scent into the dense undergrowth. When I reached a stout jackpine I stopped, flipped over with my back to the tree, and raised the Winchester.

No more than a couple of heartbeats later the grizzly came crashing through the underbrush and, when he again caught sight of me, suddenly stopped. Here, he swung his head around and looked at me balefully out of that one mean red eye. Then he started forward again, more slowly than before, at an almost leisurely amble. Perhaps he was winded, perhaps he was hurting from the wounded eye or .22 shot with which Link had nicked him. Whatever the reason, I was grateful.

I aimed the Winchester steadily and fired for the base of his brain. Then I fired again, and kept firing until I emptied it. The gun shot flat and straight, and every shot staggered the grizzly. Still, he kept coming, although wobbly on his feet now.

Very slowly I squirmed my way upright, back against the tree and thrust the rifle out. The bear knocked it to one side and swung a paw and mauled my left arm. I went down on one knee. I knew now the bear was hurt and his reactions slow. The grizzly, on the other hand, was playing with me almost contemptuously before he made the final, killing lunge, sure he had me. Again I worked myself upright against the jackpine and yanked the razor-sharp hunting knife from my belt.

He made a move forward toward me and I quickly side-stepped to his left, blind, side. And as he groped down for me, I buried the knife up to the hilt in that diamond-shaped patch of white fur just under the throat. The grizzly grunted softly once—it was an almost human sound, as if he was surprised—and then dropped, heavy as a fallen tree. He didn't move.

I staggered back to where my bedroll was, fell down beside it, and drank from one of the canteens, my hand trembling. My left arm was useless, numb from the shoulder to the fingertips. As soon as I got my wind back, I gathered my gear together and started back. I didn't try to retrieve my knife, I didn't even look back at the dead grizzly.

For the rest of that day, most of the night, and all of the following day, I tramped around the area, trying to find Link's horse. He finally appeared, in answer to one of my whistles, late in the afternoon, the length of snapped rope still dangling from his neck. I rode him bareback to the clearing where I'd buried Link's body and left the gear. Next day, I saddled him up and rode him down out of the mountains.

The horse knew the way back as well as I did, which was fortunate, since I was half out of my head from the pain from my swollen, mauled left arm. When the horse reached home, Link's farm, some of the hands there had to lift me down from the saddle. For a while there it looked like I'd lose my arm, but the doctors managed to save it.

As soon as I recovered, I organized a group of Link's friends and we rode up the mountains and brought his body back for burial in his family plot. And while I was up there, I rode on over to where I'd killed the grizzly. There was nothing left of him but a few patches of fur and my hunting knife, now discolored with rust. Up in the mountain wilds, nature has ways of taking care of the dead other than simply buring you. ***

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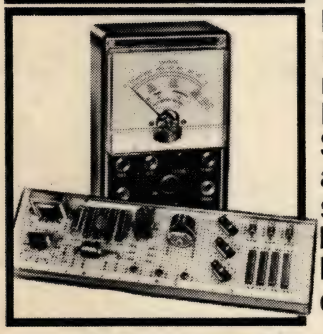

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Church Of Love

Continued from page 39

to hang in any museum. But then, this was no museum but, in the words of the artist who had inscribed them on one wall: "This Is a Temple Dedicated to Love, a Privileged Space Wherein Art Instructs the Participant in the Mysteries of the Erotic."

The "sacred rituals" of the Church of Love were performed on its altar—the soft, red-carpeted floor.

The First Church of Love is only one of the far-out quasi-religious organizations dedicated to love—making love, that is. But this is the wildest, with sky's-the-limit sexual rituals that include (in addition to sex in its many forms), wine, grapes, romantic music, poetry and whatever else its uninhibited and imaginative membership can devise.

I recently took my tape recorder and visited the Church of Love temple during one of their Saturday night rituals. I was in for quite an evening of sights and sounds, and I heard young men and women talk about their unusual beliefs and describe their far-out way of life.

The Minister of the Church welcomed me to the temple. You leave your shoes at the door, and walk barefoot across the thick, red carpeting underneath the fantastic painted ceiling. About 20 Church members—the girls in bikinis or mini skirts, the men in fancy robes—were standing around sipping rose wine out of silver goblets—some of which had obscene words etched on them.

The Priest said his temple name was Brother Eros Jones. All the Love Church members took assumed names when they entered the temple—Buddha, Magog, Eagle, Serpent, Marquis, and so on. Minister Jones pointed out various decorations in the temple—the curtain of flesh, the sex-death-and-money chaise lounge, and a doorway to one side, called "The Doors of Perception."

He told me a little about himself: he was 28 years old, originally from Fort Wayne, Indiana, and had studied to be a psychologist and anthropologist.

"I became interested in love as a way of life through my studies in psychology," he said. "I found out most men and women have a lot of bottled-up energy which they never use because they're inhibited. It comes out in work, in their jobs, in making fortunes, in workouts in the gym, but it is really sexual energy, and if their love-making is restricted, they suffer for it."

He described the Church's set of beliefs. There were five devils, he said: the devil of Chastity, the Devil of Repression, the Devil of Guilt, the Devil of Procrastination, and the Devil of Marriage.

The First Church of Love members believe in three main gods, he said: the God of Orgasm, the God of Wine, and the God of Sexual Variety.

"Repression," Minister Eros said, "leads to hypertension, nervousness, ulcers, heart attacks and mental illness. Guilt—the feeling that any kind of love-making is dirty—causes needless worry. Procrastination—not pursuing love—is a deadly sin: he who hesitates is lost! Marriage is a lesser sin. There is love-making in marriage, so in that sense it is all right. But marriage is just a legal contract, like an apartment lease. It imprisons a person, and in the long run, it cuts down on his sexual life and the joy of making love!"

ORGASM, he said, is the mighty god. He and the 20 members present in the temple volunteered to perform a brief prayer of celebration, to the God Orgasm. They stood in a circle in the center of the temple, held hands and began to chant:

"Thirty Seconds. Sixty Seconds. One...
Full Minute!
Out of Time. Outside Time.
Can't Forget. Can't Forget.
Unforgettable.
Orgasm. Orgasm. Orgasm."

Wine, he said, was as important to the so-called Church of Love as it is in traditional Churches. It broke down inhibitions, let people relax, and aroused passions, he said.

He made a sign, and the 20 love members began another chant.

"They say that drink will dull a man's desire," they shouted. "This is true, true, but only in a dull man!"

Then Minister Eros described his third so-called god, Sexual Variety. "A man cannot live with only one woman," he said. "Sex is meant to be new, encountered in new ways, with new people. Then it is a great adventure, and it is most exciting."

"And the act of love," he said, "must be done in different ways, in different settings, in different positions. Sexual variety is the key to unlock the real joys of love."

"We try all sorts of fantasies and love-play, here," he said. "And for variety's sake, all to enhance sex pleasure! Sometimes a man pretends to be a traveling salesman and the girl pretends to be the farmer's daughter. Others like to dress up in costumes. One man insisted on wearing a matador's outfit and waving around a red cape. His girl friend wore a small blue bikini outfit. She got some antlers from over a fireplace somewhere, pretended to be a bull and charged at him. Others like to play doctor and nurse, or nurse and patient. One man insisted on jumping up and down waving a Confederate flag and singing songs. But it is all human and all beautiful and it adds to the excitement."

The members began to chant about sexual variety:

"You and Me
Another Makes Three,
Get the Colored Lights Going!
Every Man, Every Woman
Making Love, Making Love
Get the Colored Lights Going!"

All the Love-worshippers began laughing, and some came over to ask me to join. There was a lull in the proceedings and I had a chance to interview some of the female members.

Serena R., is an exciting, bosomy, 19-year-old girl originally from Denver, Colo. She was lovely—full, pouting lips, flashing brown eyes, long brown hair, and a figure so ample in front and behind you just couldn't keep from staring at her. She had the kind of curving, full, soft body that drove men crazy—and she knew it.

She told me all about her interests and hobbies—rock and roll records and psychedelic music and art, and all kinds of drugs and what she called "learning how to be free and make it whenever you want to!"

"Go with the flow," she said. "Life is like a movie. It's your movie, your own movie, and you're the star. You go with the flow, swing with it, and groove."

SERENA was wearing this micro-miniskirt and a green see-through blouse. She had actually painted the nipples on her breasts green so they'd match the green blouse. Of course, she wouldn't wear a bra, or anything like that. All she had on beneath the blouse and the miniskirt was a pair of pink bikini panties.

"I grew up in Denver, Colorado," she said. "I was a country girl and I was fond of animals and the outdoors and things like that. I used to go out and bring back frogs and green snakes and things like that, and my mother would scream. I always wanted to grow up and be a paleontologist, you know, a biologist who studies reptiles and snakes, but now I guess the closest I'll come to that idea is doing a nude snake dance in a go-go joint. But what the hell, go with the flow, I always say. You find out what your thing is and then you do it. My thing was love.

"I starred in the high school play in my sophomore year, and they put clean white gym socks inside the front of my dress because I was only 15 and hadn't developed yet. But let me tell you, the time my senior year came around, they didn't have to give me falsies anymore. I had grown spectacularly and everybody knew it—the English teacher, the principal, and all the boys in the school. That's when I discovered the power of love, how it was really a kind of religious force, because all the boys were looking at me all the time, and thinking about sex with me all the time, and that's the truth. Love was much more important than algebra, or physics, or vocabulary! It was a powerful thing, and I knew it was my way of life. I knew that from age sixteen on.

"I went to college in Colorado, and I guess you could say I was a pretty wild girl. I never could get interested in classes and lectures. They were so boring, they forced me to go out and start having a few beers around noontime. Sometimes I'd go to my afternoon classes pretty well sloshed.

"And all the boys would look at me, and all I could think about was love.

"They all belonged to this one fraternity. They had this big party at the end of the school year, out in a park in the mountains, and they wanted me to play Lady Godiva, the girl with long brown hair and no clothes on, who rides around on a horse. They got this horse up there and gave me about a dozen shots of whiskey and pretty soon I was ready to go. I took off all my clothes and got up on the horse, and I said, 'Horsie! Horsie! Go! Go!' and I rode out from behind this bush and all these fraternity boys just started jumping up and down and shouting.

"I was the center of attention and they

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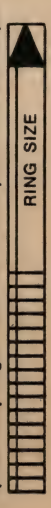

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kept running up and trying to pull me off the horse and I was really turned on by the whole scene. I didn't know exactly what I wanted to do for a career in life, but I knew love would have to be by main interest.

"I came to New York and worked as a model and a part-time movie actress. I met this underground film director who put me in a few of his movies—I starred in them nude, and everyone said what a great fantastic body I had—and then he told me about this group he belonged to, the Church of Love, a place where people got together because they all shared a common interest, a love of love. Well, I can't tell you how excited I was, coming into the Temple the first time. It was what I'd dreamed about ever since high school when all the boys were after me, but I was a little embarrassed and scared.

"But I soon relaxed. I talked with the other girl members and I found out they'd had similar experiences, and believed in the same things. I watched some of the guys and girls sing the songs about love, and do group touching and kissing and it was tremendously exciting. And then I saw some of the couples go off behind the Curtain of Flesh to be alone, and it really made me excited. It was a mind-blower.

THEN I met this man, a member of the Church for two years, Kingston Brewer. He was an underground film-maker, and we hit it off right away. He just looked me in the eye and said: "No words, baby. Love. Love. You *are* Love."

"Well, since I was new at the Church, we waited until everyone else had gone home and we were alone in the Temple. Kingston put on the flashing colored lights and brought out a very rare bottle of rose wine, made in a chateau in France which was a kind of temple of love in the Middle Ages, he told me. I looked up at the fantastic ceiling—with all those naked men and women painted on it, and all those gleaming cityscapes and flowers and yummy things like ice cream and cake! He had lovely music on, coming out of the loudspeakers in the Church ceiling, some old Medieval dances, modern love songs, fantastic rock and roll, and even Hindu songs of love. We drank the roe's wine and it was so cool and refreshing and light, it made me feel dizzy and happy and wonderful. Then he got some brandy and poured it out in a little glass. By then I was so excited, I asked him to please undress me, and so he turned down the Temple lights to a soft rose color except for a couple of the wilder designs on the ceiling which were brightly illuminated, and when I looked up I could see us reflected in the mirrors up there, and everything was rose-colored and beautiful.

"He took his time undressing me, touching me all over my body, and I told him that I had been out with a lot of men, but of all of them only he really knew how to kiss and turn a girl on. Finally, I had nothing on but my bikini panties and were lying down on the red carpet, and he undressed me completely, and the music came up louder, and he made love to me, doing things to me that I'd read about in books but never knew could be so exciting! He kissed me all over my body, and when we made love, I looked up at the fantastic ceiling and it looked like Fourth of July Fireworks going off!"

Serena said she's been a member of the so-called Church of Love ever since, and always found it exciting. She is continuing working as a model and starring in underground movies, and comes regularly to the Love meetings. "I know it's a little far-out," she says. "It's kinda weird, and it's certainly not like religions as most of us know it. But none of us—except maybe the Minister and a few of the older members—take the Church all that seriously. Some of us still go to regular churches and believe in God and stuff like that. But we think there ought to be a place dedicated just to love."

Another girl I interviewed was Marilyn P., originally from Woodhasset, Conn., a small New England town. Like Serena, she said she had known from 15 years of age that love was the most important thing in her life. "It was like it was fated," she said. "Like it couldn't have happened any other way."

Marilyn is a fantastic looking girl with big brown eyes and a 39-24-36 figure.

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"You have to be pretty far-out and have an unusual temperament for this kind of thing," she said. "But I've always been an unusual girl." Unusual, indeed. She was wearing a leather skirt and a tight fitting mohair sweater which showed off her abundant attributes, full round breasts, and hips that could cause stares and traffic accidents.

"When I was a junior in high school," she said. "I had a friend who was a kind of nut on stuff like astrology, palmistry, and even reading crystal balls and tea leaves. He looked at my hand and traced my life line and said that love was the important thing in my life. I was born under the sign of Virgo the Virgin, but that's kind of unimportant now. I've known for years that there are strange and powerful spiritual forces that move people and control people and govern their lives. It's not how reasonable you are, but what spirits guide you. And my spirits are love and passion!"

THESE beliefs, she said, led her to read widely in anthropology—about native cultures and exotic behavior. "I was a cheerleader in high school, and once we had to do a skit for a homecoming football game, so I worked it up myself out of some of these anthropology books" she said. "I wore a grass skirt and a bikini top, and when I came out on stage in the auditorium, all the boys began roaring and cheering. The principal was mad and he almost suspended me, but I told him I didn't know it was going to cause all that commotion, that it was just a Tahitian dance that I'd read about. I guess he looked at me and decided I was innocent."

Marilyn came to New York after two years in college. Today she lives in Greenwich Village, and works, of all places, on Wall Street, as an executive secretary. But her interest in things exotic and spiritual led her to the Church of Love. She looked up personal ads in some of the underground newspapers, went to various astrology and mind-reading club meetings, "met a lot of weirdos and a few drug addicts, "and got pretty discouraged by the whole thing until one day one of the people she met told her about the Church of Love, and she went to her first meeting.

"This temple is just beautiful," she said. "All the dream paintings up there, the flowers, the weird little monsters and spacemen, and the ice cream and cake. It's like I found my spiritual home!"

Marilyn has made love on the "altar" many times, she says, and is bothered by the fact that it seems a little "sacriligious'." But, she says, she must do what the spirits tell her.

She described one night to me. "We were all going to pretend that this was a night of love on the beach," she said. "The Minister put on soft music and special tape recordings of the sound of waves and surf, a soft *whsssshhh* and you could hear sea gulls in the background. He turned the ceiling lights to blue, and it looked like a night sky with stars, and fantastic blue patterns forming and reforming like mist. The rest of the members were sitting drinking wine and watching. I took off all my clothes and lay down in the center of the temple!

"Love, love, said the Minister, The gentle waves are coming in, and the surf is coming in, and the water is moving gently up over your legs and thighs!

"I could actually feel the foam and bubbles coming up over my legs and it was incredibly exciting," she said. "Of course it was a member gently touching me up and down and kissing my nude body!"

How long will the Church of Love last? Is it a fad, or a new far-out kind of institution with so-called rites of worship? Will the 200 or so members lose interest in their "church," in time, or will they bring in new, young recruits?

It's hard to say. The future is unpredictable. But one thing is sure: Love and passion will be around as long as there are beautiful women and men who keep their eyes open. And for now this so-called love church, this bizarre cult of passion, continues to exist in New York, and far-out types come to it every week for nude sessions under the flashing lights. ***

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Auto Insurance Monopoly

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grudge against the human race. It operates on the tort, or "fault" basis. You can only collect damages if you can prove the other guy in an accident was at fault. In basic English this means that the side with the sneakier lawyer gets to take home the bundle—if any. If they can prove both of you were at fault, or if you happened to be hurt in a one-car accident, you're out of luck.

A recent study of 311 cases in Philadelphia revealed that 43 percent got nothing whatever, while another 10 percent got less than their actual out-of-pocket costs. On a national scale, more than 30 percent of all accident victims never collect one penny.

Today there are more than 100 million automobiles jamming the highways and involving themselves in some 14 million accidents per year. It has become virtually impossible to put the blame definitely on one or another driver in a crash.

As one insurance executive says, "Circumstances beyond control cause accidents for which a person is blamed—skidding, brake failure, a blowout. Except in gross negligence cases such as drunkenness or reckless driving, auto accidents can be viewed as beyond the control of one's will and where the law of torts (fault) is not applicable at all."

The present system clogs our courts, leaving dangerous criminals free on bail. It is so grossly inefficient or mismanaged that for every $1 an average accident victim collects he has to pay $2.20 in premiums.

For the most part the 3,000-odd car insurance companies like things as loused up as they are. With liability lawsuits taking from three to six years to come to trial, the average accident victim, snowed under with bills and possibly unable to work, can accept the insurance company's outrageous settlement offer or get nothing.

Naturally, the insurance industry has its critics. As far back as 1946 the voters of Saskatchewan, Canada, elected the first and only Socialist government on the North American continent, and one of the Socialists' first moves was to establish a government-operated insurance system. The Socialist government didn't last but its insurance plan has.

Despite its faults, the plan is probably one of the best of the cure-alls being peddled today. It is compulsory for every driver in the province and costs about half or less of what U.S. motorists have to pay for similar coverage. It is no-fault insurance, paying all victims of an accident immediately, regardless of who was to blame.

IT pays up to $4,000 for physical disability and $2,000 for special medical expenses not covered by the separate medical care plan, which pays up to $6,300 for basic doctor and hospital expenses. It also includes a top of $2,520 for loss of wages, a $10,000 death benefit, plus $300 funeral expenses. If the driver judged responsible for an accident is not insured, the province will pay damages of up to $35,000. In cases of extreme or permanent injury, a victim may still sue for a larger award but very few do. One happy effect is that the courts are wondrously unclogged and a suit comes to trial within a matter of weeks, not years, after filing.

All this coverage is a rare bargain by U.S. standards. Personal injury and liability costs the average driver just $3 per year—$5 for those under 25. However, drivers who get an occasional ticket for a moving traffic violation have to pay $30 and habitual violators $60. The driver judged to have caused an accident still gets his full insurance benefits but is socked with a $25 surcharge when his policy comes up for renewal.

Collision coverage, which pays for all damage over a deductible $200, costs a maximum of $74 for the newest and heaviest car. To prevent the usual cheating by mechanics, the province has a chain of service centers where experts assess the damage, then write a repair order good in any garage. One major result is that, in sharp contrast to the U.S., the Saskatchewan driver gets 93 percent of his premiums paid back as benefits.

Excellent as it is, the Saskatchewan Plan has some glaring flaws. Its benefits, are considered by many to be unrealistically low for this era of skyrocketing costs. A Regina lawyer complains that the Plan's schedule of fixed payments for specific injuries is too inflexible. He is all for negotiated settlements with, naturally, a lawyer doing the negotiating.

To support his argument, he cites the hypothetical case of an accident victim who never regains the use of a broken finger. "The most he could possibly collect under the Plan's fixed fee would be around $200. But suppose that victim is a noted concert pianist or violinist."

Despite these and other major flaws, the Saskatchewan Plan has been the model for most of the schemes being promoted to reform the U.S. insurance industry. Unfortunately some of the best features of the Plan would be unworkable in the U.S., while flaws that are relatively minor in sparsely-settled Saskatchewan would be monumental here.

The plan that has received the most attention and publicity was recently proposed by two law professors, Robert E. Keeton and Jeffery O'Connell. Although based on the Saskatchewan Plan, it is designed to use, but regulate, private insurance companies. It is generally known as the Basic Protection system. It embodies the no-fault concept, which means that all victims of an accident receive the full benefits, regardless of which is at fault.

The Keeton-O'Connell plan borrowed much of the good from the Saskatchewan Plan, but it also had to borrow some of the worst features, from our viewpoint. None is more unpleasant to us than the basic concept of compulsory car insurance.

A decade or two ago a car was still pretty much a luxury, to be enjoyed by those who could afford it, or who pretended they could. Those who could afford a car, was the argument, could afford to insure the innocent public from the effects of their reckless folly.

Today, in contrast, a car (or two cars) is an absolute basic necessity. Without it, how could we find and hold onto a good job, or how could our wives run down the supermarket bargains that help keep the budget closer to precarious balance? How would many of our kids get to school, or how would we keep in touch with friends two or three suburban towns away, or what do we do with vacations and growing leisure time?

A basic flaw in the Keeton-O'Connell plan is that the authors want it operated by the individual 50 states, not by the Federal government. Can you imagine what would happen to a basically sound plan when 50 different sets of politicians start fitting it to their own selfish needs?

SOME states will establish the original plan, some will tinker it out of all resemblance and, inevitably, some will reject the whole system as too costly. But who does it to whom and who pays if a driver from a no-plan state causes a costly accident in a full-plan state?

But as an operation of the Federal government it would be impossible. A plan that is workable in a province with fewer than a million people would become a bureaucratic monstrosity when expanded to cover more than 200 million. The staggering costs of operation would more than eat up any possible saving.

Our present fault system has its good points, too. Under it, the driver whose recklessness or carelessness causes accidents rightly pays a higher premium rate than the careful driver. Similarly, the motorist who copes daily with fender-crunching city traffic pays more than the driver who sticks to little-traveled quiet roads.

The Saskatchewan Plan and its numerous variations generally feature the idea of one flat premium cost to everyone, regardless of driving record or other factors. This is a fine break for the accident-prone hot-rodder who would otherwise be paying $200 to $300 a year extra for high-risk coverage. But it puts a wholly unfair and unjustified burden on the safe driver.

A main feature of all the plans is that your insurance would cover you and your own car instead of the other driver. Keeton-O'Connell would immediately pay for all medical costs, loss of income and out-of-pocket expenses. It would provide up to $10,000 for one person's injury, or $100,000 for all hurt in the same accident, regardless of who is at fault. Higher limits could be bought for an additional premium.

Last fall AIA stunned the industry by coming out with a plan far broader and more sweeping than any of the others under consideration. The Complete Protection plan would immediately pay all medical and other costs, regardless of who is at fault, but there would be no limit on the total amount. It would pay up to $750 a month for loss of income, with higher coverage available for an extra premium.

Drivers would be barred by law from sueing one another. They could, however, sue their own insurance company if they felt the settlement offered was too low.

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NO payment would be made for pain and suffering, but a victim permanently impaired or disfigured would receive an extra payment equal to 50 percent of their total medical expense. This, to many critics, is one of the plan's biggest flaws. Pain and suffering exist, even if they can't be measured in dollars and cents.

The AIA says its plan would cut premium costs by 19 to 45 percent, depending upon state insurance rules and optional extra coverage bought. That would be just dandy except for one thing. Nowhere in the plan (or in any of the others) is there a guarantee that premium rates will stay at that level. Insurance companies have a long history of crying for raises in premium rates. When refused, they can get pretty nasty.

Last year New Jersey refused to grant the industry another 20.6 raise and got the full dirty treatment. First, 50,000 cancellations were suddenly fired out to policyholders. Then agents had their commissions slashed and lost various rights. They were ordered to sell car insurance only to persons who would also buy life, home and fire coverage from the same company. The only other way to get an automobile policy was to sign a "Consent to Rate" clause. This gives the company the right to ignore the legal premium rate and charge any amount they want to.

The AIA proposal stirred fresh howls of outrage from the critics of no-fault insurance. One of the silliest objections was such a system would encourage reckless and careless driving because the driver would no longer be responsible financially. This conjures up the absurd picture of 100 million U.S. motorists dashing for their cars, gleefully telling themselves, "Now I can drive as wildly as I want to because now I don't have to pay money for those I kill or maim."

The AIA expects that its plan will be seriously considered by the legislatures of at least half the states this year. Other states are considering, or preparing to consider, a number of other plans. Most, but not all, are variations of the no-fault system.

Connecticut's Insurance Commissioner William R. Cotter, however, is offering a plan based on the present fault system. He would add at least $2,000 in medical payments and 52 weeks of disability insurance to all existing policies. He would have all disputed claims under $3,000 settled out of court by arbitration, an idea that would go far toward clearing the present horrendous jam.

He would also put legal limits on a lawyer's contingency fee, the percentage of a settlement, if any, he takes as his pay. This is far better than the Saskatchewan Plan which makes it illegal for a lawyer to take any case on a contingency basis. While this eases the court jam, it discriminates against the accident victim who can't pay a huge legal fee out of his own pocket whether he wins or loses his case.

The big point is that we are facing a total revolution of some kind in automobile insurance. The whole industry is being shaken to its foundations and threatened with worse. The companies that have long treated their policyholders with arrogant indifference are facing a long-delayed day of reckoning and they're running scared.

AS proof of that, the companies are frantically experimenting with reform schemes of their own. One that is drawing interest from unions and employers is group auto insurance. It is expected to reduce premium costs by reducing administrative expense and paperwork.

Several companies are pushing an "Advance Payments" plan. They pay medical and income-loss costs immediately. The final settlement is arrived at by negotiation or suit in the usual way. The companies are finding, however, that removing the first heavy financial pressure makes an accident victim more willing to settle amicably.

A variation is being tested in two states by American Mutual Insurance Alliance. The plan, called "Guaranteed Benefits", offers immediate cash settlement of up to $12,500. In return the victim signs an agreement not to sue later for more money. Those who reject this plan can go ahead and file their claim in the usual way.

The main flaw in any of these improvements is the old standard fault system. Most companies still cling to the plan because if they can prove the other driver even one percent liable for an accident, neither driver can collect a cent. And they still offer no help at all to victims of a one-car accident.

The important thing is that change is in the wind. On second thought, though, how important can it be if the change is but another gimmick sponsored by the insurance companies to keep the average Joe happy until he realizes he's been had yet another time by clever businessmen raking in huge profits. ***

TIME OUT. You have intercourse with a girl who after leaving you goes to spend the night with a girl friend. When she goes home the next morning she tells her mother you forced herself on her. Will a complaint of rape stand up against you?

Answer: No, a Pennsylvania court declared. A rape complaint must be made within a reasonable time following the act complained of—in other words, as soon as possible or without any inconsistent delay. A girl visiting with a friend overnight hardly indicates one who's too upset with what had allegedly happened to her.

UNFRIENDLY PERSUASION. You buy a car and sign a conditional sales agreement which says the repossessor is not only free to use force if necessary but is also immune to claims for damages. If the repossessor takes the car back with a gun, can you still sue him for wear and tear on your nervous system?

Answer: Absolutely, said an Illinois court. Contract or no contract, a breach of the peace has been committed and a car owner can collect damages for such tactics.

• • •

WIFE'S KEEPER. Your wife gets sore at a bus driver and gores him in the midsection with her umbrella. Can he have your salary attached to collect damages from you for what she did?

Answer: No, a California court decided. The law used to say, "A man who keeps a wife is the same as a man who keeps a monkey—responsible for its mischief," but such standards no longer apply, the judge explained, since nowadays "almost no bride promises to obey her husband."

FOOLER. Before the marriage your wife had told you she was saving it for her future husband and nobody else. After the marriage you learn she hasn't saved it at all and was, as you suddenly discover, the nymph of her neighborhood. Can you get the marriage annulled?

Answer: Yes, ruled a New York court, since the lady's lies constituted fraud.

• • •

BABY TALK. You sell your car to a returning Viet vet who you assume to be 21. After he drives it around all spring and summer, he decides he no longer likes the car and demands his money back. When it develops he's not yet 21, are you required to cancel the deal and get stuck with a car that's taken a lot of wear and tear?

Answer: Yes, said a Washington court, since even a veteran is an infant in the eyes of the law if he is under 21 and is not liable to any agreement even if he lies about his age.

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Yank Treasure Hunter

Continued from page 22

again?" I'd given the word the local pronunciation, making two syllables out of what appears to be four.

"The native tribe on the northeast coast. They're completely cut off from civilization. Most of them have never seen electricity or an automobile or—"

"Or an airplane."

"Right. And they have some wild customs. Like most of the other tribes on Madagascar—the Merin, who rule the government here in Tananarive, the Fihoanana, the Cotsy—they practice ancestor worship. They've found a way to preserve bodies, and dig up their ancestors and perform rituals over the grave. A journalist from *Paris Match* went up there to study them last year and never came back."

"You probably also know that I have a Remington thirty-ought-six in my hotel room."

"You're talking like a fool. Just because the Masaola are savages, you can't go up there with ideas about killing people. That's murder, even if it happens to be a tribesman who's a little barbaric by our standards."

"The rifle is for protection only. I am prepared to pay one thousand dollars, U.S. currency, for one flight up to the coast in your Beechcraft, with one landing."

IT came out too fast. He was offering five times the usual air charter rate. That should have triggered a warning.

I said, "I'll take a cashier's check or a sight draft payable to my account in the states."

Next morning we flew east, picked up the coast, and followed it north. We passed over the crowded harbor facilities at Tamatave, jammed with old freighters that ply the Indian Ocean off-routes. Then jungle gave way to volcanic terrain. Even with power off and full flaps, I didn't have an inch to spare when I put the Beech down.

Leaving the plane close to breaking surf, we must have climbed about a thousand yards through the brownish scrub that grows on volcanic earth. There, we stumbled on the clearing where the Masaola were so intent on their ceremony that they hadn't noticed the aircraft. And, so far, they hadn't noticed us watching them. Suddenly, Hackworth came half-erect and began working his way along the edge of the clearing, rifle ready in his right hand. He never took his eyes from the clearing, where the staccato of drums and the dreary, ghost-like chants were growing louder and louder. He dropped again after moving about twenty feet and I joined him. Miraculously, we hadn't been seen.

"Listen," I whispered. "We can come back some other time. That hidden treasure of yours won't go away. We can come back when the Masaola aren't here."

"Nonsense," Hackworth countered. He had a cruel streak and it showed in his eyes. "They're so intoxicated with this pagan ceremony, they wouldn't notice us if we walked up and talked to them. I've *got* to see that cave."

"There are hundreds of caves around here. How do you know this is the one?"

"Because they're paying so much attention to it! I'm sure this is the place I want!"

"If what you're looking for is in that cave, we'll never get it. You were right, you know. Every one of them is staring at the cave mouth. It *is* an altar to them."

The tall native girl undulated more and more rapidly as the suggestive undercurrent of her dance was replaced by an unbridled display of erotic movement as old as the ages.

Her skin bronze in the late afternoon sun, she caressed the wooden box with her long, shapely legs. Her torso, breasts, and upper body quivered in rhythm with the drumbeat. She was offering her body to the box, where two natives were removing something. I realized that I'd known all along we were looking at a coffin.

All the native tribes of Madagascar, even the worldly-wise who run the government in the capital of Tananarive, worship departed ancestors. The practice of exhuming the dead is commonly known but seldom witnessed by a non-native. And the Masaola are the only tribe who combine worship of the dead with bizarre sexual rites. French scholar Lucien Gormont, probably the first white man to observe a Masaola corpse-worship sex rite, noted in 1880 that, "the offering of young virgins to the decayed, stinking bodies of their long-dead forebears is a barbaric custom which would shock any civilized man. . ."

Hackworth and I were possibly the only white men in recent years who'd witnessed these rites close-up.

EVEN from where we watched, the stench of death was almost overpowering as the natives removed the body from the casket and held it out, horizontal. Without interrupting her dance, the girl began to caress the putrid, decayed flesh with her hands and legs, then bent forward to place her lips against the cracked, rotting skull. . .

"This must be the peak of the ceremony!" Hackworth noted. "We can run for the cave! They won't spot us!"

Reeling with nausea, I didn't hesitate to question Hackworth's good sense. We sprinted, low and fast, along the shrubs that separated us from the clearing. In seconds we were crouched only feet from the cave's mouth.

Now we knew why it was an altar.

Inside the yawning cavern, a slab of aluminum caught a glint of sunshine. The Masaola don't know about aluminum, I thought, but they respect it. So it looks down on them and protects their ceremonies.

The natives clustered around the spot where two semi-nude warriors now held the corpse vertical, while the woman began dancing to it in a mimickry of lovemaking. The beat of drums had reached machine-gun intensity. And for the first time, all eyes were focused on the girl and the corpse --not on the glinting altar in the cave's mouth.

Hackworth slung his rifle and used hands and feet to crawl awkwardly up the lava face to the cavern entrance. He seemed to be in a kind of crazed stupor himself.

I followed. We tumbled inside and dropped together into shadows—unseen.

Below us, the cave plunged away into a vast underground cavern where shafts of light struck from other open caves. Our cave was a natural tunnel, lined with moss and slick moisture, which plunged 100 feet to the floor of this vast, dome-shaped open space. We were looking down at a huge empty rift in the earth that had been gouged out by volcanic eruption centuries ago. It was breathtaking.

I was more interested in the aluminum slab jammed in the cave mouth inches from us. It was made by modern man and it didn't fit in these natural surroundings. The shiny metal must have inspired awe from the Masaola, who'd made it an altar. They couldn't possibly comprehend what it was.

"De Havilland D.H. 98 Mosquito," I said in a low voice. "Small, twin-engine fighter bomber and utility plane. Used for courier flights by the RAF during the war. About the same size as my Beechcraft but sleeker and faster. Also, more range."

"You must know the whole story," Hackworth whispered. That glint in his eyes made me wonder if he'd lost his senses, like the natives outside. "This is what I've been looking for, the object of my search. You *do* know the story, don't you?"

SURE, sure." Heartbeat pounding, I crawled to the lip of the cave and peered worriedly down at the clearing. The Masaola were still gathered around the corpse, which had been draped in a shawl and we being returned to the casket. The tall, shapely native girl was nowhere in sight.

"You're looking at the vertical tail rudder. The wings were sheared off and probably carted away years ago, maybe to serve as roofing on native huts. Who knows? But the fuselage. . .Just imagine the powerful force that must have been behind the plane when it slammed into the mouth of this cave. That fuselage kept going, down into the cave, all the way down to that huge open chasm beneath us."

I squinted. My eyes were becoming accustomed to darkness and I could make out a silhouette against the volcanic floor of the great cavern below.

It was an airplane fuselage.

"Everybody in Madagascar knows the

Continued on page 62

"What do you do in real life, Cynthia?"

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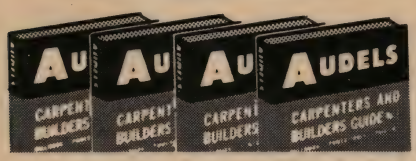

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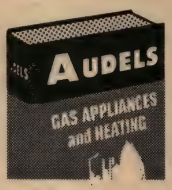

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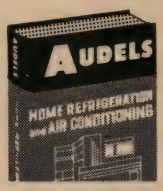

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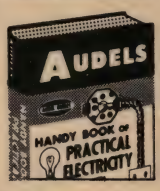

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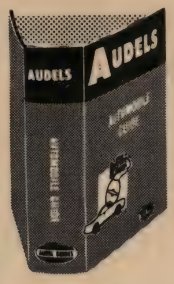

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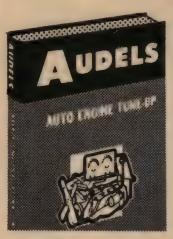

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WHEELS & DEALS

By JOHN GORDON

COMPLAINTS on "robber" repair bills keep rolling in to Senator Philip Hart of Michigan, initiator of hearings on the high cost of automobile repair. Latest is from a man who tells of the time he brought his car in to have a cracked tail lens fixed. Dealer told him it would cost $18 plus flat $25 labor charge since large bumper section would have to be removed to reach the taillight. This same $25 labor charge would apply even if a 25-cent bulb had to be replaced . . .

COPS in Japan, tired of violators who tear up parking tickets, have started using plastic-incased summonses on a chain. Ticket is padlocked to car that's parked illegally, and can be removed only with a hacksaw—or by police master key, after fine is paid . . .

BRAKE DEFECTS in GM-built school buses were responsible for a call-back involving 10,450 of the vehicles. After repairs were made on 4,000 buses in this group, red-faced GM officials were forced to tell dealers to stop making the repairs. Seems the adjustment was causing a new defect that, at last count, is responsible for brake failure in some of the vehicles. The company is now recalling the 4,000 "fixed" call-back buses . . .

HIGHWAY DEATHS caused by crashes into concrete abutments, signposts, exit-ramp walls, etc. total about 16,000 year. To reduce the carnage a Hartford, Conn.-based company called FIBCO has announced the introduction of special sand-filled polyethylene containers to be positioned in front of probable crash-into objects. The containers will bring an auto hitting 60 mph "to a safe stop with little or no injury to passengers and minor damage to the car," say their designers . . .

Landslide crack-up

CAR THEFT of 1969 model GM autos has dropped 35% from last year. Officials of the company's Motor Insurance Corp. subsidiary say the built-in anti-theft lock system is responsible. With the system, it is impossible to remove the keys from the car without locking the steering column, transmission and ignition . . .

REAR END COLLISIONS may be drastically reduced by driving with your parking lights on (in the day), according to a recent test by Port of New York Authority. Traffic engineer chief for the Authority, Louis Bender, said he felt cars needed better definition to "pull" them out visually from surrounding objects. Good idea might be for parking lights to go on as soon as ignitions are turned . . .

LASER BEAM is being investigated as part of new super accurate method of testing tires. Uniroyal Co. describes the method as a type of photography in which a 3-D *hologram* is made with light from the laser, then illuminated by the laser beam. Result: weak spots are shown as over-expanded "bubbles" on inflated tires . . .

TRAFFIC ACCIDENTS result in 1,000 people killed a week in this country, according to Indiana Senator Vance Hartke. Yet only the smallest fraction of the nation's 500 new car models ever receive tests to ascertain if they meet federal safety standards. Says Robert Brenner, acting director, National Highway Safety Bureau, the number of models checked even once "represents an almost insignificant percentage of the millions of vehicles produced. He blames the deficiency on lack of money, personnel and equipment . . .

ATTACKING a VW-compiled summary of a report on VW accidents made by the Cornell Aeronautical Laboratory, Buffalo, N.Y., Ralph Nader charged the following: VW, who had originally commissioned the report, held up its publication for more than a year because of its damaging findings. The original report found VW's were "involved in rollover without collision about twice as often as Corvair and nearly four times as often as heavy American cars. VW has commissioned a *new* Cornell study hopefully to be available in a year. VW says it has made some suspension changes in its product, obviously believes the rollover rate will take a tailspin as a result . . .

BUYERS of 1970 model cars will be aided by federally required data on the performance and capacity of the auto they have in mind. Auto companies will have to provide minimum stopping distances of vehicles under various load and road conditions, info on passing ability, data on tire loads, etc . . .

INJURY from safety belts is possible during an accident if the belts are worn improperly. To avoid whiplash, crush, bone breaks, cuts and bruises from buckles, the seat belts must be worn snug and low over the hips. They should be mounted to cross the hips at a 45' angle to the car floor. Also, rear seat passengers who often feel safer than their front seat counterparts, are advised to wear properly adjusted belts. Without them, during accidents, unbelted back seat occupants may very well become unrestrained flying occupants . . .

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1. Cross section from one scalp in a test group, made before the use of the Brandenfels System. Doctors said: The follicle is small (and "resting"), the opening is plugged with sebacious gum (dandruff scale) and scaly skin layers; no hair evident.

2. Typical cross-section made from scalp of a successful Brandenfels user, a few weeks after following instructions. Now the doctors' comments were: the follicle has increased in size, the opening is no longer plugged and a tiny hair is in evidence.

3. Now, with hair regrown, this microscopic enlargement of a cross-section was made. The doctors said: the follicle has increased in size, the plug in the opening has disappeared and the hair shaft in the follicle is proof of new production.

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1 This grocer was one of the group participating in the medical research from which come the microscopic enlargements of follicles "before" and "after" shown on the left.

2 Would you believe a man over 60 years of age and bald for more than 20 years could ever regrow hair? Here's proof that he did—with the Brandenfels' Plan.

3 "Only those who have lost their hair can know what a thrill it is to have hair again. Mine has filled in where it was sparse for 8 years," says this Seattle man.

4 This young man was completely bald but these two pictures show what he accomplished in 24 weeks with the Brandenfels System, and the full head of hair he finally achieved.

5 Where follicles (roots) were still alive this man was able to achieve a very considerable hair regrowth with the Brandenfels Home System—as these pictures show.

6 Doctors who were skeptical that this little girl would regain her hair now shake their heads in wonderment at dramatic results following use of Brandenfels' Plan.

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☐ Alopecia

continued from page 58

story," I whispered. December 1942. The island was under the Vichy French and the government was cooperating with the Nazis. The British sent a high-level envoy to negotiate, hoping to get the government to shift sides. The envoy was coming down from Nairobi in a high-speed Mosquito and the government had agreed to receive him and talk. The pilot got off course. The Mosquito was last seen on radar right about here. An air search uncovered nothing. Everybody figured it had gone down in the Indian Ocean.

"Not everybody," said Hackworth. "I was a sergeant in our Signal Corps then, working up at Nairobi. I got the whole story. I've kept those radar trackings imprinted on my mind for twenty-five years. It took me this long to find a way to get back."

"Hold it," I interrupted. "What are the natives doing?"

I peered from the lip of the cave again and saw the Masaola coming *toward* us, several men carrying the casket. The drumbeat had stopped and they were strangely silent.

"Oh, no," Hackworth said. "If they're planning to display the body as an offering to this damned piece of aluminum tail, they'll spot us."

We did the only thing that came to mind. We began slipping down along the lava surface of the cave toward the huge cavern below. My foot sent rocks hurtling ahead of us and the sound was magnified a thousand times. The Masaola were coming to the entrance behind us and they must have heard it.

As we fought down toward the floor of the cavern, I prodded Hackworth. "What do you mean, 'the whole story'? What the hell are you doing looking for a museum-piece wreck of an old airplane, anyway?"

"Altar-piece would be more like it." He wore a cruel grin. "Very simple. Those wartime negotiations are long forgotten now. But I've never been able to forget that we planned to win the government's support with hard cash. I should say gold, actually. *Fifty thousand pounds Sterling worth of gold* which fitted very nicely into the bomb bay of a De Havilland Mosquito."

ANY other time, Hackworth's revelation might have fired my senses. Allowing for twenty-five years of inflation, we were talking about something on the order of a quarter million dollars!

I might have pointed out that it would take dozens of men to carry that much gold back to my Beechcraft, and Hackworth might have replied by saying that he hadn't known the wreckage would be so inaccessible. I might have argued that the gold wasn't ours. But we never had time.

We were at the floor of the dome-like cavern looking upward at little eyelets of light from the openings of dozens of small caves like the one we'd entered. We were only feet from the shattered Mosquito fuselage. The paint must have chipped away two decades ago but I could still make out the outline of the tri-color roundel of the RAF.

That was when an ear-splitting scream echoed inside the cavern, magnified to thunderous volume by the walls and ceiling.

I looked up the way we'd come and saw Masaola warriors spilling into the cave, coming at us with spears and machetes. I picked up a big rock, anything to fight our way out of this. But Hackworth rolled over and raised his rifle. "The gold doesn't mean anything to them. They probably never saw the inside of the bomb bay, anyway. It's taken me all this time to get here and that gold is mine. *Mine*."

So it had been an obsession with Hackworth all these years. I knew I wouldn't be able to reason with him. Even though we had no way to remove the gold from this cavern, he was prepared to fight for it.

I could only imagine how the Masaola felt, having discovered two foreigners at the fringe of their forbidden body-exhumation ritual. I could imagine, very easily, that they were coming to kill us.

Before I could do anything, Hackworth squeezed off two rifle shots that boomed at deafening volume in the cavern. I heard the ricochets glance off the volcanic wall of the cave. The Masaola tribesmen were halfway to us now, shrieking—oblivious to the threat of rifle fire.

Instead of running like hell—if there was any place to go—I grabbed Hackworth's rifle and wrenched it away.

"You fool!" he shouted, tears in his eyes. "Do you know what they'll do with us?"

"We're about to find out."

That was when they overwhelmed us.

I had just an instant, before they swarmed over us, to sling the 30.06 over my shoulder. They had probably never seen firearms, did not connect the booming noise with any danger and perhaps thought the rifle was some piece of equipment or decoration. They ignored it.

Bronze-hued men with ochre-stained faces, they encircled us and probed at our bodies, their spears tipped with hard lava. The tallest, a native who towered above even my six-one, ordered the others to seize us.

Hands gripped my arms, my throat, my chest. The rifle crashed painfully against my spine but nobody touched the sling that held it to me. Flailing, without any real hope of breaking free, I was picked up and carried along the floor of the huge cavern—past the shattered fuselage that meant so much to Hackworth.

"I could have killed a couple of them!" he shrieked. They would have left us alone if you'd allowed me to use the rifle. Damn you, Kelliher! Damn you to hell!"

THE tall native struck Hackworth across the side of the face, the impact loud enough to echo inside the cavern. I saw Hackworth's lip split. A froth bubbled at his mouth.

The sight of blood did something to the natives. They began pummeling at both of us with fists, elbows, and the flat sides of their spears. Something hit me on the bridge of the nose and a skyrocket exploded in my brain. Hackworth sank beneath a vicious beating.

I was delirious the next two hours as they beat us, carried us a short distance, then stopped to beat us again. We were carried up through one of the tunnel-like caves serving as vertical exits for the huge cavern, then brought out on top and carted across open ground in moonlight. New blows brought spasms of pain to my elbows, ribs, and chest as our tormentors kept searching for new places to strike.

Hackworth screamed, off and on. It was a shrill outcry that could have been the crazed torment of a berserk animal.

We passed through a village. The houses were made from matted scrub. More men and women joined the throng that carried us along.

There was a unique stench to the Masaola, a gagging mixture of sweat, ochre, and filth. It tortured my nostrils.

We must have gone roundabout. We ended up at the same clearing where Hackworth and I had begun. The natives formed a circle around us and prodded us

"My wife says I have to fire you because you're too sexy looking to be my secretary, and I think she's right. How'd you like to be my mistress?"

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You And Women

Continued from page 8

MONEY IS NO EXCUSE

Q. *Frank takes a second job that brings in an extra $50 a week for his family. But he also finds himself bickering with his wife more and being accused by her of not being interested sexually in her anymore. Why?*

A. Because, says Dr. Emmett Rush, "many wives actually resent their husband holding a second job, viewing it as nothing more than an excuse to stay away from them more because they no longer find them attractive sexually." Dr. Rush's advice to husbands with such a jealous spouse: "Take a second job only if the physical wear of two jobs does not leave you too physically exhuasted to meet your usual sex quota—and perhaps a little more—at night."

HIGH SPEED LOVERS

Q. *Teddi is a cycle gang mama. If you have a date with her, can you expect to have your way about sex?*

A. Don't you believe it. According to a Harvard University psychiatrist, Dr. Armand M. Nicholi, most cycle gang women are "tall, broad-shouldered aggressive girls who initiate relationships by expressing admiration for the motorcycle or by asking

Cycle mama

to ride it." With these girls, the average hell cyclist eventually "assumes the passive role sexually." In fact, most "Angels" bear emblems that indicate they have submitted to rather unusual and degrading practices to please their women. In short, date a mama only if you really hate yourself.

SEDUCTION I.Q.

Q. *Bill has separate dates with two girls—Pearl, who he graduated from high school with, and Susan, a waitress who also went to the same school but dropped out in the tenth grade. With which girl is Bill most likely to "score"?*

A. Susan is the logical one. Psychologists K. and M. Wagner, studying the sexual responses of unmarried mothers, reported that in 87 percent of the cases the father was a man or boy intellectually superior to the girl. One girl said she decided to give in to a young man "because he made me feel stupid." The Wagners' conclusion: "It is part of the tradition of female inferiority that makes most women demand that the male be—or at least appear to be—smarter than the female."

NAKED TRUTH

Q. *Your wife tells you she'd like to become a nudist and because you have been worrying she might be playing around, you think it's a good idea. At least, you figure, if her problem is that she needs to be admired, it's a relatively harmless way of letting her. Are you making a wise move?*

A. Three-to-one says you aren't. A survey team headed by sociologist William E. Hartman found that for every female who cuts down on extra-marital activities because of her practice of nudism, at least three will boost their adultery incidence.

COMPARISON TESTING

Q. *Your second wife is always nosey about your first wife, especially when you are in bed. Would you be wise to tell her what your previous sex life was like?*

A. It's most often not a bad idea. Dr. John B. Oman of the Wesley United Methodist Church Counseling Center, Minneapolis, cites the typical problem involved in a second marriage: "When she once timidly asked about the sex life Leonard had had with Betty, Leonard gruffly said, 'of course it was wonderful,' but he didn't want to talk about it. So, of course Delores was sure that Leonard didn't love her as much as he had Betty. Or was she, Delores, just not a good sex partner?" The obvious solution for a husband in this predicament is to talk fully about his previous marriage and, needless to say, in time he should be smart enough to praise his second wife as far superior to his unlamented ex.

WHERE THERE'S SMOKE

Q. *Kathy is a chain-smoking wench who will spend hours over a few drinks telling her date her enlightened views on sex, especially that she believes a girl who really likes a fellow would be willing to do just about anything his way. When she gets to her date's place will she "deliver"?*

A. She might but probably will not be any great bargain. Research shows that most girls who talk a lot about sex with men are more reserved at the important moment. And being a chain smoker is another strike against her. Studies by Dr. E. William Lyons shows in a number of cases that female potency and desire has improved when the women were forced to cut down from a three-packs-a-day habit. Often, of course, the smoking itself is not the problem but is symptomatic of some psychological hangup that makes a female a poor lover. In any event, all that smoke can be a warning to move on. ***

to the center.

I stepped back, untouched, the black faces bobbing and weaving around us as bystanders chanted in slow, moaning tones. Hackworth's voice was louder. "The rifle, man! For God's sake, this is our last chance! *Use the rifle on them*!"

In a corner of my vision I noticed Masaola women working on two wooden boxes identical to the casket we'd seen earlier. The chanting was joined by drumbeats, softly at first, then increasing in tempo. The tall girl we'd seen before had her back to us now, talking to older tribeswomen who seemed to be preparing her for something. She sipped from one of several hardwood dippers being passed around. I remembered the root narcotic and the intoxicated stupor we'd seen before. The girl was getting herself high.

In the moon's glare, her long-limbed body was even more breathtaking then it had been that afternoon. Her complexion seemed pale now. Finely tapered legs rose to meet rock-hard stomach muscles and curved buttocks. Her breasts, adorned with ochre and ornaments made from lava and hardwood, were stunning. Long hair bunched at her nude back. She. . .

Two wooden caskets! I watched tribesmen fastening their sides with a mucky substance and it finally hit me.

They were preparing to commend us to the dead. The ceremony would be similar to the disinterment rite we'd seen earlier. We would be placed in those caskets and, at some point, put to death. The stupor-causing drink, the sex-and-death dance that the young girl was preparing for. . .

MY hands went for the rifle. I swung it at a native but it only grazed him, and the tall Masaola lurched in front of me, wrenched at the weapon, and carried me along with it. I stumbled and fought for balance as the sling-strap passed off my arm and the tribesman yanked the Remington free.

He balanced it in both hands, uncomprehending. I tipped over and threw a fist into his stomach on my way down.

He let out an ear-shattering scream and dived at me just in time to take both of my boots in the face. The others closed in. My voice sounded like it came from miles away. "Hackworth! You were right! *The rifle!*"

They scrambled around him. He was reaching out for the barrel when a melee of flailing bodies drove him to earth. They battered him senseless and carried him to the center of the clearing. I spun around, trying to go to his aid, when something smashed against my skull and the lights went out.

I became conscious when something clanked beside me. Nothing registered. I was on a hard surface staring up at starlight, a furious tempo of drums and weird chanting in my ears.

I moved, and my elbows slammed against hardwood. In the darkness above me, the upper body of the young girl gyrated to the increasing tempo, her skin lustrous—her eyes fixed on me.

I was inside a casket!

There was a glint in those eyes, a drunken, sexual thing that no white man may ever be able to understand, just as no white man knows how the Masaola kill during their ceremonies or how they pre-

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serve bodies for exhumation, sometimes as long as 50 years. The erotic stupor fascinated me for only the split-second it took to discover the Remington at my side.

They must have intended to bury it with me. Perhaps they thought it was a religious talisman of some sort, since Hack and I had fought them for it and they didn't wish to offend our gods by keeping it. Their superstition saved my life. The Masaola must have intended to kill me at some point in the ceremony without my ever regaining consciousness. When the girl saw my eyes open, she halted in mid-stride. I bolted out of the casket with the weapon braced.

"Hackworth!"

They were bent over him, preparing to fasten the top of the casket. Now I knew the other half of the story, the reverse side of the coin in the Masaola ritual. Besides exhuming their dead ancestors, the Masaola killed their enemies by *burying them alive*!

I plunged into the girl, knocked her aside, and hit the casket, sending it rolling to the hard ground. Hackworth came flying out, semi-conscious, as a native reached for me and I slammed the rifle butt into his chin.

THE others rushed me. But Hackworth, recovering his senses, reached me first, grabbed the rifle, and fired.

The tall young man who'd been their leader reached to clutch an expanding patch of red on his stomach. He toppled. Hackworth pedalled backward, putting most of the natives between him and me, and fired again.

Another native spun around in mid-stride, the upper part of his head blown off.

For an eternity—maybe two seconds—not a native moved. I lunged for the thin scrub at the edge of the clearing, lost my step, and fell 20 feet down a slope that faced the coast. I turned, looked up, and saw Hackworth backing slowly away from the natives. Nobody paid any attention to the two dead Masaola sprawled beside the caskets.

"They're afraid of you!" I yelled. "They won't rush you! Follow me! We can make it to the plane!"

But Hackworth was backing *toward the cave!*

They were too intent on him to worry about me. "Head down the slope and follow me to the shore! If we move fast enough, we can get away before they decide what to do!"

Hackworth was 50 yeards from me, entering shadows near the cave mouth. "I came here for the gold, Kelliher! I'm going into the cave to get my gold! I'm not leaving without it!"

A tribesman took command of the milling natives. He pointed at me and a dozen men came spilling over the slope as I wheeled around and started running.

The remainder of the natives swarmed around Hackworth at the mouth of the cave that had been so important to him. The light was just right, so that I had a parting glimpse of the moon against the cave opening, reflecting off the metal aircraft tailpiece. Then the Remington began barking on semi-automatic, a shrieking human tidal wave crashed down on Hackworth, and I turned to run for my life.

It took me an hour, tripping, catching myself, and plunging through low scrub, then across volcanic rock, to reach the Beechcraft. Once, a spear whipped through the air inches from my face. The natives stayed close behind.

I'd had no choice about leaving Hackworth. He wasn't sane. No sane man would get a chance to run from the Masaola and pass it up in order to go after several thousand pounds of gold that he would never be able to carry. Besides, in spite of all the wartime stories everybody remembers, I've never been sure there *was* any gold aboard that crashed Mosquito.

Running with my breath caught in my throat, I reached the Beech, climbed in, and slammed the steel door behind me. Voices were screaming and hands were pounding on the fuselage as I started the number one engine, then turned over number two.

The blast from the propwash scattered the Masaola. I had just enough space to crank the Beech around on its wheelbase, point the nose toward the moonlit surface of the Indian Ocean, and slam the throttles to the firewall. Then I was airborne, turning south for Tananarive.

Hackworth? The rumor of a cargo of gold aboard the Mosquito that crashed on Madagascar a quarter century ago? The Masaola death rites? I reported the whole business to the authorities, who've carried Hackworth as missing ever since. A month later, two reporters for the *Journal des Francaises Tananarivien* who'd heard a puffed-up story about our experience went up to Masaola country to check it out and vanished from the face of the earth. It doesn't seem likely the Masaola will be tamed for years to come.

I'm just glad I got out alive. I don't ever want to see those natives again. ***

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500,000 Runaway Husbands

Continued from page 23

at picking women and horses, but he was a very good automobile mechanic. He got a job in a Miami service station without too much trouble. It was short money, but it was a job. That was Harry's second mistake.

And when Harry got a few dollars ahead of his room rent he made it straight for Hialeah Race Track, which was his third mistake.

Harry Short made so many mistakes that anybody who cared could have made a few telephone calls and found him. Harry did not know this. He thought he had left it all behind.

That is why he almost had a coronary one day a few months later when a hard type in sun glasses said his carburetor was flooding and when he was alone with Harry added: "By the way, Harry, the book doesn't like clients who run off and leave him owing money."

Recovering from a near seizure, Harry said: "I'm afraid you've made a mistake, friend. My name is George. George Stone."

"Sure it is," said the man. "But if you don't come up very fast with $320, whatever your name is, you will be in a hospital."

Harry came up with the money, only by the time he had it paid off, it was more like $520—vigorish being what it is these days. And Harry went home to Harriet and the kids a broken man.

"Jerk," said Harriet. "You don't even disappear good."

There are more Harrys fleeing hometowns than most people realize. For some unknown reason, anybody who runs from New York City usually heads for Miami, lemming-like. And anybody who runs from Chicago, heads for New York City or New Orleans, New Englanders go to New York City, midwesterners to Chicago, New York or New Orleans. Southerners invariably go north to Chicago or New York. Anybody west of the Mississippi heads straight for Los Angeles or San Francisco.

POLICE departments, private detectives and law firms who chase after the more than 1,000,000 persons who disappear each year are unanimously agreed on one thing: finding one person who tries to lose himself among the other 200,000,000 citizens of this country is not as difficult as it sounds.

Harry Short found that out. So do six out of every seven persons who try it. It can be done, but getting lost in this computer age is fast becoming an art form.

Comparatively few Americans don't already have their photos, descriptions, fingerprints, hobbies, professions, weaknesses, credit standings and other characteristics tucked away in multiple files somewhere. And more information on more people is piling up every day.

But even without all the memory banks that can spin out anybody's profile in a matter of seconds, getting lost is not easy.

Edward Goldfader, general manager of New York based Tracers Company of America, one of the most successful private detective firms specializing in missing persons, puts it this way:

"They leave us clues they have been building up for a lifetime. Nobody can change completely. You can change a man's name, his appearance, his job, but you can't change his habits, his dreams, his weakness for food or women and a million other things."

By normal standards, Harry Short wasn't really missing at all. He had merely misplaced himself for a while. For a man trying to lose himself in the crowd, Harry was hopelessly inept.

First, he went to Miami. It figures. Second, he got a job in his regular trade. Not smart. Third, he galloped for the race track the first chance he got. Stupid. He even ate Chinese food every Friday night the way he had always done. Ridiculous.

The bookie found Harry with one telephone call.

The police, had Mrs. Short so desired, could have done the same. Any respectable private detective would burn his Mike Hammer collection if he could not have done it as fast, and charged much more.

This is not to say that everybody who disappears, or tries to, is that easy to find. Most are, but not all. There was a classic case of a man who almost made it several years ago. His name was Larry Bader and he seemed to have successfully changed his life style, but only, so the doctors attested, because of a legitimate case of amnesia.

Bader, a successful Akron, Ohio, salesman, vanished one day and was believed drowned in Lake Erie. The evidence was so conclusive, he was declared legally dead. Legally dead, he might have been, but alive, he very definitely was.

A few years after Bader vanished, supposedly to the bottom of Lake Erie, a niece of his was at a sportsman's show in Chicago when who should she see but old Uncle Larry. Uncle Larry said no, she made a mistake. But the niece persisted. She told the whole family. She told the newspapers.

It was thus that Larry Johnson, one of the Southwest's most successful sportscasters and television directors was found to be none other than Larry Bader, former Akron salesman.

Bader/Johnson swore he knew nothing of his former past. He said he had made up a background because he didn't want anyone to know he couldn't really remember his past. He said he even began to believe it himself until his niece came along. The doctors backed him up. A rare but confirmed case of amnesia.

Amnesia is rare enough. Complete, sustained amnesia is almost unheard of. Temporary amnesia pops up now and then, but with nowhere near the frequency claimed by wandering runaways, usually husbands, who figure amnesia is the easy way out of a bad mistake, which is usually a blonde who turned out to be a passing fancy.

"Every husband I find has amnesia," says one Chicago private detective, who wishes to remain anonymous because of his fees. "If my clients knew how easy it was to find a missing person, I would be out of business. Maybe on television or in the movies private detectives are always

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getting big money from these great looking broads, but with me it's breaking in a few doors at motels with a camera, and missing husbands.

"I've got about 30-40 telephone books in my office from around the country. I can usually find a guy without ever leaving the office. A few calls here and there, a check or two on current listings, and wham! there it is."

MOST of each year's crop of runaways are husbands. This is called "The Poor Man's Divorce." And it works if the wife lets it. But if the wife wants her husband found, he gets found. If the police won't do it (and they won't unless he has committed a crime or there is reason to believe he was the victim of foul play), a lawyer or a private detective will. A resourceful wife can even do it herself.

Marge Bannion's husband went out to walk the dog one night two years ago in St. Louis. The dog came back. Mr. Bannion did not. Marge Bannion did not get excited. She had expected it for weeks, months.

Mr. Bannion, James by name, hated his job as an accountant, hated St. Louis, hated the neighbors, and was beginning to hate his wife. He had even kicked the dog.

Marge Bannion let it go — for six months. Then she went and got her husband and brought him home. It wasn't quite that easy. It wasn't too hard, either.

James Bannion at 38 had a dream. In his Walter Mitty moods, he had his own ketch out of one of the islands and had Humphrey Bogart experiences renting it out to wealthy, slightly debased people.

Marge Bannion took a Caribbean vacation. She island hopped. She found James in Barbados, down by the docks, a bit seedy, sewing nets for a fisherman. He had had his fling. He accompanied her back to St. Louis. According to latest reports he is still there, quite happy. Dreams die hard, but no one is hurt so much as the dreamer.

Tracers of America's Goldfader claims his company has had better than 80 per cent success in finding missing persons for the past 45 years.

"We are successful because we find out everything there is to be known about the missing person, the food he (or she) likes, hobbies, personal peculiarities or characteristics, taste in clothing, membership in organizations, habits, talents, friends, relatives, expressed desires, frustrations, everything."

And although there is no nationwide clearinghouse for missing-persons information, any agency, such as Tracers, can call upon other agencies for additional information on the most photographed, fingerprinted and card-indexed bodies in history, namely, the American citizen.

Information about all of us resides in voters' lists, city directories, insurance and credit applications, census rolls, school records, armed-forces files and God knows where else. And if such information is not readily available, it can be gotten.

Back to our Chicago operator: "I have men on my payroll wherever I need them, part-time employees who help with an unlisted phone number or the owner of a certain license plate and things like that. I don't abuse it and nobody gets hurt."

But with all the computers and the cross indexes and the fingerprints, many of those who try to disappear give themselves away in a million little ways.

A Houston man, for example, disappeared after taking a Civil Service test. He thought he had failed the test, became distraught, took off. Unlike others, he did not head for a large city. Instead, he holed up in a small city in Tennessee. He took a job as a librarian, one completely foreign to his background. And he even changed his *first* name as well as his last, something most runaways don't do.

They found him in three weeks. It seems the man was a car buff and subscribed to a magazine in that field. Shortly after disappearing, he dropped a note to the magazine's subscription service asking if they would please change the name on the subscription and send it to his current address. And that was that. Trapped by a hobby and an innate frugality.

Not exactly trapped. His family wanted to tell him that he had passed the Civil Service test.

SOME who split, like Robert Talman of Racine, Wisc., really want to be found. Disappearing is not their main endeavor. What the whole thing actually is is a protest against the way things are going, a cry for understanding, a plea for sympathy.

Others like Norman Briggs wanted out for many of the same reasons, but *really* want out.

One day in March, 1961, the then 28-year-old salesman drove down to Tomhannock Reservoir for some early-season scuba diving. They found his car, clothes, wallet and a floating face mask. They did

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"I'll be happy to go to your apartment with you . . . I'm your wife."

not find Norman Briggs.

Some four years later, Clayton Hollister, a cow puncher at a nearby ranch, idled into a saloon in Newcastle, Wyoming, for a beer. Down the bar was a vacationer, cameras, wife, kids and all. He took one look at Clayton Hollister and almost ran down the bar.

"Norm Briggs, you old sonofagun!," he said, throwing his arm around Hollister. "Where the hell have you been? What have you been doing?

The weather-beaten cowboy climbed out from under the man's arm. "I don't know who you think I am, friend, but I am not him."

Only it was him, Norman Briggs, declared dead, drowned while scuba diving in Tomhannock Reservoir. He had always wanted to be a cowboy and now he was a cowboy. The family called, his wife called. No dice, said Briggs. He was sorry about all the fuss, the fake drowning and all, but this was the way he wanted it. He never wanted to see Troy again. Fortunately, his wife, Gail, has remarried. She was now Mrs. Robert Koenig, still living in Troy. For her, Norm Briggs was still dead and he would stay that way.

Mrs. Koenig may have felt that way, but the insurance company that paid off on a policy did not. So the Koenigs had to return a chunk of cash they had received. Outside of that and the shock of it all, Norm Briggs' rising from the dead had no appreciable effect on anyone. Had the situation been different, there wasn't much they could have done, anyway. Mrs. Koenig might have chased him for non-support, but that would have been complicated. Anyway, she didn't.

Norm Briggs is still Clayton Hollister and he is going to stay that way. But it must be disappointing to know that all he went through to vanish was for naught.

One thing any runaway has going for him is the fact that, outside of the police, there is no central agency for tracking missing persons. And the police, contrary to public opinion, are very limited in what they can do about missing persons. Police are limited by law to cases involving minors, the aged and mysterious disappearances. They do not handle cases rising out of domestic quarrels. To do so would constitute an invasion of privacy.

IN cases where foul play is suspected, the police will enter the case, find the missing person, if possible (and it usually is), then examine what they have. If it turns out that the missing person is missing on purpose, the police quietly step out of the case.

The worried family or wife is then notified that the person is alive and well and doesn't want to come home. The police won't even say where the person is, what he is doing or what name he is using. This information, too, would be an invasion of privacy.

It may be very difficult to vanish into thin air, but unless you've committed a crime, the police will not haul you home. They want no part of the action at all. Missing persons bureaus are not designed to get back wandering husbands or wives. They are designed to investigate mysterious circumstances involving a disappearance.

"We have investigated thousands of such reports," says one veteran New York City cop. "In my experience, only four or five such cases turned out to be actual criminal cases. No wife or husband wants to believe that his spouse has taken off just to get away from them. They all like to believe the spouse has been kidnapped or is suffering from amnesia or has been murdered.

"In some cases, accidents are involved. The missing person has been hospitalized for one thing or another. In such cases we do inform the individual who filed the complaint of the whereabouts and circumstances of the accident or health problem or whatever. But we do need permission to do so, if the missing person is able to give it. If not, if the person is in a coma or something, we do it on our own."

This does not hold for criminals. Police agencies have no such delicate rules when chasing down law breakers.

The criminal has less of a chance of disappearing into the crowd than anybody. Fingerprints, Social Security cards, handwriting, police records, all have him fairly well pinpointed. In addition, he is fighting the almost instantaneous interchange of police information, which is now accomplished on a national scale. He can't get picked up for jaywalking without blowing his whole cover.

The criminal must lead such a circumscribed life that it is hardly worth the effort. One minor mistake, and it is all over.

Non-criminal runners have more leeway. They can afford a few mistakes and still make it. They can be arrested and still remain anonymous, so long as the crime involved is not of a serious nature, say a traffic violation or a case of minor assault or public intoxication.

But the most difficult part, that of establishing a completely new identity, is no less difficult for a man running from his bookie or his family or his wife, than for a man running from the law.

As most runners discover, this is a world in which you are required to be somebody in particular. A man without a background makes people nervous. And a man who is constantly on guard for fear of saying the wrong thing makes people even more nervous. Nervous people ask questions. They check around. Everybody has to be somebody.

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"He told us it had been hell. He had to be a man without close friends, constantly on guard against saying anything that might give himself away. He said it had been the loneliest two years of his life. Why did he sweat it out until we found him? It has to do with the problem of reentry. The hardest thing seems to be to come back home with your tail between your lets, saying you blew it and please forgive me."

Private detective agencies such as Tracers are in no better position to return a missing person than are the police. But the private agency is free to give whatever information the client requests. This includes families, banks, lawyers, credit companies or anybody else who might want or need to know the whereabouts of a particular individual.

WHY do people run? There are a thousand reasons, but it usually boils down to a couple of tried and true categories.

First, money.

Psychologist Robert Damsky puts it this way:

"Ours is a society based on credit. Most of us are overextended. This is not always our fault. Those who control the credit make it easy. We get money, services, and goods without too much trouble. The trouble starts with the first payment. And we are a nation of gamblers. There is nothing so alluring to a man locked into a social situation as the chance to make it big quickly, to be able to get out of whatever hole he is in and begin to live. Unfortunately, he most often digs a deeper hole."

And when the hole gets deep enough, a man, or a woman, is likely to run.

The second category is social, be it a redhead or the gloom of life or the feeling of hopeless entrapment by fate. This is the area where a man jumps up one day and says: "The hell with it. I'm taking off for Tahiti."

In more clinical terms. Arthur J. Bachrach, head of the Arizona State University Psychology Department, says:

"It is partly the result of our moving from a production to a consumer economy. A man often never sees what he produces and there seems to be a general feeling of detachment and alienation as a result of this.

"Then, too, many people don't know how to use all their leisure time. Freud called this the Sunday neurosis."

Whatever you call it, it makes for trouble. And the natural human instinct when confronted with trouble is to fight or run. If the choice is fight and it becomes a losing battle, the only thing left is to run.

But run where? And how do you make sure they won't come and get you once you get to wherever you are going?

In the interest of science and the distinct possibility that editors will someday make life unbearable, this writer asked Goldfader how he could get lost without ever being found again.

Goldfader smiled, which was a bad sign.

"First, get rid of as many of your records as you can, birth certificate, army papers, etc. Then forget any preferences you have ever mentioned, such as going to Mexico to write the great American novel or sneaking off to Las Vegas with the blonde down the block.

"Square up your accounts. Don't owe anybody too much money. Aggravate anybody close to you, family, friends, editors, so they won't be sorry to see you go. Then drop hints about Paris and Rome and other exotic places.

"Now you are ready.

"Head straight for Oklahoma City because nobody ever heads for Oklahoma City. Once there, never touch your typewriter again. Get a job as a bricklayer. Live alone in a rooming house. Stay out of bars. Stay away from women.

"You do all that and I might not be able to find you. Then again I might. You never really know."

Goldfader smiled again, a cat eyeing a mouse.

So there it is.

Fed up with the rat race? Nagged to a frazzle by a witch of a wife? Sinking into the mud under a load of time payments? Getting old and nothing has happened yet? Ready to chuck it all for Pago-Pago and a little fermented coconut juice?

Well, buddy. Get lost.

If you can.

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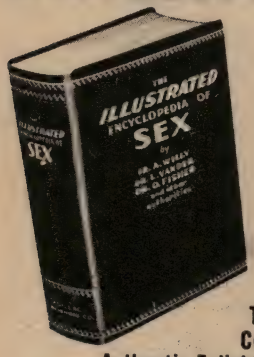

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Cycle Raiders

continued from page 15

lousy sport. So on that lonely beach, where there wasn't even a passing car to go for help, Chink was planning to settle some old grudges.

"It's great to meet an old buddy," Chink said, grinning the wide, toothy grin that squeezed his eyes completely shut. This had given him his nickname. "And also his lovely girl friend. I extend to you the hospitality of my humble camp—right, you bums?"

Chink's "bums" all said, "Yeah, yeah, Chink," bobbing their heads and grinning like the idiots they were. And when Chink stepped back and made a "come along" gesture, I knew damned well that there was nothing I could do just then but accept his "hospitality."

I figured we couldn't have been in a worse spot than we already were, so Laura and I followed Chink down the dune to the campfire. But we weren't to be there long. The beach was just the sparring ground for what was to follow.

Chink and I made small talk about "old times," the football team, the girls, the fights, the cycle races. And Chink brought up every detail of every real and imagined grudge he had held against me for the past eight or ten years. He had a long memory.

All the time we talked, he stared at Laura, as if daring me to do anything about it. His dark glittering eyes roved over her long, blonde hair that hung well past her straight shoulders; the curves of her breasts that swelled beneath her white sweater; her long legs and wide hips, every graceful curve accentuated by her tight jeans.

I said little as I sipped beer. I tried to play it "cool," pretending that this was simply a friendly meeting between a couple of old friends; that when Laura and I wanted to leave, I'd say "So long" and we'd walk up the dunes to the road.

Around us, the gang pretended to continue their "party" but they were waiting for a sign from their chief that the real party was about to begin.

And the sign came. Chink grinned, clapped one hand on my shoulder and said, with the phony jolly-good-fellow manner that meant trouble, "Say, this crummy beach is no place to entertain an old buddy and his lovely girl friend. There's really no place like the Raiders' Roost for a party."

THEN I found Laura and myself all but surrounded by Chink's underlings. I immediately had thoughts of simply outmaneuvering the gang on my bike later on and just riding away with Laura. But Chink was ahead of me there. He took hold of Laura's arm, causing her to shrink back as if a python had wrapped its coils around her. Chink said, "Little Laura will have the honor of riding with the greatest Raider of them all—Chink. And my friend Brad will be honored with the presence of the greatest Raider mama—my own Lillian."

Chink knew I couldn't ride off and leave Laura to the mercy of the Raiders. Laura and I were, in effect, being kidnapped. If I had tried to outfight the gang, I'd have been beaten to a pulp and Laura raped by that pack of animals. Alone, I would have taken the beating rather than have Chink Hannigan push me around; and I'd have put a few Raiders in the hospital in the process. But with Laura . . .

I was damned if I did and damned if I didn't. My only hope was that on the way to the Raiders' Roost—wherever and whatever that was—the gang would be stopped by the highway patrol. Or, once at the Raiders' headquarters, I thought I might be able to get Laura and me out through a trick (or at least give her a chance to get to my bike and ride out).

Surrounded by the Raiders, Chink in the lead, Laura and I were marched to where they had left their bikes. One of them walked ahead, and rode my cycle back. He rode in like a lunatic, then made fun of what he called "my cute little kiddie car." It's a British make—fast enough, maneuverable, but not nearly the powerbrutes that the Raiders' big Harleys were.

"Shut up about my friend's bike," said Chink, sneering. "I'm sure it's a fine machine. A great rider like Brad Korman would ride only the best. And while we're talking about it—let's ride!"

A dozen cycles roared into life and even in the middle of this dangerous situation I couldn't help feeling the excitement I always do when I hear that sound. I revved up my bike and, as I did, I saw Chink's mama, Lil, leave his side and come toward me. As she did, Laura, seated behind Chink, turned and smiled at me, although she was close to tears. I waved and nodded, as if to say, "I'll get us out of this."

Lil was the best-looking of the mamas, by far, a tall, wide-hipped, deep-breasted blonde of about 25. She resembled Laura, I noticed when she was close. What the hell, I thought. Why shouldn't she? Chink and I had about the same taste in women. But Lil had a worn-out look about her, and a bitter, turned-down mouth. Once, though, she had been as beautiful as Laura still was.

She smiled at me and said, "Hi, Korman. Hope you enjoy the ride. I will." Then Lil swung a long leg over the saddle, sat down and wrapped her arms around my waist, grinding her breasts into my back. I wished I had been able to enjoy the ride.

We rode down the highway, my bike boxed in by the Hell Raiders, with Chink leading the way. All I could see of Laura was her long hair flowing out behind her in the wind.

Chink kept well within the speed limit and obeyed every red light, stop sign and caution signal. He wasn't going to be stopped by the highway patrol if he could help it. One of their cars passed us in the opposite direction. The car slowed, and the cops looked over the Raiders. I glanced in their direction and Lil said, "Don't try it Korman. Chink is crazy; he might do anything, like riding off a

cliff with your girl friend.

I watched the patrol car through my rear-view mirror, watched it get smaller and smaller and finally disappear around a bend in the road.

The Raiders' Roost turned out to be the only hangar on a small abandoned airport about a mile off the highway.

"It's all legal," said Chink, after we had stopped and one of the gang had opened a big sliding door enough so we could ride into the hangar. "We got a lease and pay rent and everything. Best headquarters of any cycle club in the U. S. A. Nobody even knows we're here."

Someone switched on the lights, stark bare overhead lights that hung from the ceiling, making the big place even more gloomy than it had been in the moonlight and the cycles' headlights.

The cycles lined up against one wall, a couple of dozen cots and mattresses, a few big double beds, several tables and chairs, a refrigerator, a cheap stereo phonograph—that was the accommodations of the "best headquarters of any cycle club in the U. S. A." I recall thinking that it was kind of pathetic.

THE "party" began. Someone put on a stack of rock 'n' roll records and turned the volume up full blast. Then the refrigerator was opened and a couple of Raiders took out several six-packs of beer and a few bottles of cheap bourbon and put them on the tables. Here and there, Raiders and their mamas were lighting up marijuana "joints." A few couples were dancing on the concrete floor in a clear space in the center of the shadow-filled hangar.

Laura seemed almost ready to collapse after the wild ride to the hangar—and from fear.

"All the way out here he kept saying the filthiest things," she said. "Telling me what he'd like to do to me. Asking me what you did to me. He's like an animal."

I was seething, but as yet I could see no way out of this. Chink was playing cat-and mouse, savoring the situation, knowing he had the upper hand and could spring the trap whenever he wanted to, or when I pushed him into doing it. There were always at least two Raiders within a few feet of me, watching my every move. In a way this made me feel more confident, knowing that Chink still feared me, even with his whole gang here and me and Laura prisoners.

Chink was out on the "dance floor" now. The dancing had grown more abandoned, almost obscene, the movements of the dancers more like those of sexual intercourse than of dancing. Chink and Lil writhed and wriggled sinuously. Every now and then Chink would look at Laura and give her that weasel-ly grin that I knew so well. Then he'd grin at me and, refusing to lose my cool, I grinned back. I knew damned well I was a better man than he was.

Maybe the beat of the music got to me, or maybe it was the liquor or the knowledge of the battle to come that got my juices flowing. But I downed the last of my drink, grabbed Laura and said, "Quit worrying and let's dance."

I was sick and tired of waiting for Chink to finish his cheap little game of cat-and-mouse. I took the initiative; I'd force

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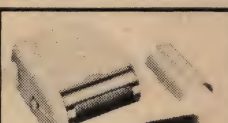

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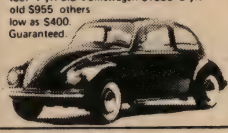

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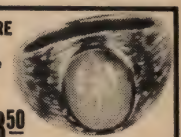

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his hand.

Even Laura felt better and smiled at me as we picked up the savage beat of the music and joined the barbarians in their so-called dancing. But Chink didn't look very happy about my apparent unconcern about being his prisoner. He wanted me and Laura to be terrified, not out there gyrating to the rock 'n' roll.

After a few minutes of watching us enjoying ourselves, Chink just walked off, leaving Lil dancing with herself. He wandered over to where a couple were sprawled half-naked on a mattress, pawing each other and passing a marijuana cigarette back and forth. Chink plucked the "joint " from the girl's mouth and walked away from them, taking deep drages on the cigarette. Then Lil stopped dancing and joined Chink. He said something to her and they both looked at us. I knew that something was about to happen.

"Things are moving," I said to Laura. "Don't be scared. I'll get us out of this place." She squeezed my hand, smiled and we walked back to the sidelines as if nothing was wrong.

The goon squad was waiting for me and I expected the worst. Chink was devious, though. He stopped the stereo, raising his long arms for silence and said, "Hey, everybody! Ol' Lil has a great idea to liven up the party. We're gonna have a good old-fashioned strip contest!" And he looked right at Laura.

A drunken cheer went up and Chink started the stereo again, after putting on a strip recording. Someone turned out all the lights except for one directly over the dance area, then a couple of Raiders dragged a big table over and placed it under the light.

"Who'll be first?" shouted Chink, and three girls almost fell over one another to get up onto the improvised stage and begin the strip contest which, we knew, was nothing more than a stunt to get at me through Laura—and to humiliate Laura and arouse the lust of the Raiders.

The first three mamas were hooted and laughed off the "stage," the Raiders sparing nothing in their obscene comments on the bodies and abilities of the girls. Then Lil was carried on the shoulders of two of Chink's underlings and set on the table.

The air was thick with marijuana smoke and the stench of stale beer, cheap whiskey and sweaty, sex-excited bodies. Lil began her slow, tantalizing strip, bumping and grinding like a professional, peeling off her tight blouse, jeans and then her bra, but hugging her breasts with her arms, not allowing the cheering Raiders a full view. Then she signalled for the light to be turned out. When it went back on a few seconds later, Lil stood nude, her arms above her head, the beautiful curves of her tanned body smooth and graceful in the harsh light.

The Raiders clapped, cheered and howled, in a frenzy. Then, breaking through the racket, came Chink's rasping shout: *"We want Laura!"* And the mob of bike brutes picked up the chant: *"We want Laura! We want Laura!"*

HANDS came from nowhere and pinned my arms behind my back; in a second I was helpless, held motionless by four stinking Raiders. Two of their mamas dragged Laura to the "stage." She shouted, "No! No!" But Chink twisted her hair in one big hand and jerked her head around so she could see me.

"Yes, yes, sweetie," he said, "or we'll put the boots to your boy friend over there and make you eat the pieces."

Laura was lifted onto the table as the music blared and the Raiders began a rhythmic hand-clapping. She began her strip, tears in her eyes. And when I saw Chink's leering face, his evil, satanic grin, I struggled to get free but could scarcely move.

"Relax and enjoy it," said one of the Raiders who held me, "everybody else is."

Laura stripped, and gradually the clapping faded away as everyone, even the mamas, became hypnotized by her beauty. There was something defiant about the way she did it. She was being humiliated, shamed, degraded, but she was going to show those animals what a real woman looked like, show up their ugliness with her beauty and dignity. That was Laura.

First her sweater, then bra, with Laura's hands and long flowing hair used so as not to completely expose her breasts. And she danced like a ballerina, without a single bump or grind. The result was not cheap sex but much more exciting sensuality, and the Raiders slavered like the animals they were. Especially Chink.

"Psst. Got a minute, sport?"

The light went out when Laura had stripped to her bikini panties. When the light went on, Laura was nude — fighting to get free of Chink, who had pulled her from the table in the darkness and was kissing and fondling her as he dragged her to a nearby bed. I broke loose then, punching and kicking at the Raiders, who had loosened their hold during Laura's strip. I dumped two of them before they got me again, just inches from Chink. And they had their artillery out now—knives, chains, brass knuckles and lengths of lead pipe seemed to materialize out of the air.

"That's the way, Chink!" I shouted. "Just like old times. The only way you ever could get a pretty girl was by force. And dirty playing in football. And even with your cheating in the races, you never took a first place."

Chink turned almost purple with rage before he appeared to get himself under control. Then he said, trying to be flippant, "That's the name of the game, Brad, old friend. But just to show you that I'm an All-American Regular Guy, we'll have a little contest of our own. You and I will have a bike race, like old times. But to make it interesting, we'll have a grand prize—the winner gets the other guy's girl. *That's fair, ain't it, Raiders?"*

The chorus of howls and yelps was unanimous, as usual. Laura was allowed to dress, with the mamas keeping a close watch on her. With a knife at my neck and an escort of four Raiders, I was led to my bike, which two of them had wheeled outside to the starting line, where Chink was revving up his big Harley-Davidson. I got onto my bike, started it, revved it up for a couple of minutes and got ready to go. One of the Raiders acted as starter. Chink turned to me, grinned and said, "To the end of the field and back, Brad—for the grand prize."

The starter raised his hand, waited a second then dropped it. I hit the accelerator and took off, spinning the back wheel and lifting the front wheel off the ground—bad for the bike but great for getting off the line first. And I did, leaving Chink—always a poor starter—in my dust. But not for long. I stayed slightly ahead for maybe one-third of the length of the field, but then the roar of Chink's brutish machine closed in, then he passed me. On the turn at the end of the field, I gained a few lengths on Chink because he couldn' t pull the Harley around as fast as I could spin my lighter bike around, and once again I was ahead of him. And once again he gained ground and passed me, beating me to the finish by three lengths. At any other time and place I'd have been pleased to have done that well against such odds. I had lost more than a race. But I had no intention of handing Laura over to Chink Hannigan without a fight.

"Well, Brad, you're not the biker you used to be," said Chink, who still sat on his Harley, grinning as he wiped the sweat from his face. I got off my bike and slowly walked over to him. Something in the way I moved and looked kept the Raiders standing on the sidelines, where they'd been cheering.

BIG deal," I said to Chink, sneering down at him. "You knew damned well I never had a chance against your Harley on my little bike. "So you beat me. But there's one thing you never beat me at, Chink. A fight. You never took me in a fight and you never will."

"That's a lie!" Chink shouted, in a rage. (It was the truth.) He got off his bike, his fists clenched. The Raiders watched, silent, as if they had even stopped breathing. Their leader couldn't refuse this challenge and remain their leader. If he tried to get out of it somehow, there was no telling what they might do to him. In every cycle gang there are one or two underlings ready to take over at the first sign of weakness in the leader, any faltering on his part.

So Chink took up the challenge, saying, "Okay, punk. I'll not only have your broad but also the pleasure of stomping you to a jelly."

"Come and do it, big mouth. You always were better at talking than fighting."

In the center of a circle of grinning,

sadistic, bloodthirsty bike bums, I put it all on the line. We squared off, with Chink, as usual, rushing in like a bull, throwing punches at my head—and missing most of them. I sidestepped, slipped his best punches and picked my spots—a left to the ribs when the spot opened up; right to the jaw, which missed its mark but landed on Chink's temple, staggering him and slowing him down. I saw the old fear come into his eyes, the fear I'd seen in a dozen past fights; the fear that came as soon as I'd landed the first good punch. And that was ten years before—we were 18 and slugging it out over a girl—but this time it was a special girl. And this time I knew what a coward he had always been, and I waited for the dirty trick—low blow, trip, knee to the groin. And it came. Chink lunged for me, clinched and aimed the knee, which I blocked with my thigh, then slammed a right into his guts and landed a left uppercut on his bearded chin. He sagged ubt I held him up, slamming lefts and rights into his face until it was a squishy, bloody pulp. When I was arm-weary, I almost lifted him off the ground as I spun him around and tossed him ten feet or so into the stunned circle of Hell Raiders. They clustered around their battered leader, forgetting me and Laura. I grabbed her and ran with her to my bike. We were barely on the saddle when I roared off, and like the good biker's girl that she is, Laura hung on as we wobbled and bumped up the runway, with me fighting to keep control of the bucking, leaping bike. Over the roar of the motor, I heard several of the Raiders' bikes starting up. They'd be close behind soon, and I had to make the highway before they caught up.

My plan was to attract the highway patrol, and I succeeded although it could have meant my life and Laura's. I weaved in and out of traffic, and before I had gone a mile—with the Hell Raiders all but crawling up my rear wheel—I heard the shriek of a siren coming on fast...

The cops made quite a haul—six Hell Raiders, including the battered Chink, me and Laura. Four or five other bikers got away.

We were all booked for speeding, reckless driving, and drunken driving. The Raiders were also booked for resisting arrest—the cops had to knock Chink senseless—and possession of narcotics.

Laura and I pleaded guilty and got suspended sentences. Our lawyer explained to him about the Raiders forcing us to go with them, although a kidnapping charge probably wouldn't have stuck.

The Hell Raiders that were caught were sent up for some time—Chink got two-to-ten for his offenses, the others one-to-five. They'll be out before very long, with time off for good behavior. So Laura and I—we're married now—have left California. Outlaw bikers have long memories. And Chink holds grudges. I hope they never find us, but if they do Laura and I will be ready for them.

Editors' Note: The names of the principals involved have been changed but the incidents and the sequence of what happened and how and why have not been tampered with. ***

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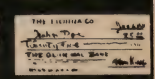

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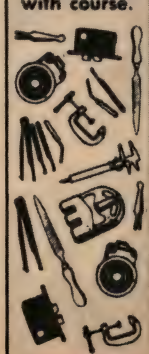

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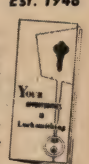

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Savage Comrades

continued from page 35

He also spoke fluent German.

Because Craig (with one other American) would be dropped in the mountains which were unfamiliar terrain as well as an area where there was no organized Underground movement to help him, it was decided to take the long chance of sending with him some German prisoners of war who were familiar with the area, and who also had some special skills to offer.

The selection of the Germans was a delicate job. The three men chosen, despite their unsavory backgrounds, were considered "safe risks." They were surly, anti-social characters who realized they were wanted men with little future in a victorious post-war Germany. It was to their advantage to help the Allies win the war.

The three Germans were taken to an interrogation center and told what was wanted of them. They were told, without going into great detail, what the mission was designed to accomplish. Germany could no longer win the war, they were convinced. If they cooperated with the Allies now they would not only be pardoned of any crimes but would be suitably rewarded when the war was over. The Germans were then placed in separate cells and told to think it over for a day or two.

Two days later the three Germans agreed to do what was asked of them. They then were shown maps of the mountain area where the drop would be made, and were told to write down everything they knew about the area.

Reinecke and Schwager had lived for several years in southern Bavaria, while Klaud had also spent time there—on the dodge from the police. Schwager, the ex-fighter, still had a wife living in one of the mountain towns near the refinery. Of the three only Klaud spoke English.

CRAIG met his three companions on a chilly April night at an airfield in southern England. With him was Sergeant Steve Devaney, hand-picked by Intelligence to be part of the mission. Devaney, a native of the Wisconsin dairylands, had trained with Craig in Scotland. A rugged, powerfully built veteran of North Africa, Sicily and the Anzio beachhead, one of Devaney's assets was that, in addition to German, he spoke the special southern Bavarian dialect. It was thought this might come in handy.

Craig was introduced to the Germans in the flight shack. After sizing them up he decided he didn't like any of them. Reinecke, the "Mad Bomber," was a stocky barrel of a man with a bulldog face. Schwager, the fighter, was built like a block of concrete, with enormous hands. Klaud, the lover boy, was slim, handsome and shifty-eyed. They were as unappealing a threesome as Craig had ever met; they didn't even seem to like each other, standing apart from one another, sending frowning, mistrustful looks at everyone and everything.

"This looks like a bad deal," Craig whispered to Devaney.

Craig briefed them—in his excellent German—and they listened, sullen and quiet. No questions.

There was an equipment check—guns, grenades, dynamite, knives, medical kit, money, false papers, etc. Then they could hear their plane beginning to warm up on the runway.

Just before they boarded, Colonel Anderson came by to shake Craig's hand and wish them luck.

"I just hope we can trust these krauts," Craig said quietly to him.

"Don't take any chances," Anderson said. "If you become the least bit suspicious, kill them."

The colonel stared at him for a moment. Then he extended his hand to Craig and said crisply, "Good luck, Lieutenant."

A few minutes later the five men, dressed like German civilians, filed out of the flight shack and headed for the plane. A few minutes after that they were airborne.

The inside of the plane, a B-17, was pitch dark except for a tiny red light. The red light meant they hadn't reached their target yet. When the red light went out and a yellow one went on, it meant "get ready." And when green replaced the yellow it meant they were over their target area.

Soon they all got to their feet, a bit unsteady in the plane. A sergeant came out of the cockpit—they could see the lighted instrument panels when he opened the door.

"Twelve minutes," he called out.

THE sergeant began testing the static line, which would trip their parachutes when they jumped. Then he released the catches on the trap door cover. A few minutes later the green light came on.

"We're almost there," the sergeant told Craig. "He's going to circle it once."

The pilot cut the motors and the cabin became very quiet. They could feel their ears filling up as the plane lost altitude.

The sergeant hooked the static line, then removed the cover from the jump hole and a rush of air filled the plane. The Germans jumped first, then Devaney. Then Craig sat down on the edge of the hole. He could feel the wind running strongly against his legs. The sergeant was crouched opposite.

"Good luck," the sergeant said.

Craig pushed himself forward with his arms and fell through the hole. He dropped like a stone through the black, cold air then felt a sudden jerk on his harness as his parachute opened.

As he floated toward the earth he could hear the plane flying off. Then he looked down. The Bavarian Alps were rising up to meet him.

He braced for his landing and several moments later struck the soil of Nazi Germany with a thud and began rolling over and over as he struggled with his tangled chute lines.

He finally came to a halt and quickly unbuckled his harness. He got to his feet, gathered in the slack chute, took a tiny spade from his knapsack and began digging.

When he had made enough of a hole he buried his chute and crash helmet, carefully smoothing over the earth.

Then he stood up and tried to get his bearings. There was absolute silence.

Using his compass, Craig began heading for the check-point, an abandoned woodcutter's shack that Reinecke knew about. He badly wanted to light a cigarette but knew that could be a deadly mistake.

As he moved across the dark, rocky plateau he suddenly heard the sound of someone stumbling along. Craig dropped to his knees, silently unsheathing the knife at his side. He peered into the darkness, waiting. The approaching sounds were becoming louder. Craig was able to distinguish someone now, though who it was he still did not know.

When the person came near him Craig leaped forward and grabbed him from behind, locking the man into helplessness with one arm around the throat, holding the knife against the jugular.

"*Sprachen!*" Craig said tersely.

"Klaud, Klaud, Klaud," the German said breathlessly.

Craig released him immediately.

TOGETHER they began heading for the checkpoint. They had not gone a hundred yards when they suddenly heard the bolt action of a rifle, followed by a command snapped out in German to halt. This was followed by a second command, to come forward slowly.

When they had come close enough to distinguish the man they saw it was Reinecke, standing legs apart in the darkness, his BAR at his shoulder. With bone-wracking intensity the situation came home to Craig: he was standing under a gun held by a German soldier. *Hell,* he thought, *I might as well find out now.* He waited, expecting to be shot dead by Reinecke.

Then, much to his relief, Reinecke lowered the gun. Reinecke said that he was glad to see them.

About an hour later they all gathered at the shack on the side of a mountain. Devaney and Schwager had landed all right and gotten there without incident.

Craig outlined their strategy: Travel the mountain paths at night, move through the woods during the daylight hours. No fires, no noise. If they ran into anything unexpected—like meeting German soldiers or townspeople, Craig would do the talking, or would be the first to shoot, if necessary.

During the briefing, Schwager, the big ex-prize fighter, had been nervously shifting from one foot to the other and cracking his knuckles. Then, Craig said, "Any questions?"

"I would like to. . .er. . .do some scouting, *Herr Leutnant,*" said Schwager.

"Absolutely not," said Craig.

The big fighter's chin jutted out defiantly. Klaud said quietly to Craig, in English, "His wife lives in a town near here. I don't know just where."

"You can't see your wife, Schwager. You might give away the entire operation. It is out of the question," said Craig.

Schwager said nothing, but Craig and Devaney exchanged glances, each know-

ing that Schwager would have to be watched closely, every minute.

They set out at sun-up. They were about 20 miles from the refinery, most of it over mountain roads and trails. By nightfall they had gone about five miles, following trails where they could find them but most of the time pushing through low undergrowth and scrambling over rocks.

Sitting up in the mountains, a small village toy-like below them, barely visible in the moonlight, they ate a dinner of cold C-rations and coffee, all except Schwager. The ex-fighter did not eat. He sat off by himself, silent and moody.

Craig guessed why. His wife lived in the village below. The first chance Schwager got—as soon as they were all asleep—he was going to take off and go see his wife. The dangers in that were several: Schwager could get caught and talk; he could tell his wife what he was doing there and she could talk; he could take off and not come back and they would be a man short. There was only one thing to do.

"We're going to town," Craig said.

They would accompany Schwager to his house (safety permitting, of course) and allow him to spend just one hour with his wife. Schwager received very strongly worded instructions to say nothing of his mission to his wife. He was to tell her only that he had escaped from England and was now on a secret mission for German Intelligence. That and nothing more. The eager Schwager agreed to all of this, thanking Craig repeatedly, and they set out. What the hell, thought Craig, at least he was one Kraut who was on their side for sure.

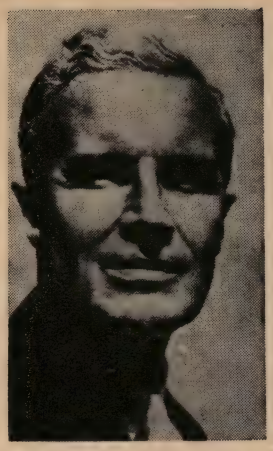
The village was asleep when they reached it. Schwager's house was at the end of a dead end street. The house was picturesque, typical of those in this part of Bavaria. It was white-washed, two-storied, with a row of small, shuttered windows. One light was burning, in a downstairs rear room.

While Schwager crept across the well-trimmed lawn at the rear of the house, the other men, with all their equipment with them, relaxed as much as possible behind a clump of bushes. Craig allowed one man at a time to smoke, knowing that there would be a certain amount of tension during the next hour, when Schwager would be in bed with his wife while they hadn't been with a woman for weeks.

Schwager, moving lightly for such a big man, crept to the rear of the house. He could hear a radio playing. Edging toward the window, he slowly moved his head enough to glance in. What he saw made him stiffen—with shock, with heartache and, finally, with savage anger.

Schwager's wife, a tall, full-bosomed, long-legged blonde, was in the bedroom stark naked, doing a slow, sensuous dance to the music. A German officer, a major, was sitting in a chair watching her, smirking, a glass of brandy in his hand. His bullet-shaped head was shaved down to the skull.

THE big blonde danced slowly up to him and then around him and then leaned forward and began twitching her shoulders so that her breasts softly struck the



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by Victor B. Mason

Out of the thousands who read this message perhaps only you and a few others will have the vision and the intuition to realize that it may be intended that you read this page at this time—that the coincidence of holding this magazine in your hands may shape your destiny, may guide you to lots of independence beyond the dreams of avarice.

Don't misunderstand me, I am not speaking of mysterious laws of nature that will sweep you to success without effort on your part. That sort of talk is *rubbish*. If this message is intended for you, you are the kind of man who knows that anything worthwhile must be earned. If the earlier development of your karma has revealed to you that there is no reward without effort, you may now be ready to learn and use the secret I have to impart.

Please don't misunderstand this statement. I am not a philanthropist. Frankly, I am going to charge you something for the secret I give you. Not a lot—but enough to convince me that you are a little above the fellows who merely "wish" for success.

I have two businesses that now pay me all the money I need. One of them is unusual in two respects: 1) It is needed in every little community throughout this country; 2) It is a business that will never be invaded by the big fellows. It is essentially a one man business and can be operated without outside help. It is good summer and winter. It is growing each year. It can be started in spare time on an investment so small that it is within the reach of anyone.

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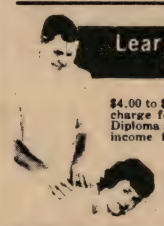

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man's head. The man grinned and threw back his head and opened his mouth.

Schwager looked away, fists clenched, cursing to himself. Then his anger turned to calm, calculating fury.

Schwager went around to the front of the house, found the front door open and let himself in silently. He went through the darkened house toward the rear bedroom. He could hear the music playing and his wife's soft laughter. The bedroom door was ajar and he moved up to it as softly as a cat, his face grimly set.

When he pushed the door open he saw his wife unbuttoning the officer's tunic, her lush, naked body moving rhythmically.

"Helga!" he said angrily.

The blonde whirled around, startled; the officer came to his feet, furious. Schwager charged into the room and with a single blow knocked the officer halfway across the room. Then he turned on his wife who was backing away from him with terror-filled eyes and drove his fist flush into her face as hard as he had ever hit anyone. He could feel all of the small bones in her nose smashing and crumbling, as well as several of her upper teeth being jarred out.

The blonde flew back and hit the floor, her naked legs kicking up as her body struck, her face a sudden mass of blood. She began sobbing and moaning.

The officer had staggered to his feet and was going for his Luger which lay in a leather holster on a chair. But he never made it. Schwager grabbed him, spun him around with one hand and with the other slugged him into unconsciousness. The officer slumped to the floor.

Schwager then turned back to his wife. He glared murderously at her for a moment, then knelt over her, straddling her with his knees. He took her milky white throat in his hands and began to squeeze and squeeze until the breath was gone from her body.

Then he got up, looking at his blood-stained hands. He stood still for a moment, dazed. Then he glared at the bed. He pulled a book of matches from his pocket, struck one and held it to the sheets. When it didn't catch he picked up a newspaper, ignited that and put it on the bed. Gradually the bed caught fire.

Schwager then went into the living room and set fire to the curtains, then raced upstairs and set fires there, too.

He went slowly downstairs. The house was filling with smoke. The bedroom was blazing. He left, closing the front door behind him.

He walked out into the backyard in a daze. Craig and the other men were on their feet, guns ready, not knowing what was going on. Already the flames were flaring in the bedroom windows.

"What the hell happened?" said Craig, grabbing the big German by the shoulders. "*Mein frau.* A swine of an officer. ." Then Schwager burst into tears. "Let's move out," said Craig, cursing himself for making this blunder.

The fire would soon attract everyone in the village. As they moved out, Schwager paused to take one last look. Every window in the house was glaring brightly now. Schwager spat once toward the house, then turned and followed the others.

AS they stumbled along through the woods, Craig tried to figure out what the hell to do, where to hide until things "cooled." But they couldn't hide out for long; that refinery had to be blown *soon,* before it started producing. And anyway, the longer they were here the more chance they had of being discovered. Damn that Schwager and his dumb *hausfrau!* And an officer, yet. The Nazis didn't like their officers dying under suspicious circumstances and would be searching for the killer if there was the slightest suspicion that the fire hadn't been an accident. And if Schwager was as dumb as he seemed, he'd left enough evidence to hang himself ten times over.

Abruptly, Craig stopped in his tracks. Maybe he could take one big chance, go for broke, and pull it out of the fire, literally.

"Hold it up," said Craig. "Listen, I can't repeat it. Everybody, including any troops that might be garrisoned in that village, will be fighting the fire. So we can go into town—and grab ourselves a set of wheels—a car, truck, anything that will help us get to the refinery fast and outrun any searching parties that will be looking for whoever killed the officer and burned down that house." Right now, we have nothing much to lose. We can always ditch the vehicle later if it gets too dangerous to drive it."

Craig was right; everyone was at the fire. So they commandeered the first decent looking vehicle they came to—a small, racy looking Mercedes sedan with the key in the ignition.

"Mighty pretty," said Devaney. "Sure will save a lot of walking."

Klaud said, "I'm a good driver," and no one argued with him as they all piled into the car. The engine started instantly and sounded as if it were finely tuned.

"Come on," Klaud, said Craig, "don't sit there listening to it purr!"

"*Ja, ja,*" said Klaud. "Just letting it warm up."

A few minutes later they were driving slowly along the winding mountain road, the headlights picking out the dark shapes of trees and boulders, and the occasioanl twin gleam of a small animal's eyes.

Klaud was a good driver; only once in the next hour did he come close to missing a turn and sending them off the edge of the road and down the mountainside. Then it was nearly daybreak.

"From here on, the picnic is over," said Craig.

"Picnic, is it?" said Devaney, and even the three normally dour Germans laughed.

They drove, never able to hit more than 50 m. p. h. for more than a few minutes at a stretch because of the hairpin curves in the road. And just as they were beginning to feel they were going to get away with it all, they heard a faint but definite thrumming sound on the road behind them. No one said anything until Craig remarked, "Ignore it, maybe it'll go away."

"I think not," said Reinecke, fondling the boxes of explosives on the floor of the car. "I will never get to blow up that beautiful refinery."

After another ten minutes or so the thrumming sound had become a faint roar.

"Motorcycles," said Klaud. "Nothing else could catch up to us so quickly on these roads."

"Yeah" said Craig. I guess they didn't like the looks of that fire and when the car turned up stolen I figure they connected the two events, both unusual for a quiet little burg like that."

"What shall I do, *Leutnant?*" asked Klaud. "Try to outrace them?"

"No. I'd say that there's four, maybe six of them at most. They don't know anything about us—who we are, how many we are, what we're doing here. This is what we'll do. . ."

Ten minutes later the little Mercedes was at the foot of a long hill, apparently having skidded off the road and hit a boulder near the roadside. One man, Craig, stood leaning against the car, head lolling as if he were injured. Slung behind his back out of sight was his tommy gun.

Six German motorcycles came speeding over the crest of the hill, and when they saw the car and Craig and started to brake, Devaney and the three Germans leaped from the woods, their tommy guns spraying bullets, soon joined by Craig.

TWO of the German cyclists were knocked from their cycles and were dead before they crashed against the blacktop road; one slammed against a tree and dashed his brains out, untouched by a bullet; two clung to their cycles as the bullets smashed into their bodies and went off the road into space and then down, down, down, one cycle's gas tank exploding and spewing bits of cycle and cyclist almost to the level of the road. The last in the formation of six cyclists, having inherited all the luck of the other five, had time to skid to a near-stop, turn and go back up the hill, escaping without a nick.

"Damn! Damn! Damn! shouted Craig. "Now they'll know we're up to something. That kraut'll get a medal for finding five saboteurs. . .

No times for post mortems. Let's get going, and damn the curves and motorcycles and everything else. We've got to blow that refinery."

"Ja, ja," said Reinecke. "I want to see it go BOOM!"

Later, crouched over the map, Craig said, "We're less than two miles from the refinery. It's too late to make it now, so we'll camp here tonight and pull out at dawn."

The next morning they were wakened by the sounds of an airplane. It was the Messerschmitt, circling the area.

"They're still looking for us," Craig siad. "Let's get moving."

Klaud led them up a trail through the rocks. It was rough going. Once Craig, spelling Schwager with a load of dynamite on his back, almost took a spill.

"I always wanted to end my life with a bang," he said, "but not quite yet."

They were moving through some timber when they heard the dogs.

"Bloodhounds," Craig said.

"They must've found the car and picked up the scent from there," Devaney said.

They began to trot through the trees. The barking dogs were getting nearer.

"Let's get some high ground and dig in," Craig said.

When they had cleared the trees they ran

into some rocks that gave them a commanding view of the area. Craig deployed them among the rocks, ordering no one to fire until he did.

Soon they could see the Germans coming through the trees, the ones in the lead pulled forward by the barking bloodhounds straining at their leashes. There was an open area of approximately fifty yards that they would have to cover to reach the rocks. Craig was going to let them all get out into the open.

The first soldiers came out of the trees, holding the dogs. They were followed by about ten more, holding rifles. They were led by an officer wearing sun glasses and an Afrika Korps hat. He was holding a Walther automatic.

Craig steadied his tommy gun on the rocks, drawing a bead on the officer. Now two more men came out of the trees, holding Schmeisser submachine guns, deadly weapons accurate at over 200 yards.

"You get those Schmeisser guns," Craig whispered to Devaney.

The hounds were lunging forward, their leashes pulled taut. All of the Germans were in the open now. Craig suddenly had a cold feeling about Reinecke, but a quick glance at the murderous German showed him crouched in the rocks, his BAR leveled at his countrymen.

WHEN Craig wet his lips, sighted on the officer and squeezed the trigger. His first burst sent the officer spinning around, riddled with .45 caliber bullets. Craig's burst opened the shooting from behind the rocks.

Two of the dog-holders were hit and they dropped, letting go of the leashes. The hounds came hurtling for the rocks, bounded over and landed amid Craig and his men. The dogs proceeded to hover over the men, nuzzling and pawing, and Reinecke, outraged, turned and shot them.

Another of the dog-holders went down but his wrist got caught in the leash and the runaway dog—a powerful russet-colored hound—dragged the dead body up to the rocks until the shooting frightened it away.

Devaney dropped one of the Schmeisser gunners but the other opened up a murderous barrage on the rocks, the bullets zinging in with terrific force.

The Germans began to retreat back toward the trees. Craig, not wanting them to get back under cover, sent a withering blast after them, cutting down the last of them.

"All right," Craig said, "let's get the hell away from here."

They moved rapidly for the rest of the day, to evade patrols. At nightfall, Klaud and Devaney, posing as German soldiers on furlough (wounded on the Russian front), stopped at a far and, with Devaney doing the talking, bought some cheese and corn bread and milk. They ate well that night, spending the night in a cedar grove.

When the three Germans were asleep Devaney crept up to Craig.

"Bill," Devaney whispered, "tell me something. Could you have done it?"

"Done what?" Craig asked.

"What they did today—gun down their own men."

Craig thought about it for a few moments. He looked at the sleeping Germans.

"I don't know," he said. "But I'd hate to

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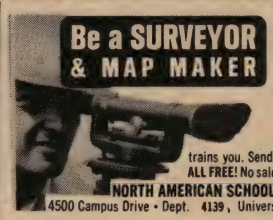

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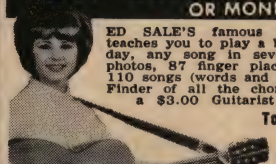

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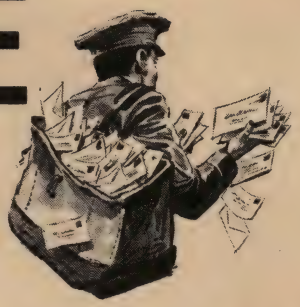

MORE GIVE-AWAYS

*** The article in the June MALE, titled "Eager Females—How They Reveal Themselves," was fine as far as it went. But among your list of "girls who will," you should have included the following:**

1. The tense, up-tight chick — that's probably sexual tension.

2. The girl who wears sunglasses indoors—in bars, restaurants, etc. She is probably looking over the males but doesn't want them to see that her eyes are moving. (Move in before she sees a guys she likes and it isn't you.)

3. The "little match girl" — she never has matches, and fumbles in her pocketbook. Quick, give her a light. It's her gimmick to pick up a man.

4. The girl who carries attention-getting "props" around with her—off-beat paperback books, foreign language magazines, shopping bags from unusual stores. They're natural conversation-starters, and she knows it.

David Arnesto
N.Y.C.

Thanks, Dave. We've received quite a few additions to our list but don't have space to print them all. Yours, in our opinion, were fairly unusual ones, so we printed them.—The Editors

A MAN'S CASTLE

*** Nice going on "The Home Stealers" in the July MALE. I almost lost my home because I was seriously ill and fell a few months behind in my mortgage payments. Fortunately, several legislators raised such a rumpus about archaic laws that permitted "a man's castle" to be all but stolen from him, that a wheeler-dealer who was after my home withdrew his ridiculously low bid.**

Andrew Steder
Chicago, Ill.

MAO'S MAFIA

*** One point that wasn't covered in an otherwise fine article in the July issue of MALE (Rod Arlen—International Gold Smuggler) was the roles played by Red China and the Mafia, who often work together. The Mafia smuggles the gold to China, where they sell it at inflated prices.**

The process is quite complex, involving economics, international politics, intrigue, and of course, the usual cut-throat operations of the Mafia, in this case its U.S. branch. And here the Mafioso are not only criminals but also traitors, since they are dealing with a Communist nation that is out to destroy the U.S.

Harold Fainsod
N.Y.C.

Like you say Harold, the China-Mafia operation is complex and would require far more space than we had available in the story, which was really about Rod Arlen.—The Editors

RAVES FOR . . .

*** "Blood Hunt Mafioso" (MALE, June 1969) was one of the greatest Book Bonuses you've ever run. Grant Freeling always is excellent, but in this story he has outdone himself.**

Al Halvorsen
Garfield, N.J.

*** Your June Book Bonus, "Blood Hunt Mafioso," was terrific. It had suspense, ingenuity, interesting characters and—unusual in this type of story—believability.**

Carl Ptoryn
Juneau, Alaska

The cards and letters on "Blood Hunt Mafioso" just keep on a-coming. Thanks from us and Grant Freeling.—The Editors

TOPLESS MARCHES ON

*** So, we now have topless salesgirls in bookstores ("Topless Salesgirls of Porno City," MALE, July 1969). What next topless? A few suggestions: Topless airline stewardesses, topless supermarket checkout clerks, topless librarians, topless schoolteachers (watch the drop-outs drop back in), topless lady psychiatrists. The possibilities are limitless. Why someday we might even have a topless lady President of the United States.**

Elton Wode
Memphis, Tenn.

Any lady Presidential candidate who goes topless has our votes.—The Editors

think it."

"I don't trust them," Devaney said. "I don't trust any of them. Reinecke's a blood-thirsty madman, Schwager's strangled his own wife, and Klaud is as slippery as a greased eel."

"They've had their chances at us." Craig said.

"I know, I know," Devaney said. "But I still don't trust them."

They rose the next morning and, with Schwager guiding them made good time going through a series of narrow passes in the mountains. Passing through the upper valley of the Iller, they moved across a series of low, grass-covered hills, then through a spruce forest. They skirted the fringes of some dairy farms and kept going. It was beautiful country, so far untouched by the war.

They were a fifteen-minute walk from Dornau, the town where the refinery was located. Craig gave them a final briefing and said that after the raid they would head west toward Switzerland, either as a unit or separately.

The next morning, just before dawn, they approached the refinery. Craig studied it with a pair of binoculars. He could understand now why the place could not be destroyed from the air. A side of the mountain had been carved out and the refinery built right into it, protected by overhanding rock ledges.

THE front of the place was surrounded by a high wire fence that Craig suspected might be electrified. He could see, also, a guard tower near the front gate.

After Devaney had had a look through the glasses he whispered to Craig, "This is suicidal. We might get in but how the hell do we get out?"

"Shut up," Craig said. But Devaney was only too right.

Craig lay on his back, closed his eyes and thought about it. The temptation to forget the job and try to get to Switzerland now was very strong. Nobody could blame them for not trying to blow up an impregnable target. Then he felt himself smiling, almost before he realized it. He was smiling at himself. Of course he was going to take that refinery; there wasn't a thing in the world that could prevent his trying. *I'm crazy,* Craig thought almost cheerfully. I'm really crazy.

By mid-afternoon he had formulated a plan.

"Klaud," he said, "how long would it take for a man to climb around the mountain over the refinery?"

"Perhaps four hours," Klaud said. "Longer, if he gets shot in the legs," the German said smiling slyly.

A man coming down by rope from above would be able to land on the concrete deck that jutted out from the upper portion of the refinery, which seemed to be a clerical section situated above the machinery. A man getting in there with some grenades could raise enough of a fuss to allow the others to rush the gate and blow it.

"A very smooth idea," Klaud said, "but who is going to do it? It is almost certain death and needs strength and endurance rather than my climbing skill."

Craig looked around. They were all looking at him.

"Schwager," he said.

The big prize fighter had been moody and morose since strangling his wife. Craig sensed about him a monumental indifference to everything. A man in such a mood, almost a suicidal mood, was perfect for an almost suicidal mission.

Schwager shrugged when asked if he would go. "Why not? Maybe it will be my lucky day."

There was some grim laughter at the remark.

Schwager was also immensely tough and athletic, and the job would call for displays of both. Craig gave him some rope, a BAR and a half dozen grenades. Klaud gave him a few climbing tips and tied the proper knots in the rope. Then Schwager left.

There was nothing to do but wait. It would be early afternoon by the time Schwager reached the top of the mountain. It was a good time for a strike. Their getaway—if there was to be a getaway—would be just around dusk.

They began moving in closer toward the refinery. Once Schwager began his diversion the rest was simple enough. Rush the gates, blow the gate, get inside. Try to stay alive long enough for Reinecke to dynamite.

They waited. The hours passed.

"You think they'll go?" Devaney asked Craig, nodding toward the two Germans who were sitting together.

"Maybe," Craig said. "Move in closer, see if you can pick up what they're saying without making it look obvious."

DEVANEY slid closer. Reinecke was doing the talking. He was telling Klaud that they had gone far enough, that they had earned their reward from the Allies, that this was madness. Klaud said nothing.

"Reinecke's got the shakes," Devaney told Craig later. "I think you can officially classify him as unpredictable."

"We'll just have to keep an eye on him," Craid said.

"Well," Devaney said, "I'm not letting him get behind me, I'll tell you that much."

The afternoon shadows were beginning to fall longer when Craig spotted Schwager with his binoculars. He watched the German fastening and securing his rope to some rocks, then loop it around his waist. Then Schwager waved off into the distance, assuming, correctly, that Craig was watching him. In the spot he was, the German guards couldn't see him.

"He's gutsy," Craig said quietly.

The moment Schwager began lowering himself, the others moved out. They went hurrying down the slopes, crossed a ravine and approached the road that ran into the refinery. Craig spotted two men in the guard tower manning a machine gun. There were two sentries on duty at the gate.

Above, they could see Schwager, small as a fly, slowly coming down, hand over hand over hand. In less than a minute he would be at the deck.

"As soon as the noise starts we move," Craig said. He was depending on the guards and sentries to be looking up at the disturbance. "Devaney, you blast the tower. I'll gun the sentries. Klaud will blow the gate."

Suddenly Klaud broke through the shrubbery that was covering them and went dashing across the road toward the gate, shouting.

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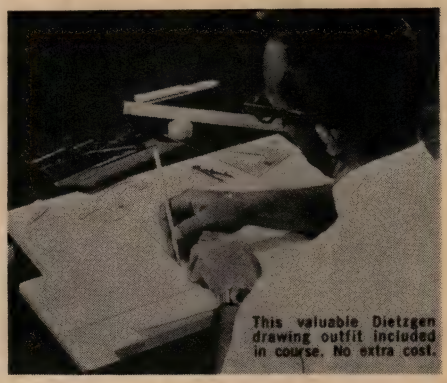

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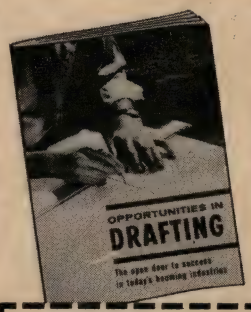

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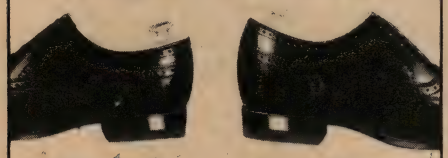

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"Hold your fire!" Craig said, batting down Devaney's rifle.

Klaud headed straight for the gate, yelling wildly. When he reached it, however, and tried to pull it open there was a sudden sizzling flash and a burst of smoke and Klaud screamed as thousands of volts of electricity went tearing through his body.

A moment later Schwager was on the deck, slipping the rope over his head. He immediately hurled a grenade through the window. The explosion made the guards wheel around.

"Now!" Craig yelled.

They burst out of the shrubbery and darted across the road. Craig turned his fire on the men in the tower, his stream of bullets ripping apart their glass protection and killing both of the men. Devaney picked off one of the guards while the other got off a shot before Reinecke's grenade filled him with shrapnel at the same moment it blew a hole in the fence.

They went running across the yard now toward the refinery. From upstairs they heard a series of explosions as Schwager began hurling his grenades.

Two soldiers who came running out of the front door fell under Craig's blazing tommy gun. A moment later they were inside. Workers were running everywhere. The place was a maze of generators and machinery and thick steel coils and huge pipes.

"Keep banging away!" Craig yelled. "Reinecke, set your charges!" Reinecke, a wild gleam in his eyes, hurried from place to place setting his dynamite charges, ignoring the mayhem.

Devaney picked off a leather-coated Gestapo man who came running with a blazing Luger. Reinecke shot a worker who was coming at him with a wrench as he was lovingly setting a charge. From above there was a series of shots which indicated Schwager was still at it.

RIFLE shots from above started pinging around them. A half-dozen German soldiers were kneeling under an iron bannister and shooting at them. Devaney hurled a grenade which clattered among them. One of the Germans picked it up and tried to return it but it went off in his hand, throwing him out in midair.

Craig ran like a hunchback in and out of the machinery. The rifle fire from above continued. Suddenly Reinecke went down with a bullet in his chest.

Devaney hurled another grenade at the riflemen and this one went off in their midst and two more of the Germans went spilling off the platform.

Several of the workers rushed Devaney and he fought them off with his BAR, braining one of them with the stock, ramming the barrel into the groin of the second, disabling him.

There were fires above now, great clouds of gray smoke belching out.

"Let's go!" Craig yelled. All of the charges had been set. The minutes were ticking by. Maybe two, three at the most were left. Reinecke, still alive, was crawling toward Craig. Craig got him to his feet, supported him.

He sprayed the place with his tommy gun as he backed off, dragging Reinecke. The firing from above had been silenced. When they ran from the refinery they found two soldiers there. Craig cut up one with his tommy gun but the other sent a slug into Devaney. Craig crouched and carved the German up and down with the machine gun.

Devaney was hit badly, in the leg and chest. He was barely alive. Reinecke, now laying on the floor, was dead. He'd never see his biggest blast—too bad. Craig looked at his watch—maybe two minutes at most were left before the refinery was going to blow. There was no choice but to run. He simply couldn't make it if he carried Devaney.

Inside the refinery he saw several soldiers clattering down the iron steps from above. He could see all the machinery, the massive generators and intricate coils and pipes and the huge drums and all the wheels and valves. In another minute it was going to be flying out with the force of a hundred hurricanes.

He took off and ran at top speed. He leaped over the wreckage of the gate, crossed the road just as several shots were pegged at him, barreled into the shrubbery and kept going until he heard the first explosion. Then he fell back and, panting, gasping for air, watched it go, almost hypnotized by the spectacle.

The mountain went with it. It trembled and shook and then began falling in on the refinery. A series of tremendous roaring explosions went off, Craig could feel the concussions in the air. Great clouds of black smoke went soaring into the air and there were billowing bursts of fire. The mountain continued to slide forward and the explosions—there seemed to be hundreds of them—kept throwing the dirt and rocks outward. He wondered if Schwager had gotten away—probably not. He'd achieved his suicidal wish.

When it was over Craig was dazed. He could hardly believe what he had done, what he had seen.

When it was over, when the Germans' refinery for manufacturing precious fuel for their fledgling jet planes lay under tons of rubble, Bill Craig lifted himself up and wearily began trudging toward Switzerland, after burying all his weapons and equipment except a pistol.

But he never made it. He was picked up two days later when a German patrol surrounded him. Then Craig played his ace in the hole--papers identifying him as an American pilot who had escaped from a nearby P.O.W. camp. The German did not connect him with the disastrous oil refinery blast.

Craig was sent to a different P.O.W. camp than the one he was supposed to have escaped from, since it was Nazi policy not to return an escaped P.O.W. to a camp after an escape. After the war, he was freed and flown to London where he was decorated by both the American and British governments. Along with his medals he received a scroll which mentioned his "high heroism" and his "remarkable feat which helped give the Allies command of the air in the final battles which crushed Nazi Germany."

Sergeant Stephen Devaney received a posthumous award for his role in the successful mission.

Today Bill Craig lives quietly in his native Texas, not far from Houston, where he is in the wholesale fruit and vegetable business. ***

Taming Mrs. Parris

continued from page 25

She didn't turn it into a challenge, a weapon or a problem as so many women did. Johnny had seen and felt this from the beginning, and it made him feel good.

"You make me happy, Johnny," she'd said. "I want to make you happy too."

And she began to kiss his face—the eyes first, licking his closed lids, moving to his nose, his cheeks, his mouth that opened to receive her tongue. She stayed a while there, holding his face between her hands.

Johnny lay back, and he could feel young years coming alive in him. He could feel an excitement he had not felt for too long a time. It was as if she was peeling away all the weary troubles that had grown like another skin upon his life.

Finally Johnny kissed her, and he was surprised at how long they continued to make love, how fine and easy things were between them—how generous her body and how deep his pleasure when they were done and she curled into his arms as if she had always been there.

Driving out of the French Quarter, on his way to St. Bernard Parrish where he lived, Johnny was bewildered that such a joyous time could make him feel as sad as he felt now.

The girl (as he kept referring to her in his mind even though he knew her name: Linda) had been as good, maybe even better than any woman he had ever known. She knew tricks that would put any magician to shame.

But more important than how good she had been, was how good she had made him! It had been more than a few years since he had gone on for so long a time. He had felt like a nineteen year-old youth who knew what the years teach a thirty-one year-old man...

"AND please don't make a fool of yourself again," his wife said. "Zip me up, will you." Johnny zipped up her blue dress. "It's not exactly easy for me to see my friends after you've made a spectacle of yourself the way you did last month at the Rawsons'."

"Just about everybody in that goddamn room was drunk," Johnny said. He picked a maroon tie from the rack on his closet door, began tying it.

"But just about everybody didn't try to imitate Mr. Fred Astaire in the middle of the garden, now did they?" she asked him.

"Honey, let's spoil the evening after it's over," Johnny said. "Not before. O.K.? That'll be an improvement."

"Stop trying to be smart," she said. "You're not very good at it, you know. Stick to driving a truck."

"Vicki. . .goddamn it. . ." Johnny stopped. She turned to him. At this particular moment he hated her guts. She looked beautiful and he hated her guts. With her jet black hair hanging down onto her shoulders and her fine breasts showing their cleavage in the strapless dress, she was sexier than any woman who'd be at the party. And he hated her guts!

"Why in hell don't you just add up the total score," he said, "and tell me I'm not very good at *anything*!"

She smiled in a creul way. "You're the one who said it, lover," she told him. "Please remember that." She turned and walked out of the bedroom.

Johnny felt like breaking her neck. He remembered how fine he had felt only yesterday with Linda and he knew how lousy he felt right now with Vicki.

Day by day...worse and worse...

It had started towards the end of the second year of his marriage. Things began to fall apart for Johnny Martin. Up to that point he and Vicki had had a very fine time together. She was beautiful, sexy, always ready to please him, to share his pleasures. She was everything he had hoped to have in a wife.

And then the good wife began to turn into a bitch. Vicki started by belittling Johnny in small ways. He knocked out a sizable chunk of plaster while hanging a new picture she had bought; she made him feel as if he'd caved in the roof. "Men are supposed to be able to do these things." she had told him.

He bought a necktie that had caught his eye. It was deep blue with a yellow design. "My god, lover!" she exclaimed when she saw the tie. "Just don't you let any immigration officer see you in that. Why, lord! - he'll send you right back to the old country. I *swear*, he will!"

It was not long before this escalated into Vicki's telling him how he made a fool of himself at parties. She suggested that maybe the solution to his "party problem" would be to drink soda pop like the rest of the kiddies.

Then Johnny would be sitting watching TV in the evening or a ball game on Sunday afternoon. She'd come in and ask him if watching TV was the best way he knew how to spend his time.

All this turned out to be a prelude. Johnny got the full artillery one night in bed.

They had finished making love and Vicki turned to him and said, "Couldn't you have waited just a little longer? You know there are *two* of us in this bed!"

A few nights later when Johnny did something in the course of their lovemaking that she had enjoyed many times before, Vicki looked down at him and said, "Do you *have* to do that?"

"Look. . ." Johnny started. But he stopped. He wanted no part of the fight she seemed to be pushing him into.

"What is it, lover?" she asked him.

"Go to sleep," Johnny said. He rolled over onto his side of the bed.

"*Now*?" she asked with annoyance. "Don't you believe in finishing what you've started? I was brought up to believe that was how gentlemen behaved."

"I don't think you'd know a gentleman from the rear end of a purple donkey." Johnny said.

"I suppose that's how I got myself married to you," she said.

"Go. . ." Johnny stopped again. The hell with her, he thought. He turned on his side, closed his eyes and knew he would not fall asleep for one hell of a long time.

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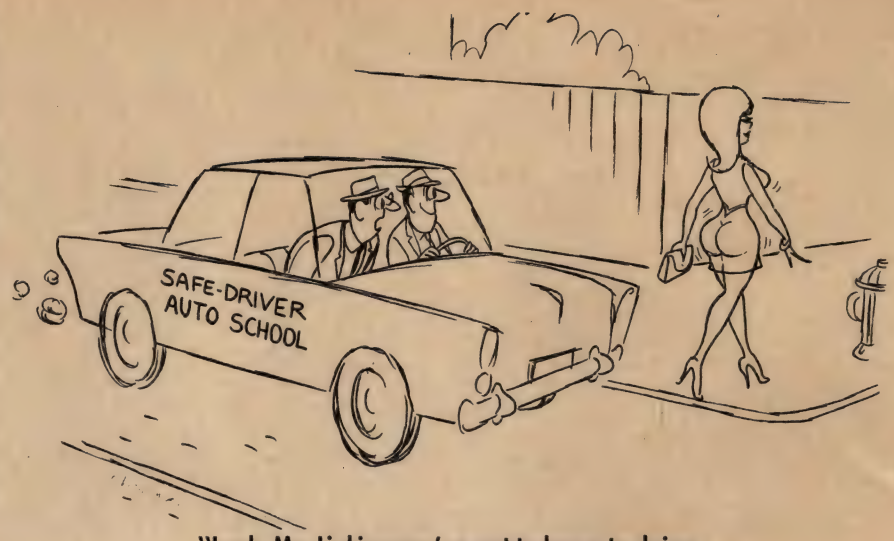

"Look, Mr. Lipkin—you've got to learn to doing on what you concentrate!"

THE next day, Johnny felt cut to pieces inside himself. His groin felt empty. If she was out to emasculate him, she was doing one sweet job of it, he thought.

It was this feeling that made Johnny head for one of the small bars on Bourbon Street after work that day.

As a bachelor, Johnny had gotten to know the French Quarter of his native New Orleans. He knew the bars, the bartenders, a lot of the girls who worked the street, even a few of the strippers who bumped and wiggled all night for the tourist trade.

Since he had married Vicki, however, he'd stayed away from the street, the old haunts. He'd had no need for anything extra. He was happy in his own bed with his own wife.

Now that was changed.

When he walked into the dimly lit Absinthe House, Bullard, one of the bartenders, greeted him.

"Well, Mr. Parris, now it's mighty good to see you!"

Johnny sat down at the bar, ordered a Jack Daniels on the rocks. He talked with Bullard for a while. Two men came in, sat down at the other end of the bar. Johnny noticed a lovely small redhead seated two stools to his left. He smiled when she turned towards him. She held up her empty glass.

"Please join me," Johnny said.

The girl moved over next to him. Bullard filled both their glasses without being given any order.

"I'm Janey," the girl said. "I've never seen you in here."

"I'm an old customer who's been away," Johnny said.

"To your coming back," the girl said, lifting her glass.

"I'm glad I got the right welcoming committee," Johnny said.

She lived two blocks from the bar. It cost Johnny $20. But it was worth it. Her act was good.

"Anything you want," she said as soon as they were both undressed.

But on his way home, he knew Janey was no answer to what was eating him up inside.

Vicki kept at it. Several times Johnny thought of going back to the Absinthe House.

It wasn't long after this that Johnny asked Linda out for a drink after work.

He'd known her for more than a year. She was Kirland's secretary. Johnny gave her his delivery reports. They were easy, friendly with each other from the beginning. And once when they shared a bottle in the office, they'd made love in the storage room. Nothing serious. . .

Now, when he sat across from her in the small bar near the office, he began staring at her in a way that made her say, "You remember who I am, don't you?" She said it in a pleasant way. Johnny snapped out of his staring.

"I know who you are, all right," he said. "But I don't think I ever knew what you really looked like."

"Now I don't know whether to take that as a compliment or not," she said.

"A compliment," said Johnny. "With eyes like that, it's got to be a compliment."

They had three drinks and talked of general things that didn't mean much to either of them.

Then Johnny began to unload himself on her. He was not drunk. He knew perfectly well what he was doing, what he was telling her. He told himself a man should keep matters like this private. But just telling her about what was rotting inside him made that rotting stop—at least for the time he was with her.

When he was finished, Johnny ordered two more drinks. Turning to Linda, he said, "Look. . .I'm sorry I threw all this at you."

She smiled at him. "Not to be sorry," she said. "Didn't you know that if you want to find an expert on the troubles of married men, all you have to do is find a single girl in any big city. I don't know why it is, but I don't know of a single girl over 21 in this city who hasn't , at one time or another, gotten herself involved with a married man."

"Does that mean you're ready to get involved with me?" Johnny asked her.

"I think so," she said.

JOHNNY'S affair with Linda continued for the next three months. He saw her at least one night a week after work. Sometimes they went to her apartment during lunch hour and enjoyed themselves in a

playfully hurried way. Johnny never failed to have a good time when he was with the girl. But as soon as he left her, whether to go home or back to his job, he felt the rotten emptiness inside himself again. He tried over and over to get things right—not necessarily with Vicki, but at least with himself. Nothing worked.

It was, oddly enough, Vicki herself, who forced the answer on him.

There had been plenty of needling about money. He'd heard all of it from her dozens of times. He had been driving a truck for three years without any sign that he was going to get promoted. So-and-so had been promoted. So-and-so were moving into their new house. This couple was taking a couple of extra weeks off to fly to Mexico.

Vicki went through the whole routine one night. But she had a little something to add.

She was on the job bit, how he was still driving the truck. And from there she cut sharply into, "Or is it maybe you want to keep doing that because of the cheap little whore I saw you with this afternoon? Is that it, lover?" She laughed. She then described Linda, told him the name of the restaurant he had taken her to for lunch.

"Had to find some innocent little girl," Vicki went on, "who wouldn't know enough to ask for more. Oh, lover, you're a clever man!"

Johnny grabbed her shoulder. He was about to hit her across the mouth. But he merely threw her down onto the bed.

Vicki laughed up at him.

Johnny looked down at her for several moments. She was grinning at him in a defiant, mocking way.

Slowly, Johnny unbuttoned and removed his shirt. He dropped it onto the floor. He kicked off his loafers, took off the rest of his clothes.

"Oh, come now, lover!" Vicki said. "Don't make a fool of yourself in the bargain."

Johnny took hold of her arm, pulled her onto her feet. She did not fight him as he undressed her. She was completely passive in a way that was designed only to mock him.

When she was naked, she smiled at Johnny, shaking her head. "Poor boy!" she said.

He stopped the laughter by making love to her in a fierce, rough way. He had not known this kind of angry passion existed in him. He didn't know how or why, but his body had suddenly grown ten feet tall and he had the strength and stamina not even his young years had known.

Johnny kept at it a very long time, as if he thought his task was to smash her body into pieces that would scatter and be lost, and so he would be rid of this bitch.

But she did not break into pieces. She began crying with joy, her head rolling wildly from side to side on the pillow. And finally she begged him to stop for just a little while. "Please, love," she muttered, "I can't take any more. O, love, love. . ."

JOHNNY finished. He looked at her smiling face, her eyes closed; she had turned into a new woman before his eyes.

He got out of bed.

"I hope they won't have to bring the court stallion in, your majesty," he said.

"Johnny. . .darling,. . .forgive me. . . please," Vicki said. "Please, please, please forgive me." He could hardly believe it: even her voice was changed. It was soft again, as it had been in the early days of their marriage when all things had been good.

"Darling." She sat up in bed. "I feel as if I'd just been awakened out of a terrible dream. Believe—*please*! I don't know what happened to me. I could feel myself turning into a bitch and I wanted to stop and I couldn't. Then I was so deep in it I didn't even bother wanting to stop. It got worse and worse. And now—god!—it's like coming out of a nightmare. Oh, how I must have hurt you!"

Johnny stood there bewildered by this sudden display of new love and deep regrets.

"Maybe there was some part of me that had to be tamed," she said. "Maybe all my bitchery was only crying out for that. Johnny, I promise. . ."

"No promises," Johnny said. "We'll see what happens. O.K.?"

Her smile now was warm and open. She nodded and she said, "O.K."

WHAT happened was that Vicki became the woman he had married. More than that. She had a richness about her now she had not had before. She was warmer, more passionate, more generous with him than she had ever been.

But Johnny was still not sure what he wanted to do. He continued seeing Linda. He realized that Vicki knew damn well he was still seeing her. But she said nothing.

As for Linda, she told Johnny she wanted to continue seeing him even after he told her how things were fine again with his wife.

"Don't worry," Linda told him. "You won't break my heart. And I know I won't break yours. We give each other pleasure. That's no crime until we begin to think it is."

And as he walked from Linda's apartment to where he had parked his car, Johnny thought about what a rich man he was. He thought about Linda and knew he could have the young years now whenever he wanted them. He thought about Vicki and knew that when you tame a bitch, you've really got a lady for yourself.

Johnny suddenly realized he was whistling. He hadn't whistled in the street for—probably years! He grinned. He didn't know if he was right or wrong living as he was now. Soon he'd find out. ***

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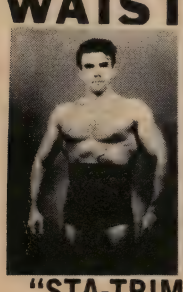

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Fall-Apart Housing

Continued from page 27

city councils and building inspectors to take a hard look at the sleazy practices of this multi-billion-dollar business.

In Topeka, Kansas, a staircase in a one-year-old house collapsed, killing a three-year-old boy and crippling his grandmother. The wood had been mislabeled at the mill; it was unfit for anything except cheap fence work.

In Tulsa, Oklahoma, a grand piano plummeted through the floor of a house completed only months before, landing in the basement and wrecking the family car. The piano was worth $2500; the car was written off at $1900; and the damage to the house ran to $1800.

The builder, who had been involved in litigation because of other faulty houses he erected, skipped town. The lumber company which sold unsafe flooring exceeding the Building Code's "allowable deflection" has served notice it will contest any claims.

John Gresham of Van Nuys, California, also knows how hard-nosed the lumber boys can be. Right now, he's holding the bag for $6500, thanks to the indifference of a timber firm that sold inferior and dangerous wood flooring to the developer of the tract where the Gresham family lives.

Last summer, Mr. Gresham lay awake listening with foreboding as his $29,000 house creaked and groaned. For two years the nocturnal noises of his two-story "Colonial" residence—odd, snapping sounds and the crackle of settling planks—had worried the family.

Suddenly, Gresham's wife Lila gasped as their bed tilted. Her husband clutched at her to keep her from slipping to the canting floor. A grinding, crunching noise filled the air.

"The floor's caving in, John!" Mrs. Gresham gasped. "Hurry, get the kids —the house is collapsing."

BY now, a six-foot, gaping crater yawned under Gresham's feet as he grabbed desperately at walls and sliding furniture to retain his balance. Moments later, the entire second floor splintered and family, beds, dressers and chairs slid down into the chasm.

The Greshams and their three children found themselves entangled in a mound of clothing and wrecked furniture in the dining room on the first floor. Fortunately, their injuries were minor. But it could have been a calamity.

"We contacted the builder and the lumber firm, but they claimed shifting earth movements had caused the floor to collapse," Gresham told me. "Then I hired a soil engineer to prove that the ground was okay. Other experts discovered that the wood used in that broken floor had been misgraded at the mill. Actually, the floor had been constructed of low-grade 'utility' planks which had been stamped 'first-grade' by a teen-aged inspector who didn't know a board foot from a tree stump."

To date, the Greshams haven't collected a penny in damages from builder or lumber company. Gresham, a car salesman, had to borrow all the cash value of his life insurance to pay for the repairs to his house. He was told bluntly by his attorney:

"Suing the lumber outfit is useless. It would cost you thousands, and their huge legal staff would probably win or keep appealing the verdict. Better patch up your house and stay out of court. You'll save yourself cash and heartbreak."

Rich or poor, you have no guarantee —if you build a house—that the lumber company or contractor won't cheat you by substituting inferior or dangerous wood for the timber specified in your plans.

In one affluent area of custom-built homes in Minneapolis, where houses cost from $50,000 to $85,000, a flood of complaints by angry owners revealed that green lumber "of inexcusably low-grade quality," in the words of a building inspector, had been used for flooring, windows, and doors.

In one of these luxury homes, eleven teen-agers holding a party in the recreation room over the garage hurtled to the concrete floor of the garage when their dancing caused the floor to collapse. The social room—a large one—should have safely held 40 people if the proper grade of wood flooring had been installed.

As a result of this accident, the homeowner was sued for a total of $300,000 by injured boys and girls. After he made an out-of-court settlement, he learned that the builder who had installed the flimsy planks had folded his corporation and could not be held liable for the injuries caused by his negligence and greed. After dissolving his company, he immediately set up a new contracting firm and is still doing business.

For almost eighty years, the nation's timber kings—who have outlasted the railroad barons, the mining tycoons, and the coal czars—have virtually written their own ticket in grabbing hundreds of millions of dollars by indiscriminate logging and other high-handed practices.

Using suave public relations outfits and advertising "geniuses," some 900 lumber companies of the southern and western states have successfully concealed from taxpayers the extent of their swollen profits, rape of national parks, and heavy-handed influence on legislators in a score of states.

BUT a wave of accidents, death, and shoddy buildings during our prolonged real estate boom—which consumed billions of board feet of wood—has focused attention on the way a sizable segment of the lumber industry rides roughshod over the poor suckers who have to buy and use wood products.

I talked with Ralph Catlett, a 34-year-old house painter in New Orleans. Catlett now is a paraplegic. Last year he fell 80 feet from a brand-new wooden "safety scaffolding" while he was at

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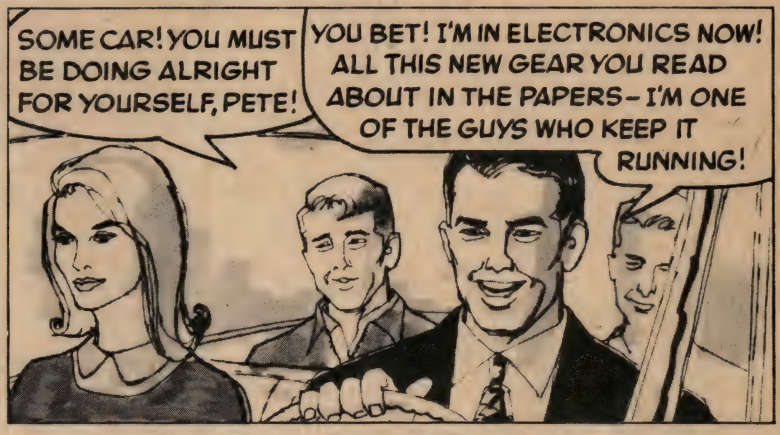
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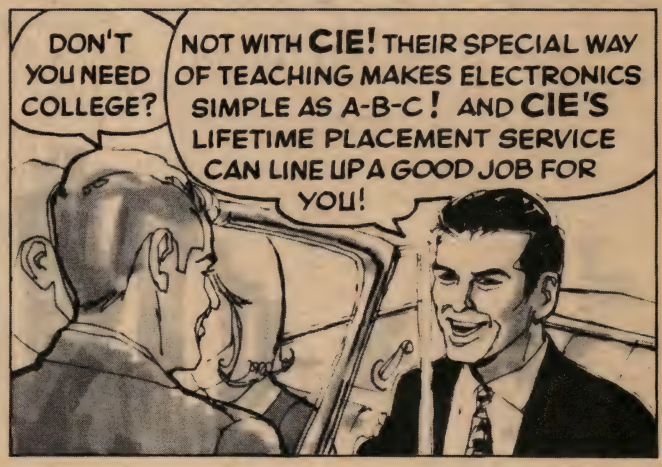
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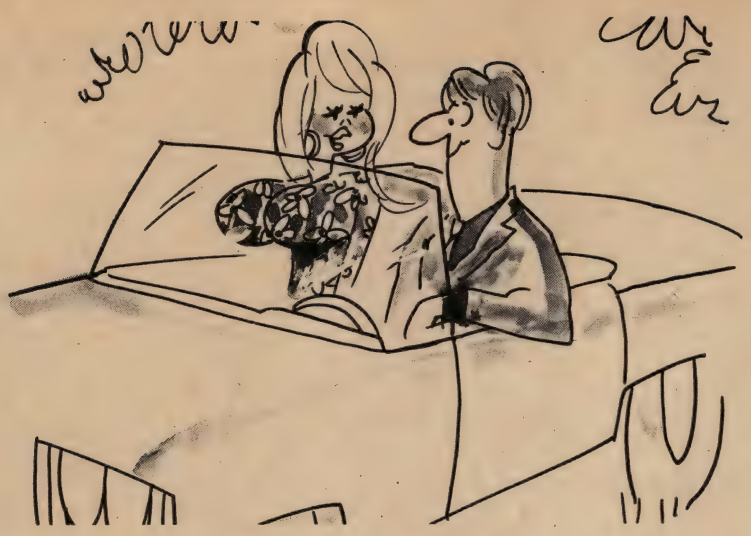


"Oh, they're not mine—Agnes let me borrow them for tonight."

work three stories up.

"The wood was supposed to bear 1500 pounds of weight safely," the painter said. "I weigh 190 pounds. The damned thing snapped like an orange crate and I landed on my spine. Sure, I'll sue the scaffold manufacturer and the lumber firm that provided the wood. So far, they've offered me a lousy $4500 settlement. My medical expenses alone this year will exceed $14,000."

Recently, I heard about a group of 32 irate families in an Omaha, Nebraska, subdivision who bought houses in the $24,000-$28,000 price range. Mrs. Wilma Harper, a librarian, showed me the living-room of her two-year-old frame Cape Cod.

Ludicrously, weeds and flowers had poked through three-inch gaps in her baseboards and flooring. A rubber ball placed on the uneven floor rolled crazily in various directions.

Every door in the house was swollen or out of plumb. Windows wouldn't open or c ose. A new washing machine tilted at a sharp angle; its weight had cracked two boards in the "utility room" flooring.

"We attempted as a group to sue the builder but he dissolved his corporation and has no liability," said Mrs. Harper. "Then we tried to find out who had sold the builder this awful lumber, but there are no identifying marks on the boards. I'm a widow and earn $410 a month. It will cost me $5,000 to fix this place, maybe more. Other families suffered even greater losses because the lumber used in their houses wouldn't make satisfactory cigar boxes. It doesn't seem fair that we are burdened with 25-year mortgages for houses built of cheap, unsafe wood."

The rascals who peddle inferior and dangerous wood at high prices got a tongue-lashing and lesson not long ago from then Senator Ernest Gruening of Alaska, after he received complaints from 47 home-owners who charged that their new houses wouldn't hold heat.

Typical was Harry Tuggle, an Anchorage pharmacist, who said:

"The gaps and cracks in my wooden flooring caused fierce drafts to whistle through the house. The wood sashes and frames of our windows were a disgrace. They just warped and peeled away, letting snow and cold air into the house. Though my fuel bill ran as high as $90 a month, I couldn't heat the interior to more than 31 degrees. Half the time my family was sick or in bed to keep warm."

THE indignant Senator Gruening prodded FHA officials to take action against a major U.S. construction firm which was ordered to install new wood wherever necessary in the 47 houses. Reluctantly, the company spent $100,000 on the repair work. As a veteran Anchorage contractor said,

"They were up against the wall because of the senator's intervention, so they had to make good. Actually, if they had used first-rate wood at one-quarter the cost of the repairs at the time their subdivision was built, they would have had no trouble. But they got greedy and tried to get by with lousy materials. In our tough climate, using cheap wood in a house is an invitation to pneumonia or freezing."

At last, the federal government is taking notice of dog-eat-dog practices that enrich the lumber companies while bringing injury, expense and heartbreak to thousands of people. Recently, the Federal Trade Commission made the timber people turn pale by declaring:

"The masquerading of low-grade lumber for high-grade lumber has bilked consumers of millions of dollars and has lowered the margin of structural safety in innumerable dwellings."

Even if the lumber you buy is correctly graded, because of the patchwork of confusing standards within the industry, it may not be as strong or as stiff as building inspectors assume it to be. This is the worrisome finding of a congressional subcommittee headed by Rep. John D. Dingell of Michigan, which for two years has been quietly probing the practices of the major lumber firms.

In Portland, Oregon, I talked with Herbert Gratz, a veteran lumberyard owner who closed his business because of his disgust at the practices of his major suppliers. He said,

"The inspection of logs and planks at the mills is a big joke these days. But it's not funny, because human lives are at stake. The employees who grade lumber are supposed to be able, conscientious men. But the only qualification many have is a willingness to work cheap and stamp any lousy wood the way their bosses demand."

Is there any official agency which accredits these "inspectors"? I asked. Mr. Gratz shorted derisively.

"There are a bunch of phony 'grading agencies' which issue diplomas or certificates to amateurs who then become graders. Some agencies are run for a fast buck by private individuals; others are dummy offices set up by the lumber associations. Their main function is to rush inferior timber to market for high prices. Costs are rising and contractors will buy anything these days. It's a wonder more houses, garages and apartment buildings don't collapse."

The Federal Trade Commission findings support this man's accusations. When government investigators examined random stacks of wood, they discovered plenty of lumber which had been misgraded at the mills. The feds also learned that sanctions against such misbehavior had no real teeth, in the words of one Washington official.

He elaborated: "In one case, an Oregon grading 'expert' was revealed to be the 20-year-old son of a company foreman. The youth had only a fifth-grade education, a low IQ in the 90s, and smoked pot while on the job. But he was the official who was putting the seal of approval on lumber used for dwellings and offices. We learned that no incompetent timber grader has ever been fired or decertified. These lumber companies protect their own. They really clam up if you try to find out about a man's qualifications."

NOR are supply houses and contractors free from blame. The FTC uncovered many cases in which retail stores and lumber yards counterfeited the seals on lumber shipments, selling inferior "utility" planks as A-1 merchandise meeting top safety standards.

Washington concedes that "state and local officials have been largely unsuccessful in prosecuting cheaters in the lumber industry." Though altered grading symbols and counterfeiting of classification seals are widespread, no federal action has been taken to curb the practice, leaving the ultimate consumer—the home buyer—with no safeguard of his wallet or his life.

Thanks to lax laws and regulations, some 800 small and medium-sized lumber mills on the West Coast have been peddling lumber "in transit"—that is, unsold logs which already are aboard a train and awaiting a customer.

Here is how the system works: Green lumber of any kind is loaded onto boxcars as soon as it is cut at the mills. Then a broker—a speculator—buys the carload and starts it on its way across the country by rail.

"Give me slow service!" he tells the railroad. "I don't know yet where the lumber is going or who will buy it."

While the broker is feverishly seeking

buyers for his carload of wood, the logs and planks are traveling "slowest way possible." If the broker is crooked, he can hire a man or bribe a railroad worker to enter the freight car and remove the original labels and markings from the wood, substituting whatever grade-marks will bring the highest price.

Many of these "gypsy" lumber wholesalers don't care what kind of wood they sell, as long as they can unload it at a hefty profit. As a result, many new home owners whose floors sag, walls bulge, and ceilings buckle have no way of pinpointing the origin of the inferior wood in their houses, if the stuff came out of a boxcar because the contractor needed it and the price was right.

Why this laxity on the part of our lawmakers toward a billion-dollar industry that has thumbed its nose at most attempts to curb its profits, ambitions, and cut-throat practices?

Obviously, the lumber barons have friends in high places—lots of friends in *very* high places, like Washington, D.C., state legislatures and you-name-it.

In Humboldt County, California—which calls itself "The Heart of the Redwood Empire"—I examined the tax records of various lumber corporations at the courthouse. I was stunned. In their own domain, lumber magnates are paying an incredibly low *25 cents per acre* tax on land which has been logged. But there still is enough scrub timber, partial logs, and "chips" to make the property worth many thousands of dollars per acre.

IN fact, some lumber companies enjoy what may be regarded as a license to despoil land and steal from the taxpayers. I inspected one contract between a major timber company and the *People of the State of California* which "reserves to the grantors (the logging firm) the right to muddy, roil, or otherwise obstruct and pollute or disturb the waters of certain creeks, rivers and tributaries; and the State of California releases grantors from any and all damages whether or not resulting from the fault or negligence of grantors (loggers)."

Another firm with a similar one-sided, enormously profitable contract last year polluted eighteen creeks, killed the fish in three rivers, and caused a serious health problem in eleven Oregon and California communities. Although this corporation's stock had a 38% rise in six months, the company didn't have to reimburse either Oregon or California a single dime for the $400,000 worth of damage it inflicted in the course of its logging operations.

State conservation laws require the timber cutters to establish "tree farms" which, in time, will replace the wood which is being logged off at a reckless pace. Some firms do create such farms, but the crooked outfits evade their responsibility. Here is an example:

The Inter-Mountain Lumber Corporation (the name is fictional) virtually destroyed a mountain of Douglas fir trees in California, leaving only mounds of yellow-orange pulp and piles of useless slash waiting to be burned.

To comply with the law—and to qualify for big tax rebates for its "reforestation" efforts—the company hired a helicopter pilot to strew Douglas fir seeds at random over the logged-off area. The chopper owner smirked as he admitted to me:

"It's just a tax gimmick. Those boys realize that no trees are gonna grow by flinging a bunch of seeds from a plane. But by paying me $200 for a day's work, they get my notarized statement that the re-planting job was done and then they collect upward of a $20,000 tax refund because they have done some 'reforestation.' "

At least a dozen conservation groups—including the prestigious Sierra Club (55,000 dues-paying members)—are up in arms in California over the depredations of many lumber companies. In some counties, I was told that there won't be a usable tree left in another decade.

But the ruthless lumber barons, as in earlier days, have their way of dealing with investigators and "tree wardens" who check to see if state or federal forests are being illegally logged for private profit.

In Eureka, California, I visited Edward Hawkins in the county hospital, who at this writing is laid up with a fractured jaw, broken right arm, multiple contusions, and four smashed ribs. He tells a bitter story:

"A conservation club hired me to verify reports that a timber firm had illegally cut a fine stand of old redwoods up near the Oregon border. The trees actually belonged to the federal government; the 800 acres they logged to the last tree had been earmarked for a national forest preserve.

"When I drove there and began taking notes and pictures of the tree stumps and other evidences of the company's looting, three goons jumped me from behind. They smashed my eyeglasses, broke my camera, and really worked me over. The firm literally had stolen $200,000 worth of trees owned by the citizens of this nation. No wonder they used hired thugs to keep the truth about their crimes from reaching the eyes and ears of the taxpayers."

Responsible leaders in the lumber industry—and there are many of them—agree that the public is being bilked and endangered by too many unscrupulous timber firms, big and small.

I asked a half-dozen reputable lumber men what solutions they proposed for the cheating and hazards listed in this article. Their answers follow:

* Expand the U.S. Forestry Service and give it more money, staff, and *real* police powers to save remaining federal timber lands.

* Initiate a uniform federal grading system for all lumber, similar to that which prevails in the meat packing industry. This would eliminate a dozen conflicting and confusing grading systems which offer loopholes for any unscrupulous mill owner, wholesaler, or retail dealer who wants to mislabel his wares and cheat the buyer.

* Provide real deterrents in the form of heavy fines—as much as $25,000—for mislabeling wood, with prison sentences for anybody who knowingly mislabels inferior wood as being suitable for construction purposes.

* Conduct a national advertising program to familiarize the public with new standards and what they mean.

Unfortunately, these goals seem as far away as ever. For the baddies in the industry have no desire to reform and thus curb their enormous profits. Until Uncle Sam steps in with a big stick, we are still playing Russian roulette every time we put up a house, garage, school or apartment building that utilizes wood in its construction. ***

"Go ahead, Charlie . . . nail it up."

The Brainsplitters

continued from page 29

outdistance Lou Little before a jury or over a political issue. They never go ahead of him because Lou Little not only knew law but he had a finely honed instinct about which way to jump. He had, also, a positive genius for personal publicity.

Lou Little was not only a rich man but an important man with important connections. He may have been a gray figure in Pittsburgh and Pennsylvania politics, but he was, for all that, a powerful figure. He wasn't a precinct boss but precinct bosses heard him out.

Though he was a bachelor whose house was filled with cigar and cigarette smoke, littered with discarded shirts and socks, and coffee coppering in day-old paper cups, though his entertaining rarely went beyond the sandwich level, celebrities, Superior Court judges, lawyers, politicians, and others were always quick to accept Lou's invitation. Lou was a man who could make a deal, and everyone who cannot make a deal needs a deal from time to time. When people need a deal, they will importune the man who can make one. Because he could manage a deal hundreds of people stayed pals with him. One of these was Yale David Koskoff, a neurosurgeon, then the Research Director of Montefiore Hospital's Neurological Department.

Sometime before, Koskoff had gone to Little to ask his help in the dismaying delay he and his wife faced in an adoption proceeding. Koskoff hoped Little could at most initiate a suit to speed up the process. But Little owned political leverage and he brought it to bear, exchanging one favor for another perhaps, and what the Koskoffs thought was a matter of years to adjudicate was no more than a matter of weeks.

So when Little called him about Millard Wright, Koskoff naturally said they would talk, although his first reaction was amazement that Lou would suggest a lobotomy for a criminal, amazement because the prospect was outrageous. By the time Lou Little came to see Koskoff two days later, Koskoff was turning over the prospect in his mind, wanting to do it, needing one more compelling reason to go ahead.

"This Millard Wright isn't really a hoodlum," Lou Little said. "As a matter of fact, if you didn't see him in jail, you'd think he taught high school. He's soft-spoken, polite, smart."

"Why do you need something as radical as a frontal lobotomy to salvage him?" Koskoff asked. "He must have had therapy. What about setting up an extensive program for continuing it?"

"Not a chance, David. There are three types of crime a professional never gives up. One is prostitution, a second is forgery, and a third is burglary. Once they learn, they cannot stay away. It's too easy. Every judge knows prostitution, forgery, and burglary have the highest incidence of recidivism—repeaters, in layman's language."

"Maybe the profits have hardened this Wright?" Koskoff pursued.

"No, not profit," Little replied. "He's compelled. You told me once a lobotomy can relieve compulsions."

Koskoff wanted to perform this lobotomy for several reasons. He wanted to do it because he was familiar with and expert in the technique; because he believed in it, and because Millard Wright needed help. They were all good reasons. But the real reason, the reason Koskoff knew he would operate on Millard was that this was that once in a lifetime chance: this was the undamaged man, the cells of the brain not deteriorated, the mind not deluded. A lobotomy here could lead to a better understanding of the frontal lobe function. This man could become the experimental control with whom to compare the results obtained in lobotomizing sick men, for criminality per se is not an illness.

"I want to do it," said Koskoff. "The question is how and when."

"The courts may not indulge us, in which case you won't be able to do it." Little said. "But if I find a judge and a district attorney who say it's worth a chance, I can count on you, right?"

"Yes," Koskoff answered, "if the courts and the prosecutor and this Millard say 'operate,' I will do it."

THE March day was unusually bright for Pittsburgh. A light breeze blew the smog to the hill crests. A warm sun promised a green spring. At noon, Koskoff walked from his office to the William Penn Hotel to meet Judge A. Marshall Thompson and Lou Little.

Koskoff passed through the lobby to the main dining room, where he saw both Thompson and Little on the far side, sitting at a round table. The sun streamed through large glass windows which descended from the ceiling to the floor. The heavy damask curtains had been pulled back to admit more light. The dining room was filling up and the china rattled on the trays as waiters bustled back and forth.

The table was covered with a heavy linen cloth on top of which was set an elaborate service. Before the hour passed, Koskoff had moved his service aside to sketch the imaginary outlines of the human brain. The Judge, whose dignity was impeccable, even shifted his chair at one point for a better view of these contours. Lou kept straddling the table, emitting only a low whistle when Koskoff made a quick X where the incisions would go.

"How many patients have you lobotomized?" the Judge asked.

"I've lobotomized about fifty patients at Western Psychiatric Hospital, most of them psychotics. One third recovered, one third improved, one third showed no change."

"But Millard Wright isn't psychotic, is he?" Judge Thompson asked. He had an immense judicial presence. His questions commanded succinct logical answers, yes or no answers.

"No, but he is suffering," Koskoff answered. "Perhaps that is why I am willing to help. If he consents to this operation, I want this opportunity to study a man intensively before and after a lobotomy. The fact that Wright is healthy makes him important to me and to neurology because illness introduces its own behavioral characteristics. I don't think there is any question he is afflicted but not physically, psychologically."

"That's a pretty good definition of a recidivist," the Judge said. "You don't think he's a criminal by nature?"

"He hasn't been proved guilty yet," interrupted Lou Little, who had a genius for knowing the precise moment to interrupt.

With a nod, the Judge turned and asked, "Now tell me what you want, Mr. Little."

"If we can go ahead with the experiment, and you preside over his trial, I'm going to advise Millard to waive a jury. If you don't preside, I'll try to convince twelve men that the lobotomy is sufficient expiation for the past and that an immediate parole is not an excessive reward."

"You're after a deal," Judge Thompson said flatly, smiling.

"Absolutely," Lou said. "No one doubts Wright pulled those robberies in Mount Lebanon—not me, not Bill O'Donnell, the assistant district attorney, not you. But Bill said he might go along with this lobotomy, at least go along by not insisting on imprisonment. That leaves it up to the Court and to Wright. Now, your Honor, what do you say?"

Thompson stared for a moment at the gilded ceiling before fixing his gray eyes first on Lou, then on Koskoff. "I say neither yes nor no. The dining room of the William Penn Hotel is no place for the Court to arrive at a decision. But I can advise you if Wright brings the Court a petition, I will consider it."

"I think you can count on Wright's doing that," he said.

"Then I had better explain my role," Thompson said. "I sit on the bench to see that the law keeps its promises. The law made a promise to protect both of you from predators and it promised Millard Wright to punish predatory actions. Now the law can put aside these promises if it has a good reason. That's what you gentlemen want to offer, isn't it? Good reasons?"

Lou rubbed his hands and asked, "Then we can go ahead? I want Wright to undergo a psychiatric examination and I want Koskoff to start his work.

Koskoff did not say, "What about that 'if'? What if this is not a good reason?" He could have said it, the thought crossed his mind, but he wanted to get on with it too.

"You can go ahead," said the Judge.

The next day he issued a writ:

It is ordered and decreed that Dr. D. I. Jamison and Yale David Koskoff, physicians, be permitted to examine the said Millard Filmore Wright in the County Jail of Allegheny County Pennsylvania between the hours of 9 A.M. and 9 P.M. and that Louis Little, Atty for defendant, and Wm. O'Donnell, Ass't District Atty, may be present.

MILLARD waited at the corner of a rectangular table in the visitors' room, behind a large half-moon window with ascending and descending prison bars. Two guards had rolled away the wired-glass barrier. He was dressed in a gray shirt with a number stenciled over his pocket. He wore black pants without a belt. He had neither pencil nor pad nor cigarettes. Yet,

though at a disadvantage, he was the most aggressive man in the room when his visitors arrived.

They were Lou Little, Assistant District Attorney William O'Donnell, Dr. Daniel Jamison, a psychiatrist versed in forensic medicine, and Yale Koskoff, whom Little had described as the best neurosurgeon in the city. Millard rose to shake hands with the four men. Then he let Lou Little do the talking.

When Little finished, Millard turned expectantly to Koskoff. The doctor started to explain. Millard already knew much of the theory. Now it was his turn.

"Why would you want to operate on me?" he asked. There was the barest hostility in the question. Before Koskoff could bring himself to say, "*Your* lawyer made the request," Millard went on, "I'm a guinea pig, right?"

"Not a guinea pig," Lou Little interrupted, "you're a man courageous enouth to suffer the hazards of a brain operation to help science."

Millard grasped the point and turning to O'Donnell said, "The idea would be that I go free to test the operation." He poised for the answer.

"Only the court can decide that," O'Donnell said. "No one is forcing you into a lobotomy."

Millard shrugged.

"I wouldn't lobotomize a perfectly normal man who is going to spend the rest of his life in jail," Koskoff said.

"And no court will let you," said Lou Little.

These were honest men. Millard heard them pledging his security. This was a promise. "Do you think this operation will stop me from stealing?" he asked.

"That's what we're going to test," answered Koskoff.

"What will it do definitely?"

"It will probably stop you from dreaming and it will reduce your creative powers."

"How about memory?"

"It will make you more tranquil and, hopefully, more effective. New memories may replace old."

"New memories?" he asked.

"A lobotomy may influence memory processes so that new associations may be more effective than old ones."

"More effective?" Millard snorted. "Why don't you recommend lobotomy for everyone?"

Koskoff's eyes twinkled. The other men were laughing.

Millard said to Koskoff, "If you're game, I am."

Koskoff shook hands over the prospect. As of now, they were in it together.

THE next day, he asked Lou Little, "When do we get started?"

"Right now," said Little, clamping on his cigar as he opened his briefcase. "This is your petition. Sign it. Then we file it with the Court."

Millard signed.

"You don't want to read it?" asked Little.

"I trust you," said Millard. "You and Dr. Koskoff know that."

Little stuffed the petition into his briefcase, buckled it and said, "It should take a week or two. That's all."

It was that easy for this burglar to make a judgment permitting himself to be turned from a human being into an experimental object. The proposal was bizarre, the experiment might degrade him, but he was sure it would not. He was confident that, instead, it would elevate him, help him find the rhythm of a useful, important life.

Lou Little filed the petition in which "Petitioner agreed voluntarily and without any promise or duress that it would be to his benefit and for the benefit of society that he submit himself to an operation on the brain known as a frontal lobotomy. Petitioner believes he is in need of such an operation as a aforementioned to make him a useful member of society and to remove or attempt to remove from him the criminal tendencies with which he has been addicted since his boyhood and from the uncontrollable urge and desire to commit burglaries and such other crimes known to the law as felonies."

On the eighteenth of March, the Court granted the petition. Judge Thompson ordered that Millard Wright be removed to the Montefiore Hospital to undergo a frontal lobotomy and afterward returned to the Allegheny County Jail to await trial.

JUST before noon on March 21, 1947, a guard unceremoniously beckoned to Millard.

"You being transferred?" he asked. "To Montefiore Hospital?"

"I think so," Millard said, "but I haven't seen my lawyer about it."

"I don't know anything about your lawyer," the guard said. "I got a court order here to transfer you."

At the check-out desk, Millard claimed his meager belongings, including a wallet with all the money he had, and signed the perfunctory receipt. The guard turned him over to two deputies from the sheriff's office who just as unceremoniously drove him across the city.

He expected to see Koskoff or Little at the hospital but he met only an efficient girl at the Admissions Office. She gave Millard a cursory glance when one of the deputies asked, "You prepared to admit Wright?"

All she asked was, "You're Doctor Koskoff's patient?"

Millard nodded yes and she began to assemble a sheaf of forms on her desk, interrupting her work every now and then to point where she wanted Millard's signature. She didn't even ask him the reasons for his admittance. She quickly typed a name tag, strapped it around his wrist and told the deputies brusquely where the room was.

A nurse appeared, gestured Millard to the bed, took his temperature, blood pressure, asked him a series of questions about his general health and when he tried to elaborate, said curtly, "Please. Just yes or no."

The hospital universe was not revolving around him after all. He had become part of the process, a process which exists for its own ends, not for the factors fed into it. Millard was just another integer and not a particularly sick integer at that.

But it was still his mind on which the process would experiment. He said, "I play the patsy." This was his supreme effort and he wanted reassurance for that effort, respectable voices telling him yes, this was the right thing to do. This would make him a hero. This would make him remembered.

The next day the headline in the Pittsburgh *Post-Gazette* read **SCALPEL VERSUS CELLBLOCK. "BRAIN SURGERY MAY GIVE CRIMINAL NEW LIFE."**

The following morning, the Associated Press put the story on the wire and the *New York Times*, along with scores of other papers, headlined: **FELON TO HAVE OPERATION ON BRAIN TO END CRIMES.** That evening, there was a follow-up story in the *Post-Gazette*:

Millard Wright walks down a shady street at night and something shouts within him "steal, steal, steal," and with all the cunning of an intelligent man, he enters a house and pillages it. Can a brain operation, called by surgeons a "frontal lobotomy," severing his primitive impulse to steal from his intellect, make Millard Wright a man who fears no shady street? Wright, 36, is willing to take the chance. The neuro-surgeon who will perform the short but delicate surgery is Dr. Yale David Koskoff. The big question is whether it will make Millard Wright a good citizen. One prominent psychiatrist said it was "highly possible" that if Wright was the victim of a "compulsion to steal" that the operation would carry out its purpose . . .

To compound this sensationalism, on that Sunday, a magazine supplement ran a cover story about Millard which informed readers Koskoff was about to "cut evil from a man's brain."

Publicity is merciless. Publicity disturbs the equilibrium of life much as a low-pressure area disturbs the equilibrium of the weather. It creates a partial vacuum. And into that vacuum rush contending elements.

Millard, waiting idly in his room, read these stories, first with interest, then with mounting regret. He reacted to the stories as all men react: some of the facts were wrong. These facts happened to constitute him and there was no reason they should be wrong instead of right.

Koskoff visited Millard on the evening of his second day in Montefiore. He was still in his prison uniform. The hospital hadn't yet issued him pajamas, robe, or slippers, nor had he shaved. He was depressed and excessively casual.

Sitting on the edge of the bed, swinging his bare feet, he didn't rise when Koskoff came in but said, almost sullenly, "You've come to tell me it's all off, haven't you?"

"What makes you think it's off?" Koskoff asked.

Millard threw one of the papers from his bed to the floor and said, finally facing the doctor, "Did you read that? What they said? That I'm an arch-criminal? A crooked mastermind. Before all this broke, I might have pulled a twenty-to-life sentence. You know what I'll get now? I'll get life plus ninety-nine."

"I think your're exaggerating."

"*This* I know, Doctor. Get your name on the front page for any rap and you go forever. I can't pull out. And if you pull out, I can bet now not one other doctor is going to think twice about me. No one will do this lobotomy if it isn't you."

"If it weren't for the publicity, Millard, would you want to cancel the experiment?"

"It may look like I do," he said, "but I don't. I want you to help me."

"I'll see that you have some hospital clothing," Koskoff said. "Maybe it would be better for both of us if we didn't read the newspapers. You promised to write me an autobiography and you have a

great many psychological tests to take between now and then."

MILLARD had convinced Koskoff he was not a sociopathic personality. It was true that Millard Wright acted out his frustrations against society, that he was self-centered, impulsive, that he appeared shallow. But he had a better-than-average intelligence and he was capable of deep remorse. His behavior was not irreversible. If he was anything, he was schizoid, confused about his identify, distressed over his poor affect quality and the nonviable nature of his personal relationships.

He was, in two words, profoundly depressed. He felt abandoned; deprived in infancy by his mother's death; then by his father's detachment and deafness; later by the marriage and departure of his sisters, his surrogate mothers. Because abandoned, he believed himself worthless. Preoccupied with food and nutrition, Millard was an eternal suckling, equating food with the power to make love and gain ends. Overcome by a feeling of helplessness and a sense of worthlessness, he adopted a veneer of self-aggrandizement. His crimes, striking at society, were a way of diverting his own aggression against himself. But nearing middle age he had run out his string.

Considering this, asked Koskoff, why not a frontal lobotomy?

There was every chance it would relieve or alleviate that profound depression. While Millard's acting out against society let him escape the weary mundane reality which so depressed him, while risks flattered his ego, while theft satisfied his longing for accomplishment, these actions ran contrary to all common sense. They did not fulfill him. The effects he suffered could never sustain well-being nor support a sense of adequacy nor ward off a feeling of separateness.

For there are those whom crime *does* fulfill. They are the real menaces, Koskoff know, not only to life and property, but to the organization of society itself. Napoleon is, simply, the super gangster turned politician and Louis Lepke Buchalter of Murder, Incorporated, dispensed more money and patronage a century later and commanded lieutenants more loyal. Bruno Richard Hauptmann because more daring than the aviator whose child he kidnaped and Lee Harvey Oswald's marksmanship plagues the most powerful and cohesive nation on the earth.

This criminal, on the other hand, was severely depressed, potentially suicidal, suffering—for these reasons a human Koskoff could understand, relate to, and pity; for these reasons a man worth saving. Millard wanted to get along and couldn't. The destructive effects of the lobotomy, if there were any; the blunting of his personality, if that did result; would still prove more beneficial and rewarding than what Koskoff suspected Millard would do to himself.

IN the nine weeks that he was in the hospital, Millard had none of the usual visitors most patients see before major surgery. The clinical psychologists who administered the tests helped break the monotony of the day but they had finished with him by the beginning of April. The lone deputy, chair tilted against the wall, was Millard's immediate contact with the world. The nurses passed in and out to say hello, but their visits were brief for he didn't need their attention. The exciting event of the day was Koskoff's visit, but sometimes the doctor didn't appear until late in the evening. Millard liked talking, explaining himself, expatiating, but apparently the doctor was much more interested in the autobiography.

On April 14, Koskoff was late. When he came to the room, he said calmly, "Tomorrow is April fifteenth. I want you to prepare for surgery."

"I'm not surprised," Millard said. "I'm ready."

"No second thoughts?"

"Yes, dear . . . ?"

Millard shook his head. "No second thoughts, Doctor. But here's some favors I'd like. I'd like to relax when I come out of surgery. I'd like to sleep at night without a light. I'd like to take a bath without the guard watching."

"I'll see what I can do," Koskoff said.

Millard rose and opened a drawer in his dresser. "I wrote this letter for you some time ago when I knew I was sure. You can read it now if you want."

"I have three reasons for wanting surgery," it said. "In the first place, if I can't get well and beat the rap, I don't want to live. In the second place, I really want to have a home. You know sometimes I get terribly lonely. In the third place, and this is real, Doctor, I would like to do something for people. Naturally the operation doesn't appeal to me, but I have resigned myself to it and try not to think of it. The thought of it doesn't disturb me as much as it did at first. I have more confidence in you, Doctor, so I'm thinking of it as a success, not a failure."

When Koskoff left, the night nurse gave Millard one and one-half grains of Seconal. In the morning he had only fluids. Some of the nurses dropped in then to tell him how brave he was. The day guard asked if he wanted to send out any mail.

At noon on April 15, 1947, an orderly gave him white pajamas which he would wear to the operating suite. More Seconal. Half an hour later, two orderlies from the operating room brought a cart to Millard's bedside and the drowsy, almost somnolent patient crawled onto it. They wheeled him from the room which had been his home for the past several weeks and as they passed into the corridor, the guard said, "Good luck."

He arrived in the operating suite. Koskoff shaved his head lest an orderly make unnecessary scratches.

The operating room was unduly large. While a frontal lobotomy is a serious and delicate operation, it is accomplished with a minimum of attendants, nurses, and assisting physicians. A large circular lamp, four feet in diameter, hung from the ceiling, casting its light on the prone body, the anesthetist, the two nurses, and the surgeon.

The night before Koskoff had determined on a "narrow" lobotomy. A "narrow" lobotomy is less risky than a "deep" lobotomy because there is less bleeding. While no surgeon likes to lose a patient, Koskoff particularly didn't want to lose Millard. Millard's health was good. His life expectancy was long and for the first time he had some expectations. More, the publicity attendant on this experiment had made thousands of people aware of the complexities and dangers of brain surgery. Koskoff worried that if he lost Millard hundreds of people who needed neurosurgery would be discouraged. These were people who needed neurosurgery not for their freedom or reform but for life itself.

Koskoff placed the grounded electrode he would use for electro-cautery under Millard and bathed his skull with ether, whose powerful odor permeated the room. Next he daubed him with Tincture of Merthiolate, a peach-colored antiseptic. He measured his scalp so he could make his incisions four centimeters lateral to the midline, the coronal suture which

traverses the forward part of the skull from temple to temple. He scratched the scalp on the two sides where he would incise. Threadlike lines of blood appeared. With a syringe, he infiltrated novocaine.

The nurses draped Millard and all that was visible now were those two scratches. Koskoff made incisions through the scalp, down one side, then down the other, to the pearly-white bone covering, called the periosteum, the sensitive area which carries the nerves about the skull. Koskoff applied clamps to the galea, which stopped the bleeding, then inserted self-retaining retractors to spread open the lips of the wound.

With periosteal elevator, a small, spadelike instrument, he cleaned through the periosteum to the rock-hard bone. Next the specially designed hand drill—the head circular, three-quarters of an inch in diameter, the edges serrated—delivered two buttons of bone, both of which could be replaced.

This exposed the covering of the brain, gray-blue in color, called the dura because of its toughness roughly approximating that of Saran Wrap. It is sensitive and stretches and when distended causes headaches. Koskoff incised the dura so he could fold it open like a four-pointed star, disclosing the finer filament which wraps the brain, this called the archnoid because of its spidery threads. Spinal fluid poured from the cut.

Now Koskoff was at the brain itself. its surface and color the consistency and shade of tapioca pudding. Electrocautery stopped the bleeding. He could see the surface blood vessels, the red arteries, and the blue veins. He proceeded to deliver a ventricular needle through this opening which was the size of a nickel. He aimed this long, thin needle on a mild diagonal to reach one of the bases of the skull bone. These bases on both sides support the under surface of the frontal lobes. His landmark was the edge of the wing of the sphenoid, the bone in which the frontal lobes lie nestled. This was the most delicate step of the operation. A slip here into the greater wing of the sphenoid would damage and injure large blood vessels which could result in serious hemorrhage.

First the needle on the right side. An X ray verified its position. Then on the left. Again, the X ray. By following the line of the needle, electrocautery severed the white fibers of the frontal lobes. Simultaneous suction and cautery destroyed the core of this white tissue. Koskoff removed the needle, replaced the dura to cover the injured brain, reinserted the bone buttons in the skull and with interrupted silk sutures closed first the galea, which supports the scalp, and then closed the scalp itself.

It was a routine frontal lobotomy.

The operation had taken an hour. Koskoff lingered in the room longer than usual. He removed rubber gloves and surgical gown, removed mask and thanked his assistants. But he did not enjoy that flood of relief, that pleasure he customarily felt after successful surgery. Anxiety persisted. There was no elation, no heightened sense of love for those who had participated, no exhaled, "That's that!" only a whispered question, "Now what shall we see?"

And the newspapers had their way once more.

KNIFE TO ERRING BRAIN, said one.

THIEF UNDERGOES OPERATION TO BECOME HONEST, said another.

A third said, "One of the witnesses said Dr. Koskoff was under a terrific strain but he took his time and did a swell job."

Imagine, thought Koskoff that night, a "swell" job.

HE saw Millard early that evening, paler and less responsive than expected. Koskoff performed a spinal puncture which made him more alert. In the morning Millard was incontinent. Yet when the nurse asked him if he wanted something to drink, he answered, "Whatever you think." It wasn't until that evening, thirty-six hours later, that he could answer "yes" or "no" to a direct question. This was his first and critical achievement in redeveloping his thought processes. Within forty-eight hours he was responding directly to his environment.

He was able to sit up and Koskoff asked him if he was ready to rewrite his autobiography. They had agreed beforehand the true significance of his life story would lie in the comparison between the pre- and post-lobotomy versions. Millard tried the next morning, but not then nor at any time during his hospitalization did he feel capable of this task. Instead, he wrote whatever he chose and submitted these drafts to the doctor daily under the heading "Lessons."

Speech, written or spoken, is behavior. Thought grows with it. Indeed, thought without speech, is inconceivable. But had Koskoff relied solely on Millard's talking, he would have grossly underestimated how dilapidated his thought processes were during the early post-operative period. Millard was able to converse with his nurse and with his doctor and make sense. His writings revealed a greater disturbance.

His ego was disheveled. It didn't know the difference between itself and the id, although before he left the hospital his ego had defined itself and become predominant.

Writing demands mental exploration, a facility in commanding word and thought. To a man with brain damage, a man who can remember this facility but who suddenly feels limited, writing becomes an operation filled with stress and occasionally terror. Psychological defenses protect him in conversation but in writing he must make requests of himself and here he knows to his distress he cannot pretend.

By the end of the week, Millard was aware of his loss for he emphasized "stupidity is my slogan." There is no sequence to his ramblings because words had acquired a private, varying meaning. To Millard at this moment, a word not only represented an object but became the object if that was more convenient.

But on May 2, he was coping and coping adequately if not politely with reality. He mailed a rudely assertive letter to Louis Little, a carbon of which he sent Koskoff. Without question he was reminding Lou Little and Koskoff that they were obligated to him, that he had done his share, now they had to do theirs.

In some of his letters, Millard confessed a sense of loss: that his memory wasn't as good as it had been, that he couldn't think ahead in either chess or checkers, that he felt he had an IQ of fifty-three with a mental age of five.

He instructed and discoursed endlessly on all aspects of his case. He wanted to go from Montefiore to the courtroom; he wanted bond; he wanted a sympathetic jury; he wanted to enter a plea of not guilty to avoid detainers lodged against him; he wanted Koskoff to be sure he never said he thought he was insane.

Reading Millard's "Lessons," Koskoff marveled at the recuperative powers of the ordinary man. Millard, inviolate in his hospital bed, was omnipotent. Left to his own devices, he could have directed armies and parliaments by the third week in May, by which time he was only cursorily bothered by the lobotomy and then only because he didn't dream. Now he was a man again. It was too early for Koskoff to tell if he was a new man or a man who hadn't changed.

HOW long it had been, he didn't know. One morning he awoke realizing this was his room, this was his doctor, this substance beneath the sheets was he himself. He heard the question Koskoff asked: "Who am I, Millard?"

"Doctor Koskoff," he said.

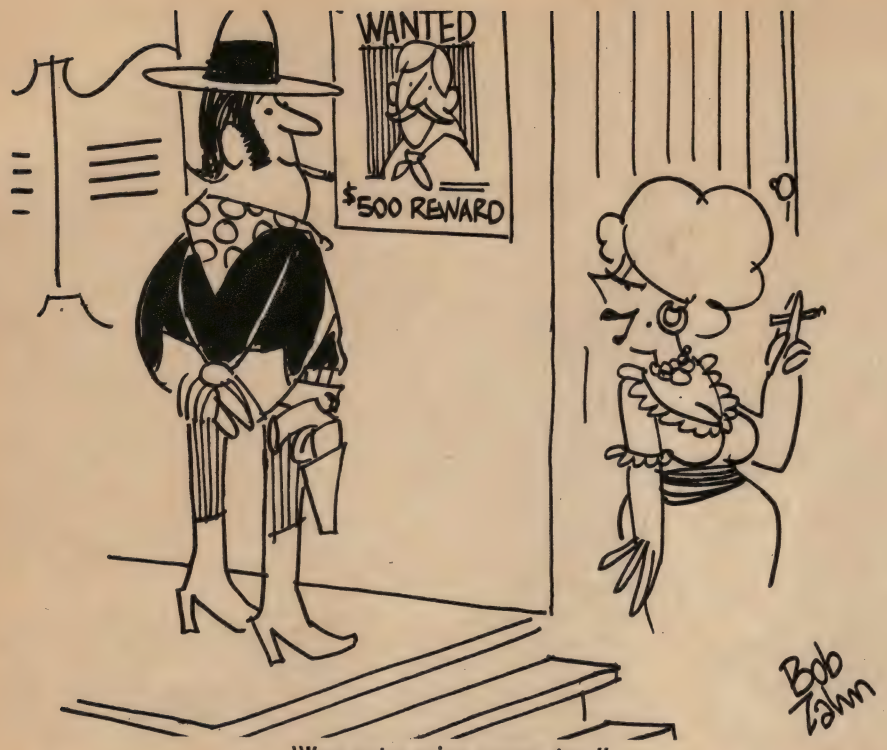
With that answer he realized it was over. He was free, as free as the condemned man who shrieks, screams, struggles to escape until that moment he sees the noose, the chair, or the bullet-pocked wall: he will walk to it, place his wrists placidly for strapping, or hold his head still for the black sack, or shake off the blindfold. He is free because the decision for life is no longer his to make. Someone else has made the decision about existence and once the decision has been made, irrevocable with no appeal, relief is as immediate as breath itself.

Millard was through the terror. He was lobotomized. The fears of diminution might prove true, but he no longer had to worry about them. He didn't hurt but he felt week and hot.

At a later moment he realized he had been thinking, thinking for days. There was the typewriter on which he had composed his lessons, the newspaper he had read through and discarded the night before, the open book, the page dog-eared. He was taking the tests again. The problems were beginning again. He had to finish these tests, prepare for a trial, get well.

Millard doggedly kept at his typewriter to finish his daily lessons. Finally he said to himself, "Now it's my turn. Let them keep their bargain with me." Coldly he analyzed the situation. It was he, Millard, who weathered the destructive attack; he Millard, who faced the outrage of a trial; and he, Millard, who might suffer imprisonment. These men, Koskoff, Lou Little, and even Dr. Mayer, might or might not realize great success. Whether they did or not, still they did not expect outrage, punishment, or humiliation.

The lobotomy kept him from the rage which usually possessed him when he came up against the intractable responses of society. But the lobotomy did not keep him from plotting. There were times he'd gotten his own way even though locked in



"I've got a price on me, too."

a cell. Now he wasn't in a locked cell. He was in a hospital with time and convenience to aid his cunning. He wrote Lou Little:

I don't understand why all the publicity about me has died down. The experiment should be more interesting now than it was before my operation. Since you have been acting as publicity agent for the scientific research, you realize additional publicity will not hurt me. I had a plan I hoped to put into effect once I was free, so the better I was known the more chance the plan had of being a success. That plan was to get a job, a good job, to prove that the change had been complete. Now about the trial, if we must have one I want to stand before a jury instead of a judge. A jury of twelve men will render a fairer verdict than a lone judge. There is a warm probability of a "sympathetic" verdict from a jury in the event a trial is necessary. No bond makes this difficult. In addition, not hearing from you makes me worry about the trial. I think this is a situation we should talk over. It would be silly of us to cancel out the experiment simply because we did not plan well.

He gave the letter to the guard who looked it over and supplied the stamp and envelope. "I'll drop it into the box tonight," he promised.

A few days later, the district attorney, in a white rage, was rereading Millard's letter to Lou Little. It was a cheap stunt, a hoax, perpetrated to spring a guilty man. Already the district attorney had decided to remand Millard to the county jail whether Koskoff said he was well enough or not. Already the district attorney had determined no small-time punk would take advantage of his office.

Millard Wright had entered Montefiore Hospital much as a Round-Table champion heroically entered the lists. The radio and newspaper publicity provided his fanfare and there were even sighs from a fair lady to spur him on. He had braved more than any knight. Millard Wright, voluntarily and in absolute possession of his faculties, had undergone unknown dangers to his mind. Resolutely and hopefully he endured anxious hours to fulfill the terms of a curious, desperate bargain he had made with society. Or that he thought he had made. He survived his ordeal. A concept of self appeared after a damaging attack on that very concept. For a while he was a hero, acclaimed by doctors, nurses, and newspapermen. Sixty-three days later he was taken from Montefiore Hospital in shackles and in silence. There was a confusion which persisted not only in his mind but in the minds of others: was he sick or was he evil?

This doubt did not occur, however, to the judge who would preside over his trial. It was not Marshall Thompson, who granted the original petition. It was G. Malcolm McDonald. Lou Little had just finished promising Millard that Thompson would set a reasonable bond and that he would be free until the trial, when in no uncertain terms, Malcolm McDonald made it clear to Lou Little that it was he who would preside over the trial, not Marshall Thompson.

Little asked the judge to set bail. Malcolm McDonald set it at $30,000.

"That would be excessive bail for Al Capone," was Little's shocked protest.

"Why does the defendant think this bail is unreasonable?" asked the stern judge.

"Because I can't possibly meet it," Millard answered.

"The defendant has been in court before. He knows now if he can't meet his bail he has to wait in jail until his trial comes up."

"Your Honor," began Millard meekly, "the bail is important to this whole experiment. You see, if I could meet the bail until the court convenes a jury in the fall, I could prove that the operation has made a different man of me."

"The Court will not reconsider," said McDonald.

"It's a long wait for a man who has undergone a serious operation," argued Lou Little. "The Court knows the defendant will plead not guilty by reason of insanity. Could we move for a trial before the Court adjourns for the summer?"

"What kind of a trial does the defendant want?"

"I want a trial by jury," said Millard.

McDonald shook his head. "Then there's no chance the defendant can stand trial before the fall. This is late May and the Court will adjourn within the next two weeks. That is not enough time."

"You leave little alternative," said Little.

"*I* can try the defendant if he chooses," snapped McDonald.

"I'd like to confer with my client," Little asked, "and give the Court our decision in the morning."

"You will confer now and give the Court your answer or I will move this case over into the fall calendar."

"You mean I can't think it over?" Millard asked.

"The defendant and his counsel have had several months to think it over."

Lou Little shrugged. "We'll plead this case before Your Honor."

Neither Millard nor Lou Little had any idea that Judge Malcolm McDonald had read the letter the district attorney had intercepted—but Malcolm McDonald had. Back in jail, Millard went to work in the prison laundry.

NO one likes to be had. The Pittsburgh district attorney resolved he in particular would not be had, not by some dissembling, canny, small-timer who thought newspaper publicity and pity would save him. He asked tough Malcolm McDonald to preside over Millard's trial.

When Judge McDonald asked Marshall Thompson to step down, Thompson did.

Marshall Thompson, the grave, austere, much-respected pillar of the community, had abandoned Millard Wright and betrayed Koskoff and Lou Little. He might have argued that a hotel dining room was no place for a court to reach a decision, but Koskoff and Little understood him to mean the Court *had* reached a decision, that if Millard Wright did this, the Court would do that, that that noon in the hotel dining room they were discussing a *quid pro quo*. Koskoff and Little were fools not to have asked for the binding court order, the guarantee positive. They could argue, too, with Millard, argue until they were blue in the face, that it wasn't their fault but Millard would always insist deep down that he, the victim, was the only one who didn't fink.

Millard stood trial on June 25, 1947, in the Allegheny County Courthouse, waiving his right to a jury. Koskoff arrived early. The courtroom was empty. The court was an old musty one. The jury box, the bench, the tables were worn and scarred. On the walls, staring down like a phalanx, were a series of portraits of the venerable, bearded judges who had sent men to prison or to freedom from this room. The faces bore an amazing similarity to one another.

Inside, the first man Koskoff saw was the tall, slender William O'Donnell. O'Donnell had been a court reporter in his younger days. He had lent his efforts to this case because he wanted to see a good story live and grow. O'Donnell was a

gentle, kind man. This morning, in his dark-blue suit and subdued tie, he looked more the honest hardware salesman about to stammer he didn't subscribe to capital punishment than an aggressive prosecutor. His voice had the soft lilt of the movie Irishman and there was no rasp in it when he cross-examined witnesses.

Lou Little came down the aisle and pushed through the gate that separated the public from the courtroom proper. Lou swaggered into a courtroom much like a heavyweight champion swaggers into the ring, sure he is the worthy focus of all the noise and clamor of the auditorium, a man who cannot wait to get going, Lou always wore expensive, custom-tailored suits, brilliant white-on-white shirts, cuff links which gleamed with diamonds, and a necktie proclaiming his presence like a siren.

The court rose. Judge McDonald mounted the bench. Nervously Millard rose at his table with Lou Little. Unblinking, Judge McDonald heard the charges read and then, and only then, did he fix a hard stare upon Millard.

"Does the defendant understand the charges?"

"Yes, sir."

"Are you represented by counsel?"

"Yes, sir. Mr. Little is my lawyer."

"How does the defendant plead?" asked McDonald.

"Not guilty by reason of insanity," answered Lou Little.

At last the judge blinked. Just once. Then he nodded to William O'Donnell, who began his prosecution.

Koskoff was the last witness for the defense. He followed Dan Jamison, who testified Millard Wright was insane at the time he committed the specified burglaries.

In his hand, Koskoff held a plastic model of the human brain. Lou started him off. Koskoff balanced the model and began to describe the cerebral cortical areas, turning as he did to face the judge. For the first time, Koskoff noticed McDonald's left hand was flaccid, in paretic posture. McDonald had a left hemiplegia. A visceral ache stabbed the doctor.The plastic model seemed suddenly heavy. He was able to talk carefully, clearly, cleanly—these were lessons he had delivered over and over again to colleagues, interns, and nurses—but he felt estranged from his own words. There was a terrible pathos here. Koskoff was patiently explaining a brain-damaged defendant to a brain-damaged judge and he knew there was no sympathy, no chance of understanding between the two.

William O'Donnell on cross-examination asked, "What do you think the results of this operation will be?"

"I think Wright will do well if he is given favorable employment and environment," said Koskoff.

"If he is released do you think he will still be a thief?"

"I don't think he will, but there's nothing in surgery to guarantee a definite result."

"Just what would your recommendation be?"

"From a humanitarian viewpoint as well as that of a citizen I think he should have his second chance. And so should we."

"We?" asked O'Donnell.

"Wright undertook a dangerous mission which is payment of sorts for his crime and we—and I mean you and I—ought to have the chance to confirm if the mind of the criminal has vanished and the mind of a man to be trusted has appeared."

"Have you any more specific recommendations?"

"Psychiatric supervision for the next year or two. This should give us a clear picture as to whether his criminal tendencies have been removed."

"Could we get that picture just as well in jail?"

"Jail," Koskoff answered "is not a normal environment. If I thought for a minute you were intent on returning Millard Wright to jail, I would never have undertaken this operation."

With that, the five-day trial adjourned, neither Lou Little nor O'Donnell summarizing. McDonald promised to read his verdict the next day, June 30.

The next morning, the judge began reading aloud while Millard stood trembling before the bench. He detailed Millard's criminal history. McDonald found that Wright was legally sane at the time the burglaries were committed and that therefore he was adjudged guilty. He paused. McDonald had pulled the pin on the grenade; now he threw it: "We suspect many people will be willing to take the chance in this case in the hope that society as a whole might profit by learning whether or not such a lobotomy operation can cure a criminal of his criminal tendencies. However, we do not see how this court can take this chance in a case of this kind. We feel that if we were to accede to the request that Wright be absolved from incarceration for the crimes he has committed and for which he has been found guilty that we would soon be overwhelmed by similar requests from many other habitual criminals who are now incarcerated and who would be willing to submit to similar operations if they felt such operations would free them. We have given much thought to the question of disposition and we feel the only proper disposition of the case is to impose sentence on Wright and to give him credit for the time he has already spent in jail and in the Farview State Hospital and in Montefiore Hospital while undergoing this operation and some additional leniency for his having submitted to the lobotomy."

It was a literate, thoughtful, and perhaps appropriate decision. Koskoff could have argued it was specious reasoning for McDonald to suppose the neurosurgical clinics of the country would be inundated with requests from prisoners for lobotomies. It is a matter of history that no criminal has been lobotomized since Millard Wright nor has any criminal requested such surgery.

Judge McDonald wrote his decision in the depersonalized atmosphere of his study. The tone of that decision was modulated in sharp contrast to the outburst McDonald could not restrain the day of sentencing. Brain damage weakens behavioral controls and personal interaction irritates that weakness.

Lou Little started off by offering an impassioned plea for leniency.

"This man must be punished," McDonald interrupted. "He or somebody thought up this idea of a brain operation. . ."

"I suggested it," said Little. "That's a matter of record."

"And the sole purpose behind it was to help your client evade sentence," snapped McDonald.

"Your Honor, my client underwent this operation in some part to further science."

McDonald snorted. "If this operation was in the furtherance of science, why all the publicity? That's all it was. A cheap publicity stunt."

"I resent that," Little said.

"Well, that's what I think. You admit it was your idea and I still say it was all for publicity. It reads like the story of a dime-novel surgeon."

"Are you talking about Dr. Koskoff?"

"I'm talking about Doc Savage in the pulp magazines. That's what this operation reminds me of. I have no confidence in such surgery. Hopes perhaps, but no confidence. This man is a habitual criminal. And I sentence him to two to twelve years."

Ashen, Millard stood numbly through the whole proceedings; his hands behind his back. When McDonald gaveled the sentence, Millard almost toppled forward. A bailiff supported him, as McDonald rapped again and again to quiet the expostulating Little.

KOSKOFF gave Millard a typewriter before he went to Western State Penitentiary. Millard promised to write every two weeks about his general progress through the post-operative period.

By July 4, Millard had passed through quarantine, was assigned a cell, a number, and a routine in the prison library. He slipped into the ever-filtered current of prison life. By the time he wrote his first letter to Koskoff he knew the names of all the Parole Board members and their customary practice, including the "hold-over" policy. Other prisoners told him there was every chance the Board would keep him in prison longer than his minimum sentence because he was a repeater: the Board subscribed to progressive punishment and Millard had all the time in the world to mull over this unpleasant prospect.

Within two weeks of the start of his sentence, Millard, who had once been the prison legal expert, became instead the medical expert, knowing all there was about the new techniques, revealing to all the convicts the spectrum of the medical horizon.

He took to attending Protestant services every Sunday and Bible classes every Wednesday. It was a curious departure. He was a sincere religious skeptic.

It was, however, no sudden wellspring of religion which bubbled within Millard. Intuitively, he sensed that Reverend Stremal and Father Huber could help him win a parole. Millard was a man who had sacrificed and he knew in the eyes of these two clergymen he was more than the ordinary felon, more than the ordinary criminal.

While wardens and prison administrators assure legislatures and visitors that prisoners trade only in scrip or credits, there is no place in this world where money doesn't circulate, least of all in prison among men who have a certain gift for covert activity.

Though Millard's memory returned, as well as his facility at chess and checkers,

he worried constantly. He was possessed by the idea of a parole. He learned early that he would have to serve four and one-half years of his sentence before the Board would hear his case. The Parole Board also informed Millard that the time he had spent at Farview, in Montefiore, and in awaiting trial did not reduce this. The Board explicitly told him he would have to serve his twenty-three months over again.

He filled his letters with this complaint. He asked Koskoff and Lou Little to help. Lou Little eventually filed for the writ and the Court after due deliberation ruled in Millard's favor, adding the twenty-three months as time served.

More placidly now Millard began to take in his surroundings. He worked in the library, a post which let him meet many more of the convicts than he would have met in the cafeteria or the laundry or the machine shop. All of these men knew him. His story had gained wide circulation. On more than one occasion, a prisoner came into the library, went through the process of filling out the card, just to talk to Millard, to see what this medical prodigy was.

On the anniversary of his lobotomy, he wrote: "As to mental or personality changes since the lobotomy—they are as follows: pronounced decrease in future apprehension; marked change from quick temper impulses to normal moderation; increased scope of interest in local and national happenings and greater breadth of development in emotional maturity."

The court order Lou Little obtained meant Millard could reasonably plan on a parole sometime in the late winter of 1949. That delivery invested all his correspondence. He needed a sponsor and he asked Koskoff. "I prefer you instead of Lou because it is possible that the Parole Board will think my lawyer is actuated by a desire for money. But they will believe you about the experiment."

"He thinks of all the angles," Lou said. "It's all right with me. But let me tell you, sponsoring a parolee isn't that easy. He's got to have a job and he's got to have a place to live before he gets out."

Now it was March. Koskoff had agreed to sponsor him. But Koskoff could not find him a job. Millard tried to tell the Parole Board that Dr. Koskoff was an important man, a man with connections. Lou Little was an important man. Surely they all had heard of Dr. Koskoff and Lou Little. There was a picture in the paper of Lou Little with his arm around Alben Barkley, the Vice-President. They could get him a job. Give them another week.

But that March, the Parole Board turned him away. A sense of worthlessness assailed him for the first time since the lobotomy. He had spent a lifetime bringing out the worst in himself and he was apparently able to bring out the worst in others, elicit it, prompt it, provoke it, and suffer for it.

In September, Father Huber found Millard employment at Mercy Hospital in Pittsburgh.

In a letter dated October 11, 1949, Millard wrote Koskoff: "I received a reply from the Parole Board to the effect that my discharge date is Saturday. I am glad a final decision has been rendered."

THE warden recited the usual sing-song litany about behaving himself. By noon Millard was outside the stone gates of Western State Penitentiary, waiting for the North Side trolley. It was a clear fall day, the air pure oxygen, the October gusts thrashing the few leaves from the trees.

The trolley pulled alongside him, slipping to a halt as sparks flashed from under its wheels. The street noises, the bright sun, the gaudy day, the yellow trolley with its different smells made him nauseous. He paid his fare and stalked to the last seat, sitting alone preoccupied with freedom.

North Avenue was exactly what he expected: a row of rundown, unpainted dwellings, the steps leading to the stoops, rickety, the banisters often lolling, broken, or rusted away from their supports. Many of these dilapidated buildings were whorehouses and the doorways, the porches, the windows were blank, deserted —a street perpetually waiting for night.

When his landlady opened the door, Millard's heart began pounding. She was a pleasant, elderly widow who often let rooms to released convicts.

"You're on the fourth floor," she told him.

He tested the bed. It was bumpy. He bet it sheltered bedbugs. But he was too tired to care. His eyes kept stinging. He closed them and slept through until the next morning. He awoke still in his clothes.

He walked to Mercy Hospital along the newly named Boulevard of the Allies. The day was overcast and Millard could barely discern the river which flowed below. The smoke which always belched, morning, noon, and night, Sundays and holidays, poured from the chimneys of the J & L Steel Works. He came after an hour to Mercy Hospital, a congery of red brick buildings, lined by leafless privet hedges.

There he found Sister Paulinus in the superintendent's office. She was a tall woman whose mouth and eyes rarely curled or wrinkled with a smile. She bade him sit while she finished filling out the forms before her and then, resting on her elbows, studied him intently, her gray eyes boring into his face.

Millard rubbed his jaw. He wished he had shaved.

"So you'll work for us," she said as through he had accepted an invitation.

"I want to," Millard said.

She said, "You will work in the housekeeping department. That's what we call our janitorial force. Your supervisor is Sister Ethreda on floor 5E. You will find her strict but fair. She is our most efficient supervisor. Her floor is the cleanest in the hospital and if you wish to continue here, it will have to stay the cleanest."

"I'll try to keep it clean," Millard promised.

"You work six days a week from 6 A.M. to 2:30 P.M. You are entitled to one meal each day at lunchtime. You will receive one hundred dollars a month. Does that suit you?"

"Thank you," Millard said.

"You will take the elevator to your left and you will find Sister Ethreda on the fifth floor."

Millard edged out of the office and took three deep breaths on the elevator before Sister Ethreda, as stern and starched as her Mother Superior, demanded of him, "Will you keep this ward clean? Keeping this ward clean is God's work and I can't tolerate slovenliness."

"I'll keep it clean," he promised.

He spent many nights in laborious typing, retelling his autobiography to keep a promise he had made. His eyes burned and strained, but he kept doggedly at it. This time he started with the death of his mother, this time the words were dead weight, without spirit, without buoyancy, without romance. He begged Koskoff to overlook mistakes because he was literally forcing himself. His writing was sparse. He never bothered to identify names and places, he neglected dates. This time he didn't admire anyone. He remembered clearly only the jails and the length of his imprisonments. Throughout he castigated himself and his last chapter was filled with a sense of worthlessness. A melancholy longing pervaded the whole. Even in Koskoff's office, a visit which ordinarily delighted Millard for it gave him the chance to go on at length and inflate his ego, he sat brooding, constantly questioning about his perilous future, wanting to know what justification he had for his meaningless past.

At last good luck. Escaping his forbidding room for a casual walk, Millard saw a cluster of men at the entrance of the Clark Candy Company employment office. He joined them just as they started through the gate. The company put him on as a laborer, stacking the candy boxes in the trucks; cleaning the tubs of chocolate, crystallized sugar, and molasses; freeing the machinery from the gummy substances which dripped and clogged. He was paid thirty dollars a week, turning out Clark Bars and Teaberry Chewing Gum. Sister Ethreda and Sister Paulinus told him he was bettering himself, of course he could leave. Even the parole officer, at Koskoff's urging, let Millard change work.

SOME newspaper publicity summoned one of Millard's old girlfriends, Roberta Stuckey. One night when he was only two weeks out of prison, his door, so warped it would never click shut, swung open after a staccato series of soft raps. Millard circled the bed, holding at his chest the book he was reading, and saw, framed in the doorway, a shivering girl, her hair covered by a masculine rain cap, torn brim flapping. He stared at her in confusion, and then with a quick gesture, she ripped the cap off, revealing her auburn hair, shook her head to shed the raindrops, and pleaded, "Millard, don't you remember me? I'm Roberta."

"Sure, I remember you," he said.

"You didn't write me."

"Aren't you going to ask me in?"

For a few moments there was nothing to say.

"Sit down, sit down," said Millard, gesturing with the book.

Roberta crossed the room to sink in the easy chair.

"What brings you to Pittsburgh?" Millard asked.

"I caught the three o'clock bus from New Kensington," she said. "*You* brought me into town. Don't you know that?"

He didn't say anything. He moved to

the bed. He sank heavily on it. They both heard the ruptured springs squeak.

"Don't you want me?" she asked.

He swallowed, Adam's apple bobbing.

"Is it that hard to say yes or no?" She moved forward on the chair, putting her hand out to clasp the suitcase handle, as though she might sprint from the room with it.

"You came to see me?" he asked hoarsely. "Just me?"

"I need you, Millard."

"Me?" He poked his thumb against his chest. "Me?" he repeated.

"I want someone to take me in, someone who loves me. Someone who won't be just another greedy man, just another night between dirty sheets. I want it to be you, Millard. Aw, please, Millard, it's gotta be you. There's been too many men already."

"Roberta," Millard whispered hoarsely, embracing her, "it's me that needs you. You're saving my life."

She stayed. It cost Millard another ten dollars from his meager salary to make the landlady agree. They had to pretend to her they were married, which she knew was false. Ten dollars was ten dollars.

Their nights were anything but ecstasy. Under the best of conditions Millard had no sexual confidence and he was recently out of prison and sex-scared. The dirty, shabby room was a strange experience. The woman parading past his bed in her slip was even stranger. For the next weeks he slept in his underwear, his face toward the window, curling up at night like a child in a womb, half-frightened, half-delighted at the presence of the breathing form beside him. She slept in her slip and lingerie, wondering why he didn't want to take them off. But she was in a place, she shared bread and board with a man. It was enough she thought; it would always be enough. Millard was kind to her.

With Millard working in the candy factory, the parole officer gave him the permission to move and he and Roberta found three rooms on Monterey Street, not far from work. It was unfurnished but with their little savings, Roberta bought enough pieces from the Salvation Army to make their place a home. They had a bed, this time with a new mattress covered by a chenille spread; new shades with tassel pulls; a veneered bureau; an enamel-top kitchen table with two chairs; and new linoleum.

Once he began to advance in the candy factory, he was able to put Roberta on as one of the cleaning crew. Their joint income was well over one hundred dollars a week, more than sufficient for their needs. That winter Millard bought an overcoat and for Christmas Roberta gave him a woolen scarf. They added two captain's chairs on credit and Roberta for the first time in her life owned her own linens. They even made time payments on a new car, a Chevrolet sedan.

In the end, they had what most people will settle for: appearances. He was almost true respectability, compared to what she'd known. She could follow the forms of fidelity and form satisfied him more than content.

Their respectability united them. Yet the depression remained. Inside of Millard was a frenzy of disappointment. He stayed lonely and moody and silent. She tried to interest him in meeting her friends, in going shopping, in dancing, to no avail. Still he tried but he never got the point. Once in a while he would get up earlier, make breakfast, set the table, and hope to surprise her. One morning she wanted him to join her in bed. She tried to wait him out but he remained at the table.

She called, "Millard, come on back, please, honey."

No response.

Approaching the bed later, he was surprised that she was angry and turned from him.

"If you want to make love so bad you have to shout, why do you turn ice cold?"

"Because it takes you a half hour to hear," she hissed.

"I think you are oversexed," he said, fully believing it.

Innocently, Millard asked his friends at work what a woman likes. One of them said, "They all like a little slap on the fanny." Millard gave her a clumsy slap one night as though he were trying to kill a mosquito and was rewarded, not with a little girl's laugh but with the musical laugh of a mocking woman, a woman resigning herself to the folly of trying to teach a man to experience what he could never feel.

Millard used sex to reduce tensions. He no sooner started than he wanted to finish. The sight of a living woman meant no more to him than the banal smile of a girl on a magazine cover. Roberta tried a transparent sleeping gown, she tried heavy perfume, she tried tender caresses, none of which turned magic. He refused to stir her. He never made her strangely helpless. The sense of touch to Millard was for making sure where things were.

"Will you ever marry me?" she asked.

"I'll marry you," he said. He was as good as his word. In the late summer of 1951, scrubbed and beaming, they came to see Koskoff for the blood test. Maybe this is what the man needs, Koskoff thought, maybe it's what he's always needed.

The couple set out the following Friday evening for Little Washington, an historic city twenty-five miles to the south of Pittsburgh.

"I wish I had an engagement ring for you," Millard said as they passed through suburban Pittsburgh.

Roberta said, "That's all right. It's the ceremony that counts. I always thought I'd be married in a white gown in a pretty church, but this way is fine for me. I don't need mink wraps or new dresses. Being Mrs. Wright is enough."

"You could have all those things—the mink, the rings, new clothes."

"How?" she asked, curious.

"Right over there," he said, nodding his head toward a darkened house. He swerved quickly to the curb and shut off his headlights. "Or from the dark house beside it. No one's home now. They're all away for the weekend. It's always a lead pipe cinch on a hot summer weekend. No one ever takes their mink with them."

"You mean steal?" she asked. "Millard, you'll go back to jail!"

"No, I won't. Not this time. This time I've got a hawk."

"A hawk?"

"You. You're a hawk. A lookout. You see a policeman come down this block, you flick the car lights on and go over and ask him the directions back to Pittsburgh. Then you follow those directions and meet me at home. I'll know, I'll see the headlights blink. Otherwise, wait here till I get back."

"Millard why would you want to steal for me? I don't need those things."

"Not for you. For us. Ten minutes a night and we can have everything we want. The mink, the ring, the nice clothes, money."

Wordlessly she searched his face.

The justice of the peace who performed the marriage the next day remembered them. He and his wife thought the Wrights an attractive couple. He even

"How come you didn't report the stowaway sooner?"

noticed the beautiful ring Roberta wore. He was sure it was an heirloom. He was positive two such well-dressed, courteous people both descended from what he liked to call "family."

NEVER was he better, never more skillful, never more daring. Now there was no clumsiness, now no mistakes. He was more selective in what he stole: only jewels, furs, and money. He never had to hurry. He could search each darkened house more thoroughly because he knew there was a car outside, timed to leave the moment he exited. Roberta was as cool a professional as he was. She never panicked. Only once did she have to warn him. A family returned. Millard had no time to exit. He ducked into the cellar and curled up in one of the slate set tubs, lowering the enamel lid over him. He waited there over two hours before he dared raise the lid and silently slip outside. But there she was: waiting. In fact, she was more than willing to rifle another home that night.

Burglary thrilled her, too, more than he expected it would. A week after their wedding day, when the thrust to rob another home was in him, he said to her, "You'll have to help me. Every time."

"I thought you only wanted the engagement ring and the clothes."

"No. I'm going back to it. I'm nothing without it. You're going to have to help me. Because you helped me once means you're in it, too. You're an accessory before and after."

On a Saturday thereafter, they would drive out to one of the suburban neighborhoods ringing Pittsburgh and stop at a realty office. Millard again called himself John Livengood and introduced Roberta to the agent as his wife, Mildred. He was moving to Pittsburgh from Scranton to become an executive in one of the steel mills. They wanted to buy a house for thirty or thirty-two thousand dollars. The first time around, he invented an entire family with Roberta's connivance. They had a son in junior high school and two daughters in elementary school. Each of them needed a bedroom and they simply had to have three baths.

Half the time the agent showed them empty houses, but other times they went into homes still inhabited by the owners. Two or three of those had wall safes and Millard and Roberta would watch those homes like birds of prey until they saw the houses deserted.

Other times they put their inspection to immediate use. When Millard began to enthuse about a house, Roberta would know he had spotted something for the taking. As they were leaving, Millard would snap his fingers and say, "If the two desks can fit in that back room, I know this is the house for us. Let me measure." With that, he would pull a tape measure from his pocket and bound back upstairs while Roberta kept the owners and the agent occupied with animated exclamations about the beauty of the view.

In the car he would unclench his fist and show her the brooch or the necklace. He had a professional's eye. When they came into a home, he could accurately gauge over a handshake the worth of a woman's jewelry.

These adventures thrilled Roberta. At best she was a waitress, and at that a hash-house waitress. Few people took her seriously. She had been consigned to lowly clerical jobs and she had to live along mean and shabby streets. At last, she was getting back something of her own. When she fluted about the lovely house, when she twisted the ignition as Millard jumped into the car, everything awaited her.

They never made off with a significant stone or necklace, an emerald that could be re-cut or a necklace that could be separated, but they did steal gold and platinum pieces and they exercised great caution in pawning these. Every fourth week, Roberta took the Greyhound bus to Cleveland or Columbus or Cincinnati, and pawned what she could for what price she could get. She told her neighbors she had to visit a sick sister. Nor did they change their ordinary daily patterns. Both of them went to work regularly. Millard didn't want a new car with the money; Roberta didn't want new clothes and hats and shoes.

The police were confused. The stolen goods never appeared in a Pittsburgh pawnshop but the detectives staked out in the bus and railroad terminals—and on the toll bridges—never saw a known burglar. The police had checked every gas station within a forty-mile radius and no night attendant remembered a strange truck or an overloaded car.

But there is always that one cop.

He was Captain William Hanna of the state police. He was a tall, urbane, handsome police officer thoroughly knowledgeable and thoroughly sure.

When the Pittsburgh police officers insisted it was two burglars, Hanna said no, it was one. When these officers pointed out that there were two different methods of operation, Hanna stuck to his guns. But he couldn't put his finger on it. He had seen something in one of the early reports and he couldn't remember what it was but it would show up again and then he would know.

There was something Koskoff's needle had never disturbed. It was Millard's pride. He knew he had skill as a burglar. He was convinced of his intellectual superiority. He might modestly demur to Koskoff's estimation of his intelligence with the apologetic statement, "I'm not as bright as you suppose," but he never demurred to himself. He was always improving his mind.The lobotomy never halted that attempt, never staggered it. But in the end he might just as well have written his name on the doorsill.

"Of course," said William Hanna to himself putting down the report. The home-buyer burglar had stolen an antique gold watch and a sterling silver brush and comb set. He had also stolen, according to the Duquesne professor's deposition, a copy of Abram Kardiner's *Psychological Frontiers of Society* and Sigmund Freud's *New Introductory Lectures on Psychoanalysis*. It *was* one man. Hanna dug out the old reports of stolen property. There it was. The silly son-of-a-bitch had stolen *Psychology* by William McDougall, a dollar book in the old Henry Holt Home University Library series. Who but a lobotomized burglar was interested in psychology?

Thus it was that three state policemen from the Butler Barracks arrested Roberta. They came into the apartment, not forcing entry, although they had a warrant; simply brushing by the shocked and frightened woman. She stepped back from the door and the three uniformed men confronted her, demanding where Millard was. Each question was as hard as a blow, and Roberta kept shaking her head to ward them off. The questions were relentless. They succeeded in their aim. They rattled her. She bowed her head and said, "I don't know where my husband is."

She didn't want to tell them. She never anticipated nor suspected she would have to deal with three heavy-shod policemen, none of whom removed their hats. Soon they were no longer three hardened policemen, they became vengeance and retribution, bound and determined to force her, to make her succumb to her guilt.

"He was going to get the money from the pawnbroker," she finally said.

They began to ransack the apartment, spilling her things from the drawers, moving dressers and couches, flipping back the rug. The story poured from her. Millard would have known to surrender immediately, to hope they would transport him right away to the stationhouse so that somehow some vague chance would let him get rid of the furs and the jewelry and the portable radios and the silverware stored in the attic vault. Not Roberta. She started to cry when she saw they were going to desecrate her home. She told them what she knew they wanted to hear. They stopped. They comforted her. All of it spilled out, dates and houses and pawnbrokers and hiding places.

In that moment, love for Millard fled. Why didn't he tell her? Why didn't she realize it would come to this? Life and marriage and future were thrown in a growing pile of stolen goods there on her living room table.

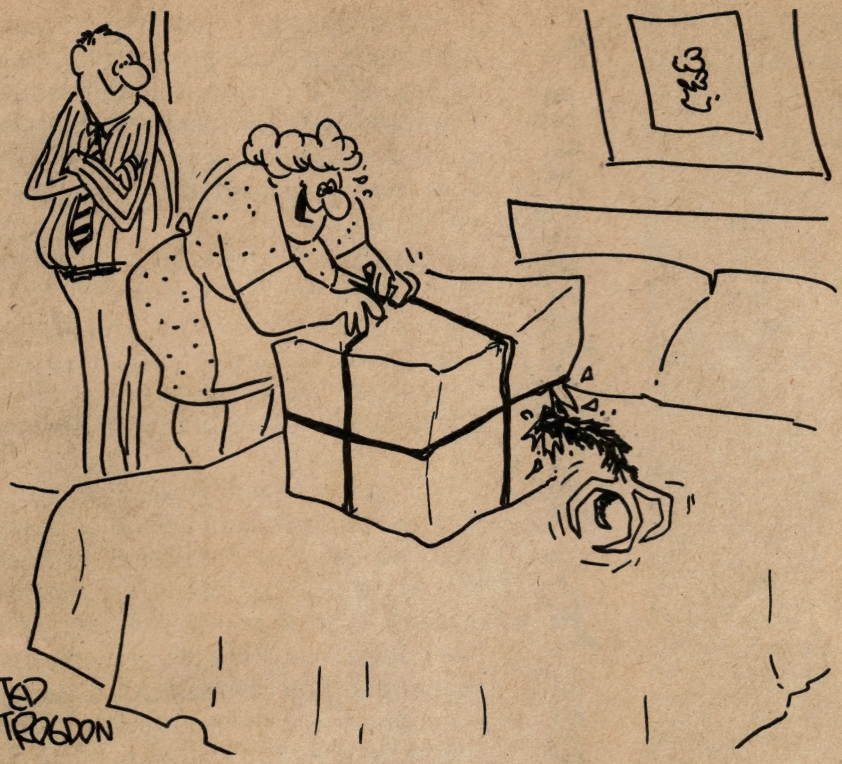
They waited for Millard, the four of them, Roberta prone on the bed, her eyes never dry, the sobs choking her, the policemen ignoring her, spending their time in desultory talk. At last, in the late evening, they took her to jail in Butler. He wasn't coming back that night, not Millard. The police had no sooner entered her name on the blotter than the reporters discovered it. Publicity bathed everyone. Hanna sighed. The chances of picking up the returning Millard were gone. His police squadron was mesmerized with its own celebrity as reporters inundated the station.

"You're famous," said a Pittsburgh policeman. "You did everything but catch him."

The next afternoon, when he drove back to Pittsburgh, Millard saw the headlines and the photographs of the rich, gleaming, warm things he stole. He read the police had arrested Roberta.

The game was up and he knew it. Roberta was gone. Not her fault, he knew, but he was alone again, the dream once and for all dust. He had disgraced Roberta, disgraced them all, the few friends he had collected whose love he had wanted but never deserved. He simply was too weary to go on. Even if he could, where would the journey take him? There was no place left to go. Better let someone else determine his course. He drove to the Butler Barracks.

An aching sadness made it impossible for him to hear all the questions Captain Hanna asked. Groggily Millard said, "All



"Oh, Henry, you dear—you remembered our anniversary!"

I want to do tonight is turn myself in. That's all. I'll tell you everything else in the morning."

They led him, weak and helpless, to a cell. They took away his belt and his shoelaces. They always did that to keep a man from suicide. Let them.

The iron pipes, the steel bars, the soiled and dirty canvas cot stretched between two chains always signaled what will happen in the morning. In the morning, Millard knew, you will tell them. They will keep at you until you tell them every last robbery, every last item.

"Guard, " Millard called, "can you do me two favors? I'd like a pencil and some paper and I'd like you, please, to open that window. It's awfully hot in here."

"Sure," said the guard. He climbed atop Millard's cot and unlocked the small wired window. Behind the wired glass were bars.

"All I could find is this white cardboard," he said to Millard. "That and a pencil will have to do. The office is locked up."

"Thank you very much," said Millard. "That will do fine."

He watched the guard disappear down the concrete alley.

He wrote three suicide notes, tearing off sections of the cardboard as he finished each. He made them short, hurrying before the immense weariness returned, knowing if it returned he would fail. He took off his eyeglasses, and holding them flat in his palm, smashed them against the curve of the commode. Unable to see, he knelt on the floor, and gently testing with his hand, picked up every splinter. He selected the longest one and dumped the rest into the bowl. Quickly, coolly, he sliced through the vein in his left wrist. With his left hand already bleeding profusely, he sliced the vein on his right wrist. He dropped the last splinter into the commode and flushed them all down into the waste-line. He investigated the bowl. None left. Again he felt the floor. None there.

Then he dropped the empty eyeglass frames through the window, and ripped off his T-shirt. He tore it and tied a knot around one of the bars in the window. He lay flat on his cot, stretched the T-shirt into a noose around his neck and moved to the very edge.

He could feel the blood pumping from his wrists and hear the drops splattering against the floor. The weariness returned, enveloping him. He would be weak soon and he would tumble from the cot and hang himself.

THE following day, Dr. Koskoff received a call.

"Captain William Hanna," the voice on the other end said.

"I'm Dr. David Koskoff."

"Dr. Koskoff, I thought you'd like to know Millard Wright committed suicide here in jail last night."

"Suicide?" asked Koskoff. "Why?"

"He turned himself in. He was wanted for burglary. Didn't you see the papers?"

"No, Captain, I didn't."

"Did you want me to help?" asked Koskoff.

"Not exactly. I remembered you performed a lobotomy on Wright several years ago and I thought you might want to make an autopsy."

"I'll be right over," said Koskoff.

William Hanna told him about Roberta's arrest and how Wright had appeared at the desk the night before.

"How many robberies had he committed?" Koskoff asked.

"Roughly twenty-eight. There's probably another dozen or so but he didn't get the chance to tell us about them. You didn't know he was robbing homes?"

Wordlessly Koskoff shook his head.

"No idea at all?" the Captain asked.

"It was the one question I never asked," Koskoff said. "I suppose I was afraid of the answer. When he stopped discussing an honest life, I should have known, shouldn't I?"

After a while, Koskoff rose and said to the Captain, "You've been more than kind. If Roberta will give me permission, I will certainly want an autopsy."

At Butler Hospital the next morning, Koskoff met Dr. Ralph Weaver, the coroner.

"Would you like to assist me?" Weaver asked.

"Yes, I would," answered Koskoff.

"Then," said Weaver, "I'll perform the autopsy and let you remove the brain. Maybe some good will come of it. I hope so. He certainly put a lot of people to trial and error with no benefit yet. Let's hope he has something for us after all."

They uncovered Millard, stiff and gray; like most of the dead, looking unlike himself. Whatever the unhappiness that surrounded his existence, that drilled and re-drilled him, the ambience was gone, evaporated. This stiff flesh, these locked eyes, and so many entries in so many dusty ledgers were all that remained.

Koskoff removed the brain. It was unmarred. Millard Wright's legacy to science such as it was, was in excellent condition. There were no terminal effects of anoxia, such as edema, thrombosis, or hemorrhage. Because he had virtually bled to death, his brain was exsanguinated and Koskoff could see immediately that except where he had performed the bilateral lobotomy the surface disclosed only normal configurations. Koskoff had cut precisely where he intended. There were no surprises.

But Dr. Weaver had one. "Look at that," he said to Koskoff. He pointed with his scalpel to the exposed inner surface of the stomach.

"Cancer," said Koskoff. "Why, the man had cancer of the stomach."

"He didn't have six months," said Weaver. "All he had to do was wait."

"It would have been painful," said Koskoff, examining the deteriorated tissues.

"Well, he would at least have been spared the suicide," said Weaver.

"That was never Millard Wright's way," said Koskoff. "The grave public wrong was his way."

Outside the operating room, Koskoff tried to brush by the ring of reporters who surrounded him. He told them Wright would have died of cancer of the stomach.

"Come on, Doc, one statement. That's not violating the Hippocratic oath."

"Millard Wright's suicide," he began, "is a measure of his capacity to feel, to hate, perhaps to love. Certainly to suffer. As his physician, I feel the sense of personal loss every physician feels when a patient entrusted to his care for a long time dies."

On July 1, 1952, five years to the day after Judge McDonald sentenced him, Millard's funeral services were held on the North Side of Pittsburgh.

He was creamated that afternoon. Millard Wright was at last splendid, Koskoff thought, as Thomas Browne's verse came to him: "Man is a noble animal, splendid in ashes and pompous in the grave."

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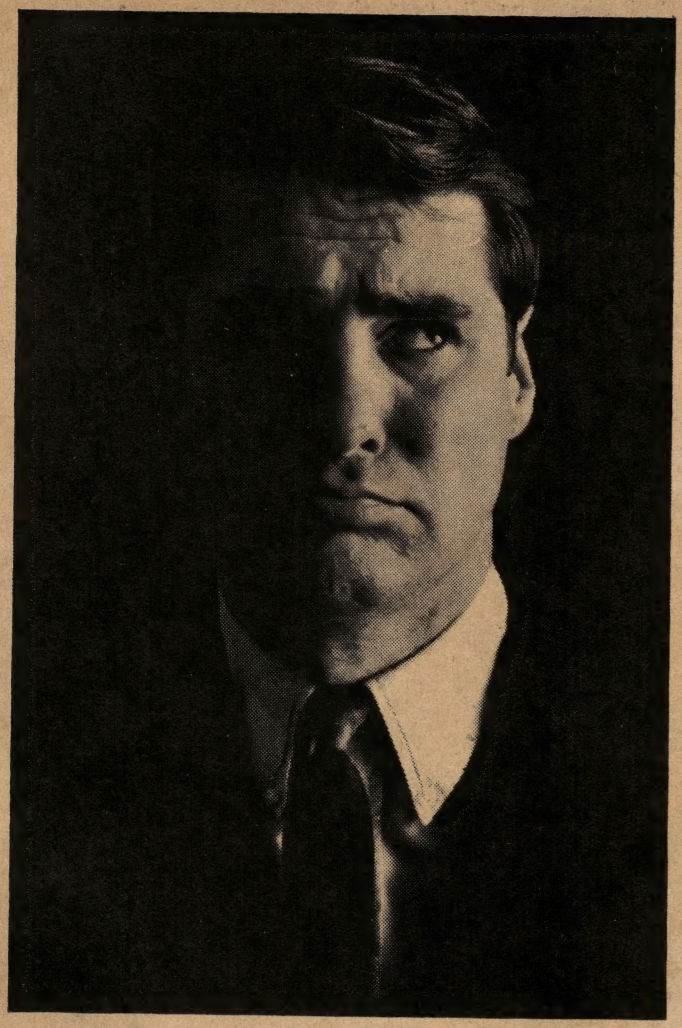

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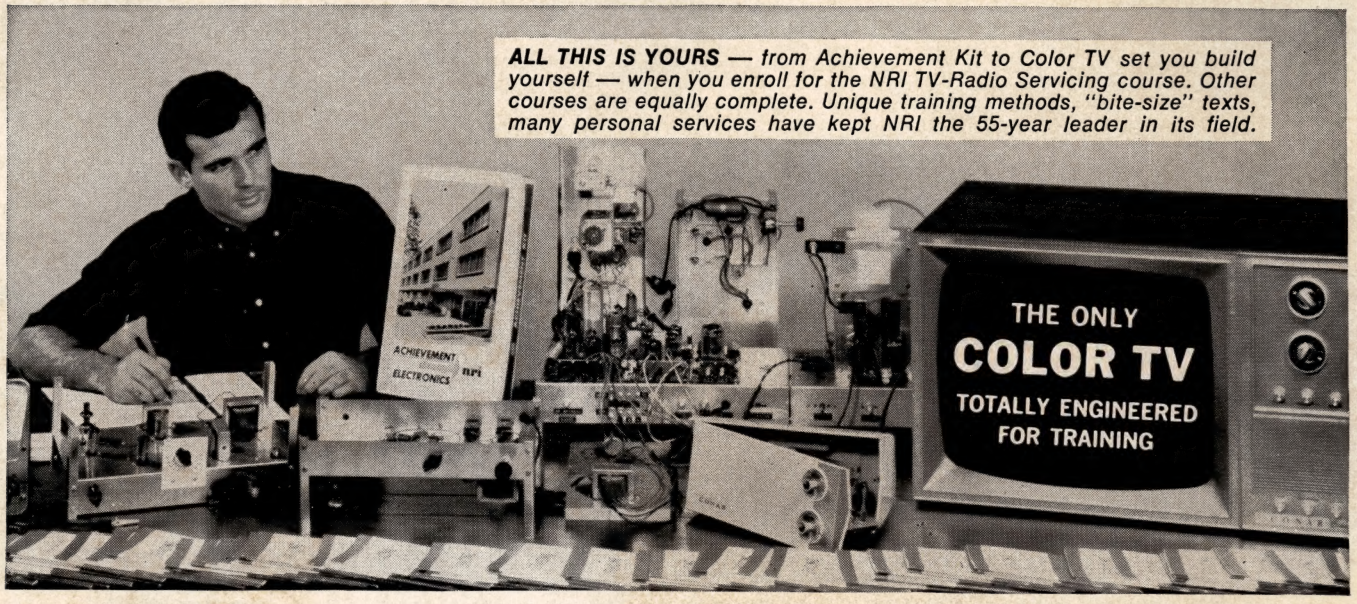
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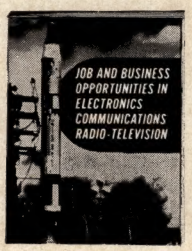

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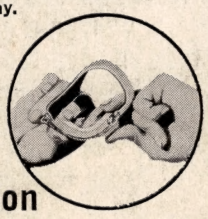

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